

THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. 398.—APRIL, 1904.

---

Art. I.—THE BRITISH MERCANTILE MARINE.

1. *Reports of the Select Committee on Steamship Subsidies.* (300 : 1901, and 385 : 1902.)
  2. *Report of the Committee appointed by the Board of Trade to inquire into certain questions affecting the Mercantile Marine.* (Cd. 1607, 1608, 1609 ; 1903.)
  3. *Tables showing the progress of Merchant Shipping in the United Kingdom and the principal Maritime Countries.* (Board of Trade, 329 : 1902.)
  4. *Papers relating to a Conference between the Secretary of State for the Colonies and the Prime Ministers of Self-governing Colonies.* (Cd. 1299 ; 1902.)
  5. *Reports from his Majesty's representatives abroad respecting Bounties on Shipbuilding, &c.* (Foreign Office—Commercial, No. 4, Cd. 596 ; 1901.)
  6. *Memoranda, Statistical Table, and Charts prepared in the Board of Trade with reference to various matters bearing on British and Foreign Trade and Industrial Conditions.* (Cd. 1761 ; 1903.)
  7. *History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient Commerce.* By W. S. Lindsay. Four vols. London : Sampson Low, 1874-6.
  8. *The Men of the Merchant Service.* By Frank T. Bullen. London : Smith, Elder, 1900.
  9. *The Merchant Shipping Consolidation Act, 1894.* By Frank St Maur Henry. London : Stevens, 1896.
- And other works.

It is remarkable that Great Britain is now confronted with the same question that troubled the English Parliament two hundred and fifty years ago, viz. the best means of conserving her merchant shipping. In the seventeenth

century the maritime power of Holland was so great, and her enterprise so aggressive, that it was found necessary to reserve from her shipping the trade with the Plantations of North America. In 1650 English shipowners, for the relief of their trade and the remunerative employment of their property, obtained an Act of Parliament prohibiting all foreign ships from trading with the Plantations, except with a licence. Cromwell went farther, and decreed that no goods or commodities from Asia, Africa, or America should be imported into England or Ireland or the Plantations except in British-built ships, owned by British subjects, and manned to the extent of three fourths by British seamen. These and other provisions which followed were aimed at the Dutch, who had obtained the monopoly of the sea-carrying trade in most of the markets. The Dutch were masters of the seas, until England asserted her right to carry on her own trade in her own ships alone. The difference between then and now is that, when the Act of Cromwell and the 'Maritime Charter of England' were passed, England had not enough shipping to carry on her trade, whereas now, the fear is expressed that she may not have enough trade to employ her shipping.

It is well to recall the fact that the maritime energies of England began to develop from the moment when a bar was placed against foreign shipping, and the exclusive 'Colonial system' was adopted. The ships multiplied to meet the trade. But even at the opening of the nineteenth century the amount of shipping under the British flag did not exceed 1,750,000 tons. And, though we may date the birth-year of our maritime supremacy at 1840, our tonnage amounted, even in 1848, the year before the repeal of the navigation laws, to only about 4,000,000 tons. We were growing, but America was growing faster.

A host of recollections and a dim crowd of shadows of the 'might-have-beens' are conjured up by the reminder that in 1860 the United States owned a larger amount of ocean, lake, and river tonnage than the United Kingdom, and, indeed, owned nearly as much as the whole British Empire, as it then existed, put together. It is a remarkable illustration of British progressiveness in at least one direction that, reckoning only vessels of over 100 tons, the British Empire now owns 15,500,000 tons



of ocean craft, and the American Federal Union, even when lake and river vessels are included, only 3,500,000 tons. In the first half of the nineteenth century, however, America developed in maritime affairs almost as much as in the second half she developed in industrial pursuits. She found use for the magnificent harbours with which nature has endowed her; and within eighty years after the Declaration of Independence she was the largest shipowner in the world—as, indeed, she may once more be, long before other eighty years have passed.

The former maritime progress of America was made at a time when we excluded her ships from our colonies, and when France extracted heavy differential duties on all goods imported into France in American ships. Between 1810 and 1850 the exports from New Orleans alone rose from three to thirty millions sterling; and most of it was in American bottoms. In 1860, 6,165,924 tons of American vessels cleared from all the ports of the United States, and only 2,624,005 tons of foreign vessels. The merchants of Boston broke the monopoly of the East India Company, long before the British 'free-trader' ships were recognised, by sending their clippers to India and China and bringing back cargoes of tea, coffee, spices, and sugar, which they transhipped again at Boston for the ports of Europe. In these years of American prosperity it is to be feared that neither British vessels nor British crews were always satisfactory; and in 1843 a circular was issued from the Foreign Office to all British consuls calling for information about the conduct and character of British shipmasters and seamen in foreign ports, especially with regard to 'the incompetency of British shipmasters to manage their vessels and their crews, whether arising from deficiency of knowledge of practical navigation and seamanship, or of moral character, particularly want of sobriety.' It may be that the British seaman was more maligned than he deserved; but at all events her Majesty's Government wanted evidence to authorise steps for remedial measures. This inquiry, followed as it was by Lord Palmerston's Commission in 1847, led to the establishment of a 'Board or Department of Commercial Marine,' otherwise the Marine Department of the Board of Trade, charged with the supervision of maritime affairs. Shipowners did not

then welcome the interference of government with their officers and crews; but shipowners themselves must have been in need of supervision when merchants preferred chartering foreign to British vessels because of the inferior character and condition of the latter.

We have recalled this inquiry into the conduct of the merchant service because it led up to the movement for the repeal of the navigation laws, which for two centuries had been supposed to maintain for Great Britain the sovereignty of the seas. Whatever virtue these laws may have had in their day, it must be acknowledged that, for some time after they were enacted, Holland was more powerful at sea than we were, and that since their repeal Great Britain has become more powerful at sea than all the other nations put together. Let us for a moment recall what these laws provided; for, although they are often referred to in discussion and conversation, it is doubtful if many even well instructed men know what they really were. They decreed then, in brief: (1) that specified articles of European production should only be imported into the British Isles in British ships, or in the ships of the country in which the goods originated or from which they were customarily shipped; (2) that none of the produce of Asia, Africa, or America should be imported into Great Britain from Europe in any vessels, and that such produce should only be imported from other places in British ships or in ships of the country of origin; (3) that only British ships should carry goods from one part of the British and Irish coasts to another; (4) that no goods should be exported from British ports to British possessions in Asia, Africa, or America (with some reservations in the case of India) except in British ships; (5) that only British ships should be allowed to carry goods between one British possession and another, or between the different parts of any British possession; (6) that goods should be imported into any British possessions in Asia, Africa, or America, only by British ships or by the ships of the country in which the goods originated, provided such vessels brought the goods direct; (7) that no foreign vessels should be allowed to trade with any British possessions unless by special authority of an Order in Council; (8) they empowered the Sovereign in Council to impose differential duties on

the ships of any foreign country which imposed duties on British ships, and to place restrictions on importations from any foreign countries which placed restrictions on British importations into such countries. The regulations with regard to Europe applied to imports only, foreign ships being at liberty to carry exports from British ports if not to British possessions.

These were, in brief, the laws into the operation and policy of which J. L. Ricardo, in February 1847, moved for and obtained a select committee of inquiry. Ricardo took his stand upon free trade, yet discarded the authority of Adam Smith, who wrote : \*

'There seem to be two cases in which it will generally be advantageous to lay some burden upon foreign, for the encouragement of domestic industry. The first is, when some particular sort of industry is necessary for the defence of the country. The defence of Great Britain, for example, depends very much upon the number of its sailors and shipping. The Act of Navigation, therefore, very properly endeavours to give the sailors and the shipping of Great Britain the monopoly of the trade of their own country, in some cases by absolute prohibitions and in others by heavy burdens upon the shipping of foreign countries.'

The Act to which Smith referred did not, he admitted, tend to further the growth of our foreign trade; but he contended that, as 'defence was of more importance than opulence,' therefore the Navigation Act was one of the wisest of all the commercial regulations of the country. Ricardo, on the other hand, contended that the best way to encourage the commercial navy was to free the commerce of the country from all restrictions, impediments, and obstructions; that commerce was the parent of the merchant marine; and that, if the parent were nourished, the child would flourish. Huskisson, on his part, had maintained in 1826 that

'the object of the navigation laws was twofold: first, to create and maintain the great commercial marine of this country for the purposes of national defence; and secondly, an object not less important in the eyes of statesmen, to prevent any one other nation from engrossing too large a portion of the navigation of the world.' (Speeches, iii, 2.)

---

\* 'Wealth of Nations,' Book IV, c. II (ed. 1850, p. 203).

It is possible that Huskisson's views would receive more support to-day than they did at the time of Ricardo's motion. The navigation laws were doomed, however, from the moment when the motion for a committee of inquiry was carried—for abolition, not investigation, was the real object of Ricardo and his followers. The shipowners, in so far as they were represented by the Shipowner's Society of London, did not make the mistake of claiming special privileges. They argued, however, that the State imposed on them burdens and restrictions for objects of supposed national benefit, and that therefore common justice demanded that they should be protected from the competition of other shipowners not so burdened and restricted. They contended that, by the registry laws, they were compelled to trade with the most costly ships in the world; by the navigation laws, to employ only the highest paid and most expensively fed seamen in the world; and, by other laws, were specially taxed and prevented from trading in the way in which they could make the most profit. Nevertheless, it must not be overlooked, that at the period of the Ricardo agitation the business of shipowning was improving, as Mr Lindsay, in his 'History of Merchant Shipping,' shows. As to the coasting trade, although the original Navigation Act of 1660 did not debar foreign-built vessels from it, the Act in force in 1847 declared that no goods or passengers could be carried coastwise from one part of the United Kingdom to another except in British-built ships.

While, however, the navigation laws were in force, it is important to note that the principle of reciprocity was not inconsiderably applied—to the distaste of the British shipowners. The Anglo-Austrian Treaty of 1838, for instance, provided that all Austrian vessels from the ports on the Danube should be admitted into the ports of the United Kingdom and of British possessions, just as if they came direct from Austrian ports alone. The treaty of 1841 with the States of the North German Customs Union made free the mouths of the Meuse, the Elbe, the Weser, etc.; and the ships of the Zollverein were in turn admitted to trade in ports of the United Kingdom and of British possessions. In 1843, by a treaty with Russia, Russian vessels arriving from the mouths of any rivers which rise in Russia, though reaching the sea through

other territory, were to be admitted just as if they came direct from Russian ports with Russian produce.

On the other hand, some nations followed our example and copied our navigation laws. For instance, in 1817 the United States of America adopted a counterpart of our law with the express object of retaliation. The ships of the American States, while British colonies, had the privileges of British ships; when they became independent their ships were treated as foreign ships. Then the Americans were exasperated, and, after a series of retaliatory experiments, finally took a leaf out of our own statute book and paid us the sincerest form of flattery. Retaliation ruled, with some modifications and attempts at conciliation, until 1830, when Congress passed an ordinance providing that whenever the President had evidence that Great Britain would open her colonial ports to American vessels on the same terms as to British vessels, he might grant similar privileges to British vessels coming from these possessions to the United States. In return for this a British Order in Council was issued (Nov. 5, 1830) authorising vessels of the United States to import into British possessions any produce of the United States direct, and to export goods from the British possessions to any foreign countries. This was retaliation followed by reciprocity; and reciprocity had already characterised the treaties made between 1824 and 1826 with Prussia, Denmark, the Hanseatic Towns, France, and Mexico, opening, on certain terms, the ports of Great Britain to the ships of the other contracting party, but reserving the coasting trade and the colonial ports.

The Bill 'to amend the laws in force for the encouragement of British shipping and navigation,' drafted in 1848, was a compromise which reserved the coasting and colonial coasting trade to British ships, but gave power of retaliation against foreigners who might decline to reciprocate. It is worth recalling that, when this measure was before the House of Commons, and the discussion turned on what America, on her part, was prepared to do, viz. to concede the foreign while reserving the coasting trade, Mr Gladstone contended that the American coasting trade was of such high value as to be quite equivalent to an extensive oversea trade.

'Let us give her the coasting trade' (he said), 'and we are entitled not merely in policy, but in justice, to ask her for her coasting trade. But let us give her the colonial trade without the coasting trade, and we give her the valuable boon while we withhold the worthless; but we cannot say to her, "Give us all, for we have given you all."' (Hansard, 3rd ser. xcix, 270.)

But we did give her all, and she has given us nothing. She has retained and still retains her vast coasting trade, which is equivalent to a great colonial trade, though she has obtained access to both our colonial and our coasting trade. Can we in the present day deny the justice asserted by Mr Gladstone in 1848, that for what we conceded in our navigation laws to America we are entitled to claim a similar concession in her navigation laws to us? In the second-reading debate on the Bill, when re-introduced in 1849, Mr Gladstone said,

'If you proceed by unconditional legislation and offer to give up your colonial trade instead of giving up your coasting trade, I believe she will get your colonial trade, and she may be ready to give you some comparatively insignificant advantages in return; but she is not a lover of free trade in the abstract.' (Hansard, 3rd ser. ciii, 554.)

Mr Gladstone was perfectly right in contending that the coasting trade should be thrown open to foreigners if they reciprocated; but, as a matter of fact, ministers knew very well, when the second-reading debate was in progress, that the Americans had no intention of opening their coasting trade in return for the concessions the Bill was devised to offer. After a stormy career in both Houses the Bill became law on June 26, 1849. The coasting trade of the United Kingdom was, in 1854, unconditionally thrown open to the vessels of all nations. But, to the present day, America reserves her coasting trade, with the addition of the trade between the ports of the United States and her oversea possessions in Puerto Rico and Hawaii. The Philippines are meanwhile open because, under the Spanish-American treaty of peace, Spanish vessels have the same rights as American vessels in Philippine ports until 1909; and assurance has been given that British shipping will not be less favourably treated than Spanish.



But after 1909 the trade between the United States and the Philippines will doubtless be reserved to the vessels of the Federal Union. So wide an extension of the term 'coastal trade' may not be more extravagant than the reservation of the trade round the coasts of two continents and through the waters of a dozen foreign Powers, as from New York to San Francisco, but it more directly challenges comparison with such British imperial trade as that between, say, Montreal and Cape Town, in which we allow American vessels to engage. It is true that American vessels take no part in the coasting trade of the United Kingdom, though it is open to them; but America has now become an extra-continental nation and aims at becoming a great maritime power. Who can limit what she may attempt in the future?

On the repeal of the manning clauses followed the vexed question of the employment of foreigners in our merchant navy. The importance of this question we believe to be somewhat exaggerated, for the foreign element would not really interfere with the effective working of our ships in the event of a naval war. The foreign seamen we employ are not all of one nationality, and they are usually of nationalities (such as Norway and Denmark) with which there is not the slightest probability of our ever being at war. We are, therefore, not at one with Mr Bullen when he predicts that, in the matter of our mercantile marine, we are heaping up for ourselves 'a most awful mountain of disaster' by allowing it to become so much a 'foreign service.' Those who would revive the manning clauses forget how deficient is the supply of British seamen, and how inexhaustible is the supply of 'wasters' from whom unscrupulous 'crimps' are ever ready to make up a crew. But we do not believe that the wit of man and of the architects of Merchant Shipping Acts has been exhausted in improving the quality of the service, or in designs for attracting a desirable class of British subjects to seafaring life. There may be something in favour of Mr Bullen's contention that no aliens should be employed in British vessels until they become naturalised; but there is a great deal more in favour of earnest and concentrated effort to remove the national reproach which underlies the general reply of the merchant skipper—that he prefers foreigners because



they are more sober, less quarrelsome, and more manageable than the average British seaman.

In January 1902 the President of the Board of Trade appointed a committee to inquire into various matters having an important bearing on the future of the mercantile marine. The reference to this committee was to inquire into and report upon the following matters: (1) the causes that have led to the employment of a large and increasing proportion of Lascars and foreigners in the British merchant service, and the effect of such employment upon the reserve of seamen of British nationality available for naval purposes in time of peace or war; (2) the sufficiency or otherwise of the existing law and practice for securing proper food, accommodation, medical attention, and reasonable conditions of comfort and well-being, for seamen on British merchant ships; (3) the prevalence of desertion and other offences against discipline in the mercantile marine. This committee reported that there is no doubt of the increase of foreigners and the corresponding decrease of British seamen employed in the mercantile marine, or of 'a very considerable increase' in the number of Lascars and other Asiatics employed. As to Lascars, they are British subjects, hereditary sailors, with special qualifications for work as firemen in tropical climates, and they are temperate and orderly. Moreover, they have claim to consideration in respect of the fact that British steamers have largely displaced native trading ships. As to foreigners, the committee report:—

'As regards the increasing employment of foreign seamen, we do not think, speaking generally, that they are preferred on account of cheapness. The rates of wages at home ports are usually the same for British and for foreign seamen; but possibly crews largely or wholly foreign are sometimes taken at foreign ports, partly because wages are lower there, e.g. at Hamburg and Antwerp. It may also be observed that British vessels which habitually trade between the ports of foreign countries frequently recruit their crews from the foreign seamen available for employment at such foreign ports. The superior contentment and docility of foreign seamen, certainly in the earlier stages of their employment in British ships, render masters and owners willing to take them. It is, however, satisfactory to find that no competent authority alleges

that the foreigner is a better seaman than the British subject, especially at times of danger.' (Report, Cd. 1607, p. vi.)

The committee further remark:—

'From evidence given by various witnesses, it appears that a certain number of the foreign seamen employed on British ships have acquired homes at seaports in the United Kingdom, and have become in this way British citizens. We think it would be a valued privilege for these men, and for others who intend to serve for lengthened periods in the British mercantile marine, if all seamen who have served for a substantial time, perhaps four years, on board British merchant ships, and acquired an adequate knowledge of the English language, were entitled, by an easy process, without expense, to become British subjects by naturalisation.' (Report, Cd. 1607, p. vi.)

It is not desirable for the navy to depend much on the mercantile marine from which to draw crews in time of naval war. The object of the navy is to keep our merchant ships afloat, not to deplete them and so render them useless. Our real naval reserve must be among the fishermen, yachtsmen, and coasting sailors. The object of Lord Muskerry's defeated Merchant Shipping Act (1894) Amendment Bill, introduced last session, was to prevent aliens from obtaining the sole control of British ships and property. But the Bill was too extreme in its proposals for the present temper of Parliament.

In 1860 the mercantile marine of the United States was, as has been said, equal to our own. Hawthorne writes of America disputing 'the navigation of the world with England.' Returning from his mission to England, Buchanan publicly declared that 'our commerce now covers every ocean; our mercantile marine is the largest in the world.' On the eve of secession, Alexander H. Stephens said, in a speech delivered before the Georgia Legislature: 'We have now an amount of shipping, not only coast-wise but to foreign countries, which puts us in the front rank of the nations of the world. England can no longer be styled the mistress of the seas.' On the eve of the Civil War the United States shared the carrying trade of the world with Great Britain, which was gradually losing the predominance even in her own ports. The outbreak of war in the United States,

however, altered these conditions. In the ten years from 1860 to 1870, British tonnage in British ports nearly doubled, and foreign tonnage showed scarcely any increase. Trade was transferred to neutral vessels free from capture; but the advantage thus given to British shipowners was as nothing to that caused by the substitution, about the same time, of iron for wooden vessels. Great Britain instituted and retained a virtual monopoly in the construction of iron shipping, and thus regained and assured her supremacy.

The proposal has been recently revived that the United States navigation laws should be so amended as to give encouragement to American shipbuilding and American commerce. On this subject a report of the United States Commissioner of Navigation is precise. It recommends the giving of grants-in-aid to vessels built in the United States; and the suggestion has been favourably received.

Germany has succeeded by means of government grants in making herself, as a shipbuilder, independent of Great Britain. The United States, the Commissioner of Navigation thinks, could not do better than follow the example of Germany. Some provision, it is declared, is absolutely necessary in order to enable American traders to enter immediately into active competition for the Asiatic trade which is expected to be developed by the annexation of Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, and also by Great Britain's 'open-door' policy in regard to China. This open-door policy is, of course, recognised as no mean factor in the case, and there is a hope on the part of Americans of all classes that Great Britain will adhere to it; but as regards America's acquisitions in the West Indies and in the East, the case is different. There is to be no open door there, even for Great Britain. Puerto Rico and the Philippines are to be regarded simply as extensions of the territory of the United States.

What has already been done by the American Executive in regard to Puerto Rico may be taken as an indication of the policy that will ultimately be adopted generally. Nearly all the trade between the North American continent and the West Indies was carried on before the Spanish war either in British vessels running out of New York and other United States ports,

or in Canadian vessels. The rule restricting this trade to American bottoms has now been put in force, so far as Puerto Rico is concerned; and it would also apply to Cuba in the event of that island being annexed. Many British trading firms have been injuriously affected by the result of the war; and we, as a nation, are concerned as to further developments in the Caribbean Sea and in the neighbourhood of the projected isthmian canal. The whole of Central America is in a more or less unsettled condition; and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that, when the canal has been constructed, other schemes promoting American expansion will come to the front. The new Republic of Panama even now subsists only by permission of the United States.

In view of these things, and of the whole policy of the American Government and the aspirations of the American people, it is the duty of Great Britain to do everything to encourage the Canadian shipping trade. Montreal, Halifax, and St John are all doing their best, under climatic disadvantages, to cope with the United States; and it is of importance that the Imperial Government should aid them. It is not contended here that the United States has done anything not strictly within its rights; but it is of the utmost consequence to the people of Great Britain that they should remain fully alive to the political and other objects at which their most formidable competitor is aiming.

Last year the closing of the Canadian coasting trade was effected against foreign-built vessels whose only title to engage in it was a British register. Formerly, foreign-built vessels were free to carry between Canadian ports if they were registered in the United Kingdom. Vessels already admitted on that ground continue in the enjoyment of the privilege, but the right is no longer to be extended to other vessels. Foreign-built vessels of British register, not already in the coasting trade, can now enter it only by paying the duty provided for in the tariff. An Act to this effect was passed at the last session of the Dominion Parliament. Many vessels of non-British origin were registered in Newfoundland, and upon that authority plied between Canadian ports, especially carrying coal between Nova Scotia and the St Lawrence. This trade is now reserved for Canadian and British-built vessels.

Whatever restrictions we may now find it desirable to place on foreign shipping in our inter-imperial coasting trade, we need have no fear of retaliation, because most other countries already reserve their own coasting trade. Nor need we adopt a system that could be characterised as protection applied to British shipping, inasmuch as provision could be made for admitting all foreign vessels to the inter-imperial trade which would recognise the same rules and regulations as British vessels, and would divest themselves of bounty. Apart from this, it seems possible that we may have to adopt some form of carefully regulated subsidy to encourage intercourse between those parts of the Empire where the present traffic is insufficient to make a service profitable to private enterprise. Tropical West Africa is a case in point.

The annual value of British trade, including bullion and specie, in 1900, may be summarised as follows:—

Trade of United Kingdom with foreign countries .	711,838,000
Trade of United Kingdom with British dominions	237,098,000
Trade of British dominions beyond the seas with foreign countries and among themselves . . .	254,342,000
Total trade of Empire . . . . .	1,203,278,000

Thus about one fifth of the total trade of the Empire is not directly connected with the United Kingdom. We shall see presently what is the apportionment of that trade among our shipping.

From Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping we table the following figures, together with the totals for the previous year for comparison, from which it will be seen that the tonnage of British and foreign steamers and sailing-ships of over 100 tons each increased during the past year from 32,437,763 tons to 33,643,131 tons.

# THE BRITISH MERCANTILE MARINE 337

Flag.	1903.		1902.	
	Steamers.	Sailing-ships.	Steamers.	Sailing-ships.
	Tons gross.	Tons net.	Tons gross.	Tons net.
British . . . . .	14,193,582	1,813,792	13,652,455	1,894,442
United States . . . .	2,222,067	1,389,889	1,954,168	1,382,988
Argentine . . . . .	70,862	24,918	67,341	28,328
Austro-Hungarian . . .	557,745	20,952	529,319	26,784
Belgian . . . . .	156,559	488	170,577	624
Brazilian . . . . .	132,107	22,979	134,568	23,556
Chilian . . . . .	67,186	36,572	72,149	41,019
Chinese . . . . .	60,491	..	59,731	573
Colombian . . . . .	877	934	877	934
Cuban . . . . .	38,550	2,324	32,752	1,875
Danish . . . . .	483,968	97,279	440,010	98,483
Dutch . . . . .	613,219	45,626	555,047	57,873
French . . . . .	1,153,761	468,255	1,104,893	415,029
German . . . . .	2,794,311	488,936	2,636,338	502,230
Greek . . . . .	325,895	52,304	287,986	55,171
Haytian . . . . .	1,750	..	1,750	..
Italian . . . . .	704,109	476,226	691,841	467,241
Japanese . . . . .	585,542	141,276	555,230	135,351
Mexican . . . . .	15,210	3,678	15,347	3,303
Montenegrin . . . . .	..	5,449	1,857	4,238
Norwegian . . . . .	935,229	718,511	866,754	766,003
Peruvian . . . . .	4,992	9,704	4,992	9,704
Philippine Islands . . .	43,138	8,261	38,284	8,361
Portuguese . . . . .	51,217	50,087	56,619	49,330
Roumanian . . . . .	16,600	634	17,419	634
Russian . . . . .	578,343	231,305	556,102	244,232
Sarawak . . . . .	2,270	669	2,270	..
Siamese . . . . .	1,829	..	1,829	..
Spanish . . . . .	720,822	43,625	736,209	48,364
Swedish . . . . .	502,581	218,535	464,705	225,468
Turkish . . . . .	92,869	61,625	98,044	61,653
Uruguayan . . . . .	26,488	19,540	23,961	16,634
Venezuelan . . . . .	3,058	1,060	4,015	1,060
Zanzibar . . . . .	2,808	..	2,808	..
Other countries. . . .	23,330	5,333	18,740	5,947
Total. . . . .	27,183,365	6,459,766	25,859,987	6,577,776

It should be noted that Lloyd's include vessels only of 100 tons and over, whereas other records include craft of all sizes.

The British figures include the steamers acquired by the 'Morgan combine' (to which reference will be made later) and other vessels owned by Americans. The steamers belonging to the 'combine,' or in which the 'combine' possesses a controlling interest, and at present registered in this country and flying the British flag, are, according to the new register:—



## 338 THE BRITISH MERCANTILE MARINE

	Steamers.	Tons gross
F. Leyland and Company (1900), Limited . . . . .	48	283,383
Atlantic Transport Company, Limited . . . . .	9	43,993
Mississippi and Dominion Steamship Company, Limited . . . . .	3	18,186
British and North Atlantic Steam Navigation Company, Limited . . . . .	12	106,710
National Steamship Company . . . . .	4	26,465
White Star Line . . . . .	28	266,824
International Marine Company, Limited, Liverpool . . . . .	10	70,803
Total . . . . .	114	816,364

In addition to the above, the Atlantic Transport Company has one steamer of 7914 tons gross; the Atlantic Transport Company of West Virginia two steamers of 15,826 tons gross; and the American line ten steamers of 82,856 tons gross—all under the United States flag. With the Red Star line's five steamers of 27,322 tons gross, under the Belgian flag, the fleet belonging to the 'combine' under all flags comprises 132 vessels of 950,282 tons gross.

The Blue-book recently issued by the Board of Trade on British and foreign trade and industrial conditions discloses the participation of foreign vessels in the shipping trade within the British Empire, and the practice of foreign countries with regard to the shipping trade within their own sovereignty. Of the seven principal foreign countries with oversea possessions, four, viz. Germany, Holland, Denmark, and Portugal, throw open the carrying trade between their own ports and these possessions. France reserves the carrying trade with Algeria, and also the trade between her Atlantic and her Mediterranean ports. Russia and the United States reserve practically the whole trade between their coasts and their oversea possessions to vessels of their own flag. Russia has always treated as coasting trade the entire trade between her Baltic and her Black Sea ports, and now forbids the trade between her European and her Asiatic ports to foreign vessels. The United States still retain the whole trade between their Atlantic and their Pacific seaboard for national vessels, even though in the carriage of that trade round Cape Horn these have to traverse the waters of several foreign Powers. The United States now also reserve to American vessels the trade between Federal ports and Puerto Rico and Hawaii; and that with the Philippines will soon be reserved also.



All the countries which retain for themselves their oversea trade with their own possessions reserve their home coasting trade, as do also France and Spain. The only countries which throw open their coastal trade, either unconditionally or on conditions of reciprocity, are Germany, Italy, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, and Greece. But the whole of our coastal trade and of our enormous intra-imperial trade is open to the ships of all nations, even of those nations which will not allow our vessels to carry a single ton between two of their own ports. The only reservation within the British Empire is that of Canada, which at present opens her coasting trade by reciprocal arrangement, the countries having the right to a share in it being Italy, Germany, Holland, Sweden and Norway, Austria-Hungary, Denmark, Belgium, and Argentina.

The extent of the competition which we may meet on the ocean in the trade between our own possessions, if and when America adopts the sweeping system of ship subsidies which has been so long in contemplation, can hardly be measured; but at least we should prepare for it. This may be done, without any special act of legislation, by mere official and timely notification, if the Board of Trade experts are correct in their assumption that the Customs Consolidation Act of 1853 (sections 324 and 325) gives power by Order in Council 'to exclude from the carrying trade between the United Kingdom and British possessions vessels of countries that do not give reciprocity.' This was the view taken by McCulloch, who, when commenting on the alteration in the navigation laws, wrote ('Dictionary of Commerce and Navigation') :—

'The reciprocity system is still wisely maintained and is, indeed, embodied in the Act 12 and 13 Vict. c. 20. But we do not make its previously agreeing to this system a condition of a foreign country being entitled to participate in the advantages conferred by this Act. Such preliminary arrangements would have occasioned much embarrassment and difficulty; and we, therefore, have contented ourselves with reserving power to her Majesty in Council, in the event of her thinking it expedient to interfere, to impose such prohibitions, restrictions, and discriminating duties on the ships of any foreign Power frequenting our ports as may be required to counter-

vail any peculiar prohibitions and restrictions or duties laid upon British ships in the ports of such foreign Power.'

When the Ship Subsidy Bill was before the last United States Congress, Mr Charles H. Cramp, an American shipbuilder, wrote in one of the trade journals that

'Its object is primarily to secure for our country its legitimate share of the ocean carrying trade. That share is now held by Great Britain and Germany, and was obtained by those countries through Government aid, somewhat similar in scope to that called for in the Subsidy Bill. This aid was given both in Great Britain and Germany as a matter of broad public policy. Great Britain has followed the system since the beginning of ocean steam navigation, or about sixty years. In that time she has spent 240,000,000 dollars, or an average of 4,000,000 dollars a year. Germany has also fostered the ocean carrying trade for the last ten or twelve years with generous subsidies and by other methods. The result is that she is pressing Great Britain hard for first place. These profits have been paid to a large extent by the producers and consumers of the United States, our present yearly bill to Great Britain alone being 280,000,000 dollars. The same is true, in lesser degree, with regard to Germany. The Civil War was a great misfortune to American shipbuilders; it was a fortune to the English. From 1860 to 1875 Great Britain had her naval vessels built in private shipyards, and for them she paid a liberal price. The Government aimed to educate shipbuilders and mechanics, and ultimately to create large plants fully equipped for the construction of the greatest war-ships. The far-sighted purpose was, of course, to be in posture for war and preparation, if need came, at the shortest possible notice. But the plan had better and more far-reaching results. Those vessels sailed into every port in the world, and advertised the excellence of British handiwork. For thirty years—from 1860 to 1890—British shipyards were busy supplying the navies of all countries in the world, except France and the United States, with vessels of war.'

Mr Cramp, we fear, overestimates the foresightedness of any British Government. Our shipping has developed, not through any state aid, but in spite of a great many legislative restrictions and obstructions.

The extent to which British vessels take part in the coastal trade of the countries open to us is not recorded. But in the case of Germany there were 8,800,000 tons

entered and cleared in the coasting trade in 1901, of which 266,000 tons were British. Of the foreign tonnage, with cargoes engaged in the trade between the United Kingdom and the colonies, 24 per cent. was German and 48 per cent. Norwegian, while France and Russia each had 4 per cent. The total amount of entries and clearances annually in the trade between the United Kingdom and British colonies and possessions is about 13,250,000 tons, of which 11,750,000 tons are British. The entries in the trade between the colonies and other colonies and possessions amount annually to 24,750,000 tons, of which 21,500,000 tons, or 87 per cent., are British. Taking the two together, the total entries and clearances annually in the trade between all the parts of the British Empire are about 38,000,000 tons; and the British proportion of this total is over 33,000,000 tons, or about 88 per cent. Of the foreign tonnage sharing at present in the trade between the United Kingdom and British possessions, about 36 per cent. belongs to countries having oversea possessions; and of this amount 4 per cent. belongs to the two countries (America and Russia) which exclude, and 32 per cent. to the five countries which permit, the participation of British ships in their colonial trade.

This, while interesting, is insufficient. If, for instance, we had reciprocal arrangements with the United States, we should have a share of the enormous coasting trade between the two ocean seaboard of the Republic. The Customs figures do not show all the American tonnage entering and clearing our ports; for the vessels of the Morgan shipping 'combine,' although owned in America, are sailed and classified under the British flag. There is no treaty under which the right to share in the coasting trade of all our colonies and possessions is granted, though a few treaties concede to certain unimportant maritime countries this right with respect to the Crown colonies and some of the self-governing colonies; but all the treaties which do exist, entitling ships of a foreign country to share in the carrying trade within the British Empire, provide for the admission of British ships to reciprocal advantages. Why should not such an arrangement be universal, not exceptional?

A committee was appointed by the Admiralty in April

1903 to reconsider the principles on which subsidies are given to British steamship companies for the retention of merchant cruisers, and to report in what manner and at what cost vessels can be secured which (a) shall combine greater speed with a large radius of action, no subsidy being given for a lower speed than twenty knots; (b) shall be capable of carrying an armament of 4·7-inch guns; (c) shall be subdivided, as under the present system; (d) shall possess a steering gear below the water-line, if this does not entail too great a cost; (e) when once subsidised shall not be transferred to a foreign flag without the consent of the Board of Admiralty. This committee reports that a vessel which averages twenty knots, and which is capable of maintaining that speed for a considerable distance, say, for about three thousand nautical miles, must be of great size, of great length, of deep draught, and thereby virtually excluded from trading by the Suez Canal route. With regard to other conditions, they find that compliance with them will not lead to any material increase of cost of construction. Nearly all large mercantile vessels of high speed are structurally strong enough to carry and fight 4·7-inch guns, are subdivided up to present Admiralty requirements, and can be fitted with steering gear below the water-line without difficulty, at an expense of between 500*l.* and 1000*l.* per ship per annum, including interest on excess of first cost, depreciation, upkeep, etc. The initial cost of vessels possessing a speed of twenty knots, and up to twenty-six knots, and the amount of annual subsidy which would be required by a commercial company towards making good the loss which would be sustained in peace time by running such vessels, may be provided by the Admiralty guaranteeing a sum representing the first cost of each ship, and thus enabling a shipowner to raise the capital at 3 per cent. instead of 5 per cent.; or by the contribution on the part of the Admiralty of a lump sum towards the first cost of the ship; or by an annual payment extending over an agreed period of years. On the principle of an annual payment, the following table gives estimates of the first cost of ships having a speed of from twenty to twenty-six knots, and of the subsidy necessary

Average ocean speed.	First cost, building, etc.	Engine power.	Annual subsidy.
Knots.	£	I.H.P.	£
20	350,000	19,000	9,000
21	400,000	22,000	19,500
22	470,000	25,500	40,500
23	575,000	30,000	67,500
24	850,000	40,000	110,500
25	1,000,000	52,000	149,000
26	1,250,000	68,000	204,000

In the case of vessels of twenty knots speed, the figures of subsidy do not differ largely from the present payments to the Cunard and White Star lines for their fastest ships. Each additional knot is, however, obtained at a rapidly progressing increase of cost, progress from twenty to twenty-four knots doubling the initial cost and the engine power. With regard to providing security against the transfer of a subsidised vessel to a foreign flag, the committee were of opinion that the security might be obtained by a scheme according to which, during the term of subsidy, the Admiralty would be the registered owners of not less than  $\frac{3}{4}$  of the vessel, the management and profits being left wholly to the company, and legal security being taken that all owners' obligations should appertain exclusively to the company. But this is not a feasible method.

Professor Biles, a member of this committee, while agreeing generally with his colleagues, expressed the opinion that the terms of reference admit of a much wider interpretation of the question than it has received. The scheme of subsidies indicated in the report can apply, under existing conditions, only to Atlantic ships. But inasmuch as speed is a desideratum upon other mail routes, it seems desirable to carry this inquiry further, and to consider the practicability of securing high-speed vessels on such mail routes.

'Fast steamers' (says Professor Biles) 'can be run in conjunction with a large fleet of vessels of lower speed with commercial advantage to the fleet as a whole, though individually the fast vessels may lose money; and in consequence it seems to be practicable to secure vessels such as are required by the Admiralty by inserting in all future mail contracts (which should run for a period of ten years) a

condition that a definite proportion of the ships of each contracting company should fulfil the Admiralty requirements as to speed and other essentials. The result of this would be to secure to the public service a well-distributed and adequate number of mercantile auxiliaries of high speed. The Government business in connection with subsidised steamers should be dealt with by a single department; and, as the chief service to be rendered would relate to mails, while the work of the mercantile auxiliaries for the Admiralty would be at most an incidental matter, except in war time, it seems that this business should be conducted by the Post Office.'

The advantage of subsidising merchant steamers for use as cruisers in war time is, however, extremely doubtful; and the practice is to be abandoned after the termination of existing contracts, except in the case of the two large Cunard steamers yet to be built.

It is important not to forget that British ships suffer from various disadvantages from which foreign vessels are free. In the United States taxes to the amount of 40,000*l.* per annum are imposed on British shipping entering American ports because American vessels are charged light dues in Great Britain. British vessels are subject to constant supervision by officials of the Board of Trade and Home Office. British vessels are subject to various more or less onerous regulations with regard to load-line, life-saving appliances, manning, etc., which do not apply to foreign vessels. The British regulations to secure the safety of passengers on emigrant ships are not enforced on foreign emigrant ships calling at British ports for passengers. A claim arising in this country for loss of life through negligence on board a foreign ship cannot be enforced. The method of measuring French vessels gives them considerable advantage over British vessels in the deductions from gross tonnage upon which dues are calculated. The theory upon which the cost of lighting the British coasts is levied upon shipowners is wholly wrong. These lights are not for the security of the ships alone, but of the cargoes and persons that they carry. The interests are national, not industrial; and the opposition of the Government to the recent proposal to nationalise the charges is entirely illogical. The light dues are a trade tax; and trade taxes are always objec-



tionable. Such an impost is not merely a tax on shipping, but a tax on everything that the ships carry. It is a tax on the raw materials of British trade. It is at once an import tax and an export tax, and combines the demerits of both. The provision of lighthouses is a national obligation, and should be borne by the nation, not by a section of the community. There is no necessity for imposing on the shipping industry a tax avoided by every other government in the world, except Turkey.

The committee on shipping subsidies reported that

'the granting of shipping subsidies at considerable pecuniary cost by foreign governments has favoured the development of competition against British shipowners and trade upon the principal routes of ocean communication, and assisted in the transfer from British to continental ports of some branches of foreign and colonial trade; but that, notwithstanding the fostering effect of subsidies upon foreign competition, British steam shipping and trade have, in the main, held their own, and under fair conditions British shipowners are able to maintain the maritime commerce of the country.' (Report, 385 (1902), p. xxv.)

This means that although foreign subsidies are hurtful they have not seriously injured us—as yet. But what of the future? France has increased her bounties by transferring the weight from sailing-ships to steamers; Germany will increase hers under the protective plan inaugurated by the new tariff; and the possibilities in the case of America are immeasurable. It is quite true that the direct subsidies granted in some countries have had no material effect on our shipping. But one cannot ignore the effect of the indirect subsidies, of which reservation of the coasting trade is one.

The extent to which the proportion of foreign tonnage in our ports has grown during the last half-century is shown in the following table of tonnage of steam and sailing vessels with cargoes and in ballast entered and cleared in the foreign trade at ports in the United Kingdom.



Flag.	In thousands of tons.				
	1902.	1890.	1880.	1870.	1860.
British . . . . .	64,903	53,973	41,349	25,072	13,915
Norwegian . . . . .	6,728	5,001	4,052	2,774	1,457
German . . . . .	5,610	4,393	3,174	1,764	2,314
Swedish . . . . .	3,640	1,576	1,509	685	450
Danish . . . . .	3,564	1,854	1,385	753	760
Dutch . . . . .	3,323	1,901	1,170	532	567
Spanish . . . . .	2,951	1,276	636	312	143
French . . . . .	2,820	1,687	1,743	1,106	913
Belgian . . . . .	1,630	873	534	319	132
Russian . . . . .	1,076	551	608	619	283
Italian . . . . .	924	444	1,125	935	303
Austro-Hungarian . . . . .	831	118	329	389	344
United States . . . . .	614	292	1,006	1,266	2,983
Other countries . . . . .	1,259	345	116	114	126
Total foreign . . . . .	34,970	20,311	17,387	11,568	10,774
Percentage British . . . . .	65.0	72.7	70.4	68.4	56.4
Percentage foreign . . . . .	35.0	27.3	29.6	31.6	43.6

What is particularly noteworthy here is the decline in the British and the concurrent increase in the foreign proportion during the last twelve years. Some explanation is found in the large sales of second-hand British vessels to foreigners between 1900 and 1902; but that does not divert the stream of competition.

In addition to the fact that certain countries reserve their coastal trade to vessels flying their own flag, we must note instances of the way in which foreign nations subsidise their shipping to compete with British vessels. Russia, in addition to subsidising the Russian Volunteer Fleet and other lines, and repaying Suez Canal dues, has recently developed a scheme for granting to shipowners, among other financial facilities, interest-free loans for one half the cost of construction of vessels owned and built of native materials in Russia. Further, in order to facilitate the export of Russian goods in vessels of Russian construction, the Government will repay half the cost of the fuel consumed for working the engines if the fuel is of Russian origin. The new privileges granted are confined to shipowners of Russian nationality, to associations of which all the partners are Russians, and to public companies the nominative shares of which can be held only by Russian subjects.

France also heavily subsidises her mercantile marine. The law of April 7, 1902, grants to all sea-going steamers of over 100 tons gross, built in France, a navigation bounty of 1·70 franc per gross register ton per 1000 miles traversed for the first year, with slight annual decreases. This subsidy, on a steamer of 5000 tons gross, would amount to about 2300*l.* for the round voyage from Havre to New York and back. The Austrian Government subsidises vessels under its flag, and pays largely for each completed American round voyage. Italy pays its steamers 40 cents per gross ton per 1000 miles run, up to the fifteenth year. Japan subsidises foreign-going steamers under the Japanese flag. The Norddeutscher Lloyd receives 5*s.* per mile for its East Asian and Australian mail service, and 6*s.* 8*d.* per mile for its Australian mail service alone; the Messageries Maritimes is paid 8*s.* 4*d.* a mile for its Australian mail service; while the P. and O. Company only receives 2*s.* 7*d.* a mile for its Australian mail service. German mails are also subsidised by differential railway rates on cargo from inland places.

The following table shows the countries in which British shipping has declined under foreign competition.

TONNAGE UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG ENTERED AND CLEARED, WITH CARGOES AND IN BALLAST, IN THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE PRINCIPAL MARITIME COUNTRIES (IN THOUSANDS OF TONS).

	1880.	1890.	1896.	1900.
Norway . . . . .	472	781	709	672
Germany . . . . .	4,984	7,466	8,560	7,855
Sweden . . . . .	928	2,207	2,592	1,694
Holland . . . . .	3,410	5,666	8,331	7,881
Spain . . . . .	..	8,040	9,352	7,855
France . . . . .	10,162	12,736	13,684	15,544
Belgium . . . . .	4,223	6,167	7,739	7,504
Russia . . . . .	..	6,423	9,380	6,297
Italy . . . . .	3,377	7,036	6,887	7,769
United States . . . . .	15,807	16,273	18,479	24,884
Portugal . . . . .	3,622	5,656	8,231	11,343
Chile . . . . .	1,917	2,702	4,034	3,003
Argentina . . . . .	848	4,998	3,998	3,917
Total . . . . .	49,750	86,151	101,976	106,278

The total is, of course, enormous and increasing; but the growing competition of Norway and Germany,

# 348 THE BRITISH MERCANTILE MARINE

Holland and Russia, is marked. Cast into percentages this appears even more striking.

PERCENTAGE OF TONNAGE UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG TO THE TOTAL TONNAGE ENTERED AND CLEARED, WITH CARGOES AND IN BALLAST, IN THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE PRINCIPAL MARITIME COUNTRIES.

	1880.	1890.	1896.	1900.
Norway . . . . .	11.8	14.6	12.1	10.9
Germany . . . . .	38.1	35.4	35.5	28.9
Sweden . . . . .	13.5	20.5	18.4	9.9
Holland . . . . .	49.8	52.3	53.4	41.7
Spain . . . . .	..	33.6	33.4	27.6
France . . . . .	40.6	44.0	45.6	40.6
Belgium . . . . .	59.4	53.2	51.7	44.6
Russia . . . . .	..	53.2	49.7	37.3
Italy . . . . .	34.3	49.4	40.5	19.6
United States . . . . .	51.7	52.8	52.4	52.8
Portugal . . . . .	63.0	53.5	56.7	56.8
Chile . . . . .	79.9	47.1	55.4	50.1
Argentina . . . . .	37.8	42.2	26.3	29.3

The foregoing tables illustrate the trade of foreign countries; and it is refreshing to find more encouraging conditions within the Empire, where British shipping is in the ascendant and shows an increase, though one comparatively small. The following table shows the tonnage under the British flag at the principal colonial ports:—

TONNAGE UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG ENTERED AND CLEARED, WITH CARGOES AND IN BALLAST, IN THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE PRINCIPAL COLONIES (IN THOUSANDS OF TONS).

	1860.	1870.	1880.	1890.	1900.
British India . . . . .	..	..	..	6,340	7,290
Canada . . . . .	..	3,942	4,438	5,326	8,647
Cape . . . . .	388	314	1,377	2,599	8,539
Natal . . . . .	26	40	356	927	2,546
New Zealand . . . . .	201	499	719	1,147	1,542
Australian Commonwealth . . . . .	2,154	3,414	7,280	12,480	20,305
Total . . . . .	..	..	..	28,909	48,769

Not only is the amount of British shipping with the colonies increasing, but also the proportion to the whole.

# THE BRITISH MERCANTILE MARINE 349

PERCENTAGE OF TONNAGE UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG TO THE TOTAL TONNAGE ENTERED AND CLEARED, WITH CARGOES AND IN BALLAST, IN THE FOREIGN TRADE OF THE PRINCIPAL COLONIES.

	1860.	1870.	1880.	1890.	1900.
British India . . . . .	..	..	..	87·8	84·5
Canada . . . . .	..	77·5	65·4	51·6	61·0
Cape . . . . .	71·2	85·1	85·6	87·9	89·8
Natal . . . . .	89·2	82·7	88·3	93·4	90·2
New Zealand . . . . .	71·7	92·6	88·0	87·4	91·8
Australian Commonwealth .	80·2	92·2	94·1	87·6	85·2

In these figures neither the Lake trade of Canada nor the transport service with South Africa is included. They serve to prove that the trade of the mother-country with her possessions is a progressive one, notwithstanding the development of foreign maritime competition.

What, then, is a 'British ship'? It was originally a vessel owned by an inhabitant of the British Isles or by a British subject resident in the Plantations, if built there. By an Act of George III (1786) it was provided that British ships must be British built, British owned, and British navigated; but foreign-built ships which at the date of the Act belonged to British owners were allowed to retain the privileges of British ships until worn out. Such vessels, however, could not then engage in the coasting trade; nor could a foreigner be employed on a British ship engaged in the coasting trade. This Act also provided that no vessel registered as a British ship could import or export any goods from or to British ports unless navigated by British subjects. The law as it stands to-day may be best stated by a citation from the Merchant Shipping Act as consolidated in 1894.

'Part 1. (1) A ship shall not be deemed to be a British ship unless owned wholly by persons of the following description (in this Act referred to as persons qualified to be owners of British ships), namely—

'(a) Natural born British subjects:

'(b) Persons naturalised by or in pursuance of an Act of Parliament of the United Kingdom or by or in pursuance of an Act or ordinance of the proper legislative authority in a British possession:

'(c) Persons made denizens by letters of denization; and

'(d) Bodies corporate established under and subject to the laws of some part of her Majesty's dominions and having their principal place of business in those dominions :

'Provided that any person who either—

'(1) Being a natural born British subject, has taken the oath of allegiance to a foreign sovereign or state, or has otherwise become a citizen or subject of a foreign state ; or

'(2) Has been naturalised or made a denizen as aforesaid ; shall not be qualified to be owner of a British ship unless, after taking the said oath, or becoming a citizen or subject of a foreign state, or on or after being naturalised or made denizen as aforesaid, he has taken the oath of allegiance to her Majesty the Queen, and is, during the time he is owner of the ship, either resident in her Majesty's dominions or partner in a firm actually carrying on business in her Majesty's dominions.'

It is evident from these provisions that Mr J. Pierpont Morgan was not entitled as an individual to be registered under British law as owner or part owner of the vessels of the White Star line and of the other lines acquired by the so-called shipping 'combine,' officially known as the International Mercantile Marine Company of New Jersey, whose head offices are in New York. But, by a clever evasion of the navigation laws, the International Mercantile Marine Company did not become the registered owner of these British ships. It became the owner of the shares of the British registered companies, which in turn were registered at the Custom-house as the owners of the vessels. By a curious anomaly of British law the Companies Acts have been so framed as to permit any foreigner or body of foreigners to evade the provisions and violate the principles of the Merchant Shipping Act.

Thus, the International Navigation Company, Limited, of Liverpool, which holds 742 of the 750 shares of the White Star Company, has a capital of 700,000*l.* in 10*l.* shares, the whole of which shares, except seven, are held by Americans. The International Navigation Company, then, owns the White Star line ; and the International Mercantile Marine Company of New Jersey owns the company which owns the Oceanic Company which owns the White Star boats. It is a mere fantasy of speech, therefore, to call the White Star line, or any

of the allied companies, a British company. Yet, as the law stands, if we again decree that our coasting trade shall be reserved to vessels of the British flag, these ships will be able to compete with ours, although owned by citizens of a nation which refuses to allow British vessels to take part in their coasting trade, or in the trade between their mainland ports and their oversea possessions. Even when not reserving our coasting and intra-imperial trade, we are, by permitting these vessels to fly the British flag, enabling Americans to compete with us in branches of maritime commerce into which they could not otherwise enter. The coasting and colonial trades are, it is true, open to any flag; but the cost of running vessels under the American flag is too great to admit of profitable competition with the British flag. Consequently, in thus permitting American owners the use of our flag, we are presenting them with a weapon against ourselves. Such is the law—whatever may be the profits. By remaining under the British flag, these American-owned ships are, no doubt, debarred from a share in the immense American coasting trade. But in no circumstances, according to the American navigation laws, could they engage in that trade, because they are all foreign built.

Sixty years ago this question of composite ownership arose. In the year 1846 the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, which was a corporation by charter, and included among its members several foreigners, applied through trustees to the Custom-house at Liverpool to register a newly-acquired ship, and was refused on the ground that the ship did not belong *wholly* to her Majesty's subjects. The company's secretary then demanded registry on behalf of the company as a 'corporate body,' and was again refused. Whereupon the corporation applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for a mandamus; and Lord Denman held that the corporation as such was the sole owner and that 'in no legal sense were the individual members the owners.' (*R. vs. Arnaud*, 9 Q.B. 806.) By this decision a British incorporated company, however composed, was recognised as a British subject for the purposes of the Registry Act. And it was in the light of this precedent, we understand, that the law officers of the Crown have held that the transfer

of the shares in the Oceanic Steam Navigation Company to aliens does not vitiate the British registry of the White Star steamers. In point of fact, although a foreigner cannot register as the individual owner or part owner of a British vessel, he can acquire all the shares of a joint-stock company registered as the owner of such a vessel and domiciled, as to its place of business, in this country. It is surely a fantastic abuse of legislation that one statute should furnish the means of evading the provisions of another statute affecting the greatest industry of the British Empire—that on which its sea-power and commercial supremacy depend.

The North Atlantic problem is of the foremost importance in shipping because, from the beginning of steam navigation, the best efforts of naval architecture and marine engineering have been devoted to the task of linking the Old and the New Worlds. Hardly anything in marine engineering or naval architecture exists which is not in some degree due to successes on the broad Atlantic. We have lost, for a time, the 'blue ribbon of the Atlantic' to the Germans. We have also seen the larger part of our Atlantic fleet pass into the control of an alien interest which may some day be antagonistic; and we have had presented to us dismal visions of the complete loss of our prestige at sea.

The new government agreement with the Cunard Company is designed to restore to us the blue ribbon. It is supported on the ground that, at any cost, Britain's supremacy in point of speed on the Atlantic must be maintained. It is true that fast vessels may lose money; and, if we want high-speed merchant cruisers, we must pay for them. The effect of the agreement is to constitute a partnership for national or imperial purposes between the British Government and the Cunard Company. No foreigners are to be allowed on the board of directors or on the list of shareholders or among the principal officers; and the directors may compel the transfer of any shares in which they have reason to believe that foreigners have any interest or control. A share is assigned to nominees of the Government, carrying a controlling vote on matters affecting the national relations of the company. In effect, the company, being aided by the advance of state money, is held bound to



remain absolutely and entirely British with all its fleet at the command of the Admiralty. In return for this national aid it must produce and maintain a couple of steamers, not merely to regain the blue ribbon of the Atlantic, but able to outsail, and therefore to overtake, the fastest merchant steamers now afloat capable of being turned into cruisers by any foreign Power. The arrangement is something more than a reply to the American 'combine.' It is an intimation to all the world that the British mercantile marine is a national heritage which, in case of need, will be guarded by the national arm, even in time of peace, not on economic, but on political grounds.

While the Cunard agreement is a commendable one in the circumstances, although it is not difficult to pick holes in it, one finds nothing to commend in the agreement made by the Admiralty and the Board of Trade with the International Mercantile Marine Company. This is a foolish and feeble arrangement, which can only be ascribed to the 'Morganisation' of the Departments by a 'combine' of reckless finance and overreaching politicalism. We do not propose to dwell on this unwise and useless agreement, but we call attention to the opening clauses, which simply legalise, or officially sanction, what is a direct violation of the principles of the Merchant Shipping Act. The companies are already British companies in name, though not in fact; and the American shareholders have no desire that they shall be anything else, so long as they can retain the British registry of the steamers. They have no desire or intention to transfer the ships to a foreign registry, because they can be sailed most cheaply and efficiently under the British flag. The vessels cannot, in any case, be transferred to the American register without a special Act of Congress—which there is now no hope of getting, whatever may have been anticipated when the combination was begun—because the vessels are foreign-built. But observe that these foreign-owned vessels under the British flag are obtaining the assistance of the British Government, by means of Admiralty subventions, to enable them to compete with unsubsidised British vessels, not only on the Atlantic, but also in any portion of the coasting and intra-imperial trade in which they may choose to embark. The Admiralty subventions will

terminate in a year or two; but meanwhile the arrangement is a monstrous one.

It has been customary to associate the enormous development of the mercantile marine of Great Britain with the repeal of the old navigation laws. The development certainly followed that repeal, and has been more or less continuous to the present time; but there have been other causes. So long as timber was the only material for the construction of ocean carriers, America had the advantage over us as a shipbuilder, notwithstanding the lower cost of equipment in this country and the superiority of English oak for distant voyages. But with the advent of iron we became the shipbuilder, not only for our own growing and pushing shipowners, but for all countries, while America sank into a subordinate place from which she is now endeavouring to emerge. Opinions may differ as to whether our maritime progress could have been so great as it has been were the restrictions of the old laws maintained; but the repeal of the laws did not create the change. No one now, perhaps, regrets the abolition of these laws; but it may be well to consider whether, in order to preserve the supremacy we have obtained, we should not debar the coasting trade of the Empire to all non-reciprocating carriers, even though at present such nations take but a small share of that trade. The issue does not become the less impressive with the prospect of Canada becoming the largest shipbuilder in the world, as her resources and industries develope. The preservation of our shipping is a national necessity and therefore a political duty.

---

Art.

1. J.

L.

2. L.

3. F.

L.

4. V.

S.

5. L.

P.

6. L.

v.

7. L.

L.

A.

TH.

per.

acc.

all.

lent.

the.

and.

per.

by.

evi.

far.

and.

fin.

tee.

pre.

exa.

sur.

the.

Fr.

ho.

fir.

is.

sh.

the.

the.

V.

## Art. II.—THE ART OF THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE

1. *Jean Goujon: his life and work.* By Reginald Lister London: Duckworth, 1903.
  2. *Le Primatice.* By L. Dimier. Paris: Leroux, 1900.
  3. *French Painting in the Sixteenth Century.* By L. Dimier. London: Duckworth, 1904.
  4. *Women and Men of the French Renaissance.* By Edith Sichel. Westminster: Constable, 1901.
  5. *Les du Cerceau.* Par le Baron Henri de Geymüller. Paris: Librairie de l'Art, 1887.
  6. *La Renaissance en France.* Par Léon Palustre. Three vols. Paris, 1879–1885.
  7. *Les Comptes des Bâtiments du Roi.* Par le Marquis Léon de Laborde. Paris: T. Baur, 1877, 1880.
- And other works.

THE sixteenth century is perhaps the most attractive period in the whole of French history; and a complete account of the art of the French Renaissance might naturally be looked for from French historians. Much excellent work has indeed been done by archæologists since the middle of the last century; but, as one of the ablest and latest of French writers remarks, the history of this period has yet to be written. Its study is in fact attended by peculiar difficulties. There are lamentable gaps in the evidence. France has suffered from wanton destruction far more than England. With the exception of Nonesuch, and a few other mansions that can be counted on one's fingers, nearly all our great historical houses of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries have survived to the present day; but in France probably half of the finest examples have either disappeared altogether, or have sunk to base uses which, more or less completely, obscure their original purpose.

The chief architectural effort of the Renaissance in France was concentrated on house-building; and great houses, as belonging to the privileged classes, were the first to suffer from the French revolutionaries. What is far less intelligible, however, is the callous indifference shown by the French aristocracy themselves long before the Revolution. They do not appear to have attached the slightest importance to their hereditary dwelling-

places. It was not merely that they pulled them down or 'cut them about' to make way for modern improvements, but that they were strangely ready to sacrifice any one of them that showed a reasonable prospect of conversion into cash. A prince of the great house of Condé destroyed, in 1799, the Château of Fère en Tardenois, probably an early work of Bullant. In 1780-82 the same nobleman had the entrance to Écouen pulled down, and sold the Château de Creil for old materials in order to save the cost of maintenance. So early as 1719 the Regent ordered the destruction of the Chapel of the Valois as the cheapest way of finishing it off. The demolition of the Château de St Maur, one of de l'Orme's principal works, was also due to the Condé family; and, though the Château de Madrid was in fact destroyed during the French Revolution, Louis XVI had actually ordered the sale of it for old materials in 1778, together with the Châteaux of Blois, Vincennes, and La Muette.

Another cause that contributed to the ruin of many of these palaces was the curious improvidence of the royal builders. They seemed to build for the sake of building, without care either for completion or maintenance. Francis I ordered a palace, or a hunting-box on a scarcely inferior scale, wherever his fancy took him, but he seems to have lost his interest in the building before the roof was on; and du Cerceau remarks that his buildings were often left to perish for want of a slater to patch the roofs. Catherine de Médicis was possessed by the same mania for building on an impossible scale. The Chapel of the Valois, in some ways the most monumental effort of French architecture of the sixteenth century, was never completed. After barely starting the Tuileries, she dashed off into the costly undertaking of the Hôtel de Soissons; but neither building was finished when she died. The Tuileries was destroyed by the Commune; and the only vestige of the Hôtel de Soissons is Jean Bullant's forlorn looking column attached to the wall of the Halle aux Blés.

After Catherine's death there was a lull for a time. The work that followed in the first half of the seventeenth century was admirable in quality, rather than abundant in quantity. France was holding its breath for the colossal enterprise of Louis XIV. If the country

had suffered from the caprice and uncertainty of Francis, it suffered no less from the inexhaustible vanity of the 'Roi Soleil'; and there was added to the national burdens the monstrous cost of Versailles. This seems to have terminated the royal efforts at building; and a hundred years later the French Revolution made a clean sweep of everything that it did not need for itself.

Had it not been for Alexandre Lenoir we should be even worse off than we are. When the French Revolution was at its height, Lenoir went about searching for such fragments of sixteenth century art as might have survived the storm, paying here, entreating there, doing a work of inestimable value to future generations. From an architect named Jullien he bought, for 440 francs, the column to Henry III, now at St Denis. He saved the frontispiece of Anet and the gateway of Gaillon, now in the École des Beaux-Arts; the fragments of the screen of St Germain l'Auxerrois; the altar of Écouen, now at Chantilly; what was left of the fountain of Diana at Anet, and other priceless fragments. Lenoir stored his salvage in a museum now occupied by the École des Beaux-Arts in the Rue des Petits Augustins; and from this museum the sculpture was subsequently transferred to the Louvre, and in certain cases to its legitimate owners. It is true that Lenoir put his fragments together in a fashion that somewhat resembles Wyatt's treatment of the tombs at Salisbury; nevertheless his name should be gratefully remembered as that of the man who had the courage to preserve these links with the past at a time of the most terrific iconoclasm the world has ever seen. In the galleries of the Hôtel Carnavalet there is a portrait of Lenoir, a shrewd, kindly face in suggestive proximity to the ill-omened countenances of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre.

An unfortunate phase followed the first Empire. Napoleon I wrote his hand in very legible letters on certain of the royal palaces; but, when the Bourbons returned, their object was to revive the associations of the old régime; and with this idea they embarked on a wholesale course of restoration, with the most unhappy results. The methods of French architects when engaged in restorations are painfully familiar. Their principal object seems to be to transform the growth of centuries

into a brand-new building of the style and character of what the architect arbitrarily selects as the original design. Viollet le Duc's work at Pierrefonds and elsewhere shows the extreme point of futility to which this theatrical instinct can be carried. Much of Fontainebleau is unreadable on account of the restoration made by M. Alaux to the taste of Louis Philippe. St Germain-en-Laye is still in the hands of the architect; and it has now been denuded of any artistic and historical interest that might have survived from an unfortunate past.

Thus, by the middle of the nineteenth century, however much interest was felt in the work of the earlier Renaissance in France, it was difficult to arrive at authentic historical facts. A good deal of plausible speculation was indulged in; large attributions to Italian artists were made; and the history of the period was written chiefly by guess-work. In 1842 Callet, an antiquary of some note, came across a MS. in the Bibliothèque Impériale, and published his new facts in a historical notice of the life and works of certain French architects; but, according to Berty, he drowned his facts in a deluge of his own invention, and his pamphlet is quite untrustworthy. The first serious effort towards a historical account of the French Renaissance was made by the Marquis Léon de Laborde in his '*Renaissance des Arts à la Cour de France*' (1852-55). M. Berty published in 1860 his '*Grands Architectes Français de la Renaissance*,' a rare and very useful little book, now out of print. Meanwhile, elaborately illustrated monographs, such as M. Pfñor's works on Anet and Fontainebleau, Reveil's '*Jean Goujon*,' and others, appeared from time to time; but for the historical student the scientific study of this period dates from the issue in 1877-80 of the '*Comptes des Bâtiments du Roi, 1528-1571, suivis de documents inédits sur les châteaux royaux et les beaux-arts au XVI siècle*.'

The evidence presented by these records is unassailable. Together with such records as the '*Comptes des dépenses du Château de Gaillon*,' published by Deville in 1850, the works of du Cerceau and Philibert de l'Orme, and the comparative study of the buildings and monuments themselves, they form the chief materials available for the history of French art in the sixteenth century. The vague conjectures of earlier writers have given way to uncontro-



vertible facts; but, as will appear, the history of the French Renaissance is not yet sufficiently advanced for a final and authoritative statement. Serious differences of opinion exist between French critics. M. Dimier and M. Palustre, for instance, take exactly opposite views of the same group of facts. Much has yet to be done in the way of sifting and interpreting the evidence; and the very abundance of the material collected by the able French writers who have studied it makes the study of this period somewhat bewildering.

Since 1877 the chief efforts of the foremost French scholars have been directed to checking off the historical monuments of the Renaissance by the evidence of such documents as the '*Comptes des Bâtiments du Roi*.' In 1879 M. Léon Palustre began the issue of his monumental work on the Renaissance in France. His scheme aimed at giving a complete account of the first hundred years, with illustrations drawn from every part of France. The first volume deals with the North and the Île de France; volume ii, published in 1881, completed the Île de France and Normandy; volume iii, issued in 1885, includes Brittany, Maine, Poitou, and Charente. At this point the work was broken off, and has not been resumed. That in a treatise of this magnitude there should be inaccuracies, and that some of the inferences drawn may be called in question, is inevitable. Yet, even in its unfinished state, the work remains a splendid undertaking. The vast area of research covered, the clearness with which M. Palustre marshalled his facts, and the acute and penetrating criticism brought to bear on the historical evidence, render his book a fine achievement of French scholarship on lines which have been singularly neglected by students in other countries.

In 1887 the Baron de Geymüller published his important work on the du Cerceau family, and in 1898, in German, his '*Architecture of the Renaissance in France*.' In 1900 M. Dimier published his essay on the life and work of Primaticcio, a learned and valuable book, which goes far beyond the limits of a biography, for the writer has considered it his duty to deal with every branch of contemporary art in France. M. Dimier's graceful scholarship and the lucidity of his style make his '*Life of Primaticcio*' perhaps the most readable introduction to

the study of the French Renaissance that has yet appeared. On the whole, and in a desultory sort of way, there is a good deal of sound historical work to show, and yet there is less than one would expect. In France, as in England, during the last fifty years, there have been two streams of thought, entirely out of relation to each other, and indeed flowing in opposite directions; while M.M. Palustre, de Montaiglon, Courajod, and de Geymüller were steadily devoting genuine research to the study of the Renaissance, the interest of the larger part of the average architectural public was arrested by the theories of M. Viollet le Duc, and by his marvellous faculty of building up the most convincing history on the smallest possible basis of evidence. Large theories seem to have an irresistible attraction for the French intelligence; and Viollet le Duc's mediævalism, old-fashioned and absurdly insincere as it may seem to us now, attracted at the time a disproportionate amount of attention. There is evidence of a reaction from these histrionics; and the best French writers and their ablest artists are steadily recovering a great tradition which they ought never to have lost.

The study of architecture suffers much from the want of clear definitions. We talk of the Renaissance, but the Renaissance may mean very different things; and, when a writer says that the Renaissance in France dates from such and such a year, it is necessary to ask what he means by the word. From one point of view the presence of an Ionic capital in a Gothic screen would indicate the arrival of the Renaissance, and would carry the date back well into the fifteenth century; regarded from another point of view, that of an architect, such details would be mere accidents. The Renaissance cannot be said to have been introduced into a country until the designers and workmen of that country have grasped the constructive principles of Renaissance design—a stage of development which requires a generation, and cannot be limited to any particular year. This stage was not attained in France till nearly a hundred years after the first vague echo of the Italian Renaissance had found its way across the Alps.

Moreover, the French Renaissance differed widely from that of Italy. It is well known that the Italians never

absolutely lost touch of the Roman tradition. Their Gothic was an exotic; they never mastered the principles of this architecture of thrust and counter-thrust; hence the inferiority of Italian Gothic to French. On the other hand, they preserved, in a rudimentary way, their instinct for the column and the lintel, for the dead-weight construction of the Romans; and, when the revival of letters recalled their attention to classical civilisation, this dormant instinct was reawakened; and the extraordinary achievements of the great Italians in Neo-classic architecture seem to have been largely due to this inherited instinct. Even in France the classical instinct seems never to have wholly expired in those parts where Roman civilisation had taken strongest hold. Some of the earliest examples of Renaissance design appear at Avignon and Marseilles; and, though allowance must be made for the papal residence at Avignon, and the proximity of Marseilles to Italy, there is an unexplained residuum in the strongly marked Roman character of this early work, for instance, in the entrance to the ruins of the Tour d'Aigues (Vaucluse), which bears a close resemblance to the remains of imperial Roman architecture. Scarcely two hundred years, in fact, elapsed between the last efforts of Romanesque in the south of France and the first attempt at Neo-classic. The old tradition must have been close at hand in the 'subliminal consciousness' of the Provençal.

The state of things in other parts of France, at any rate in the Île de France and in the centre, was different. Here there had existed for centuries an architecture which had attained to a perfection of form and a mastery of technique within its own intention unrivalled at any rate since the great days of Byzantium. In its later phases technical ability in building outlived its original inspiration. The masons who could build the winding staircases of Blois and Chambord could hardly have been inferior in skill to the Gothic masons from whom they inherited their craft. De l'Orme, in his '*Livre d'Architecture*,' dwells with much emphasis on the importance of the science of setting out masonry; he devotes to it a large part of his work, with many intricate diagrams, and enlarges abundantly on his own science. Yet he could hardly have taught anything in this regard to the

masons of Blois. There was, in fact, on the one hand, a considerable amount of technical building skill available, and on the other hand, among laymen, and what may be called the building public, a comparatively high degree of civilisation. The layman's ideas of refinement and his ideals in architecture were ahead of his powers of realisation. The problem at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century was to bring this building ability into line, to educate it into mastery of the new methods of expression, in other words, to teach it the architecture required by altered standards of knowledge and civilisation. The process, therefore, was not that of the development of latent powers along lines only half forgotten, as in Italy, but of the transformation and diversion of existing powers from one channel into another; and the slowness of this process, the repeated failure of the mason to grasp the new intention, may possibly account for the impatience, the fury of building which seems to have possessed Francis I and most of the great noblemen of his court. Yet a hundred years were hardly enough to displace the traditions of centuries.

The first symptoms of change appeared in the latter part of the fifteenth century. René of Anjou introduced certain Italian artists who worked for him at Aix, Angers, and Bar-le-duc. The next considerable importation occurred after Charles VIII's Italian expedition of 1495. The names of Fra Giocondo, of il Boccador, of Bernardino di Brescia, of Paganino, and others, occur in a patent of payment of 1498. Paganino, who was afterwards employed on the tomb of Charles VIII, and who is the 'Master Pageny' of the monument of Henry VII, is found again at Gaillon, after 1501. Il Boccador gave designs for the old Hôtel de Ville at Paris which were never carried out; and Fra Giocondo was at one time credited with the designs of numerous buildings in France.

The culminating point of this earlier Renaissance, a Renaissance essentially of craftsmanship rather than of architecture, was reached at Gaillon, built for the great cardinal, George of Amboise, who lived so full a life that it was said that he barely left himself time to take to his bed and die. The glories of Gaillon are now represented by one poor fragment in the court of the École des Beaux-Arts. With all its sumptuous decoration, Gaillon was

far behind contemporary Italian work. Architecturally it was a poor conception, such indeed as we should expect from the master masons who had lost their bearings, and whose principal function was to provide masonry for the Italian artists to decorate. All the sculpture and ornament were executed by the Italians. Paganino made the medallions of emperors; Antonio Juste of Florence carved the statues in the chapel and the bas-reliefs in the court; and Richard of Carpi, perhaps the first of the 'menuisiers' of Carpi, inlaid the stalls with their beautiful *intarsia* work, now in the Abbey of St Denis. The architect did not exist; and all that was expected of the builder was that he should put up walls that would stand and that would give plenty of space for the Italian artists to work on. Gaillon is typical of the great French house of the first quarter of the sixteenth century, such as Azay le Rideau, Villers Cotterets, the older parts of Chenonceau, and the châteaux of the Loire valley. Beautiful as they are, these buildings are beautiful by their detail and decorations, by their 'travaux de choix'; they make their appeal, not through subtlety in proportion, or the splendid audacity of simple mass, but through the exquisite delicacy of their surface ornament. Stripped of the latter, they are rather rudimentary efforts in architecture, little more than the routine work of masons, chancing more or less unconsciously into happy accidents of outline.

In France, as in England, the first fifty years of the Renaissance were occupied with experiments in the details of ornament; but the difference is that, whereas in England the Italian influence disappeared at the death of Henry VIII and was too weak to establish a permanent footing at the time, in France the development of architecture proceeded steadily to its full maturity, with the result that, historically, France got the start of England by some fifty to seventy years—a lead which that country has never lost. The man who contributed most to this result was Francis I, an 'amateur du premier rang,' as M. Dimier calls him. Politically the Italian expeditions led to nothing but disaster for France; and severe remarks have been made by English historians touching the influence of the Italian Renaissance on French morality; but of the service that Italy rendered to France in the matter of culture there can be no sort of doubt.

France learnt from Italy, once for all, the lesson of humanism; and the readiest of French pupils was Francis himself. When Louis XII went into Italy he sacked and plundered, and returned unmoved by what he saw, to settle down in France as 'the father of his people.' But where his predecessors merely looked, Francis considered and learnt. Moreover, throughout his life he had the rare advantage of the guidance of his sister, Margaret of Navarre, 'la perle des Valois,' one of the most attractive minds of the sixteenth century. Miss Sichel, in her thoughtful and sympathetic studies, has traced the influence of this rare spirit on the intellectual life of the time; and perhaps it would not be too much to say that what was best in the French Renaissance was due to the sympathy and intelligence of Margaret quite as much as to the direct initiation of her brother.

Yet no king ever played the royal patron on a more lavish scale than Francis I. In his control of church patronage he found a ready means of rewarding his favourite artists without the least inconvenience to himself. Primaticcio was made Abbé of St Martin es Aires de Troyes; Pierre Lescot was a Canon of Notre Dame; and Philibert de l'Orme enjoyed the revenues of two or three abbeys in addition to a canonry at Notre Dame. From the first Francis used every effort to induce Italian artists to settle in France. The Justes of Florence were already there, and busy at Tours. Solario, the pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, had been at work in 1508; and Francis persuaded the great master himself to settle in France. But Leonardo was very old, and the experiment was probably a failure. Nor was the King more fortunate with Andrea del Sarto. Then came the disastrous defeat of Pavia; and it was not till 1527 that Francis was able to resume his schemes with another great importation of Italian artists. Work was started at Fontainebleau with the famous 'Devis' of 1528. Il Rosso came in 1531, and remained in control till his death in 1541 or 1542. Il Rosso was succeeded by Primaticcio, who, after routing Serlio and Cellini, became practically sole dictator of the arts at the court of France from 1541 till his death in 1570. The latter part of the reign of Francis I and the reign of Henry II form, in fact, a turning-point in the history of French art; and it is in regard to this period that the most serious differences of



opinion exist among French scholars. What were the relations of the old master-builders to the new architects? what was the part played by the Italians, and by Primaticcio in particular, in the reformation of French art? what was Primaticcio's own position, and what were his relations to his colleagues? On these and similar questions French writers maintain quite contrary opinions with a learning and ability which is the more bewildering in that it appears to be equally shared by the rival camps.

Of Primaticcio himself, by far the most complete account that has yet appeared is given in M. Dimier's 'Life' already referred to. That author has visited all the collections which are known to contain examples of Primaticcio, and he gives us a full 'catalogue raisonné' of Primaticcio's work. Whether there are further examples to be unearthed, for instance, from the Windsor collection of drawings, or not, is yet to be seen. There is a remarkable painting at Wollaton, assigned to Primaticcio by a good authority, which seems to have escaped M. Dimier; but his research has been extremely laborious. Although a large margin has to be allowed for M. Dimier's skilful manipulation of hypotheses, his book is probably authoritative in regard to Primaticcio's work, always excepting his account of that artist's pretensions in architecture.

The ascertained facts of Primaticcio's life are very few. He was born at Bologna, 1504-5, and began his career as a pupil of Innocent d'Imola, and of Bartolommeo Bagnacavallo, a pupil of Raphael. In 1526 he was at work under Giulio Romano as painter and stucco-worker in the Palazzo del Tè at Mantua. In 1532 Romano selected him for the service of Francis I; and Primaticcio was working at Fontainebleau in 1533. In 1535 he appears in the 'Comptes' as 'conducteur et diviseur desdits ouvrages de stuqs et peinture.' In 1540 he was sent to Rome to collect works of art for the King, and returned in 1542. Meanwhile il Rosso had died; and Primaticcio succeeded him in the conduct of the works at Fontainebleau, with the appointment of 'valet de chambre' to the King. In 1544 he was made Abbé of St Martin es Aires de Troyes. He was again at Rome in 1548. In 1559 he succeeded Philibert de l'Orme as controller of the royal buildings. He was at

Bologna in 1563, but returned in the same year to France, where he died in 1570.

For the last thirty years of his life Primaticcio was the most prominent artist at the court of France. M. Dimier says that not only were all the decorations of Fontainebleau in his hands—though de l'Orme directed at any rate some part of them before 1559—but that he practically controlled the royal manufactures and workshops. Of his actual contributions in this regard, an exhaustive analysis is given in M. Dimier's work. Primaticcio was an admirable and prolific draughtsman and a skilful man of affairs; and there can be no doubt that he exercised a predominant influence on the art of France. In the minor arts he was supreme. Du Cerceau drew on him for his arabesques; and in sculpture, at any rate, Goujon and Germain Pilon owed something of their manner to his designs. His influence, moreover, was largely personal and individual, in the sense that he directly controlled a large staff of assistants whose only business and means of livelihood were the execution of his designs.

M. Dimier points out that the famous school of Fontainebleau in no sense resembled the Gobelins school under Louis XIV; that is, it was not a school with common methods and traditions, in which the work of the different members might be more or less interchangeable. The school of Fontainebleau was such only in the sense of a common studio; and the Italians whom Primaticcio imported were, to use M. Dimier's phrase, '*troupes de circonstance*'—mercenaries plying for hire, here one day and away the next. These men spread the influence of Primaticcio's manner in so far as they worked to his designs and sketches. It is at this point, however, that we have a serious difference of opinion with M. Dimier. He maintains that Primaticcio was not only a great painter, modeller, and designer of arabesques and patterns, but that he was also a great architect, and that he, in fact, designed buildings. In support of this he advances various plausible suggestions, but no evidence, except the patent of 1559, by virtue of which Primaticcio succeeded Philibert de l'Orme. That the appointment was due to a skilfully conducted court intrigue seems pretty certain. One of the first acts of Francis II was to dismiss de l'Orme and his brother in favour of Primaticcio. Six months later

Francis dismissed Bullant; and the only architect left in possession was Pierre Lescot at the Louvre—a good fortune which he probably owed to his being the only one of the three who could claim gentle birth. M. Dimier argues that Primaticcio's post of controller of the royal buildings implied real architectural capacity, though the evidence of the 'Comptes' makes it perfectly clear that it did not necessarily imply anything of the sort. But, not content with this assumption, M. Dimier asserts that Primaticcio rendered his most signal service to the art of France in rescuing its control from the architects and transferring it to the painters. The position appears somewhat contradictory; but, by way of clinching it, M. Dimier advances an extraordinary theory on the relations of architecture to the other arts—a theory which we regret to see has been swallowed whole by Mr Lister.

Nothing, says M. Dimier, is so disastrous to the arts as that their general control should fall into the hands of architects, as happened, for instance, in the case of Percier and Fontaine early in the nineteenth century. Compare their work, he says, with the work of Raphael, Giulio Romano, Rubens, and Lebrun, painters who controlled every branch of art, directing even the masons and supplying designs in every trade. This was the constant practice of Italy, and hence its superiority in the arts. As examples of the absolute control of the painter, M. Dimier gives the column of Henry III, now in St Denis, and the Three Graces of Germain Pilon in the Louvre; no architect, he says, would ever have thought of such things. This, by the way, is a little hard on Germain Pilon, who, after all, was a sculptor, and did, in fact, carve these adorable figures.

This theory is indeed startling. A favourite position in England, at any rate during the last generation, has been the unity of the arts, and their basis in architecture. Scarcely less important is the older—and more famous—law of the differentiation of the arts, ὅλη καὶ τρόποις μιμήσεως. Into the midst of these principles M. Dimier's pronouncement falls like a bomb-shell. Art, for M. Dimier, is summed up in painting; the other arts only deserve recognition in so far as they subserve the ends of the painter, and, as we may say, enable him to display his wares to the best advantage. Now one would admit at once that the

highest perfection of the arts has been reached when they all work serenely together; but it is a very different thing to insist that two of the three principal arts, as we may for convenience call them, should resign in favour of that one which is the furthest removed from reality.

As to MM. Percier and Fontaine, we may 'give them away' at once. Their work was mannered and extraordinarily tedious; but that only proves that MM. Percier and Fontaine were rather stupid architects, and worked for a public that enjoyed striking attitudes. Alter the name, and the position becomes untenable. Inigo Jones, for example, controlled both the design and the decoration of the double-cube room at Wilton; and the result was hardly a failure. Wren, again, produced some of the most charming interiors in the world, and, had he been allowed his own way, would have completed the decoration of St Paul's in a manner worthy of its glorious architecture; but the painter appeared on the scene in the person of Sir James Thornhill. As for the Italians, it is well known that they studied architecture as closely as other branches of art, and might, in certain cases, be just as well called architects as painters. In so far as men like Baldassare Peruzzi or Raphael dealt with architecture, they dealt with it as architects, not as painters; which at once separates their practice from the architectural efforts of a Rubens or a Lebrun.

It seems that M. Dimier underrates the function of architecture. He conceives of it as so much scene-painting realised in stone or bricks and mortar: that is, he is solely concerned with the frontispiece, with the decoration of the wall-surface inside and out. It does not seem to occur to him that a building is an elaborate organism of which each part has a certain definite relation to every other part; that these parts are interdependent and cannot be altered or removed without affecting the whole; and that their proportions and distribution are arrived at by working out the conditions and necessities of the problem as a whole. In his desire to exalt his hero, M. Dimier seems to have forgotten that the development of architecture finds itself in problems of construction, in the dome and its counterpoise, in the covering in of great spaces, in the meeting of enormous weights. The solution of these difficulties is, we suppose,

taken for granted by his dashing painter-architect, who leaves it to the builder, or to anybody else who is content to do such servile work. Yet it is the historical fact that it is to this servile work that we owe all that is really vital in architecture. The lintel and column, the arch, the dome, were not the invention of the decorator but of the constructor; and the work of the architect is not to invent decoration but to think out construction in its most perfect expression. This is a point that is often forgotten in modern architecture; and we regret that a writer of M. Dimier's ability should lend any countenance to such a disastrous fallacy.

M. Dimier, having treated architecture as merely a vehicle for decoration, has little difficulty in showing that the less of architecture and the more of decoration there is the better. In accordance with this view it appears to M. Dimier a simple thing for a painter to play the architect; all he has to do is to make a drawing of the front and entrust the execution of his design to somebody else. Primaticcio is presented as at least the equal of Philibert de l'Orme on the latter's own ground; and, in the teeth of the strongest evidence, it is stated that de l'Orme's animosity was directed, not against the Italian adventurer who supplanted him, but against the old master-masons of his own country. Yet de l'Orme, Bullant, and the elder du Cerceau made a strong point of the service they were rendering their country in showing that it was unnecessary to import foreign artists for work which could be done equally well by Frenchmen; and the whole weight of de l'Orme's irritable and amusing outbursts is aimed specifically at those

*'donneurs de portraits (plans) et faiseurs de desseins, dont la plupart n'en scauroient bien tracer où décrire aucun, si ce n'est par l'ayde et moyen des peintres, qui les scauent plus tost bien farder, laver, ombrager, et colorer, que bien faire et ordonner avecque toutes leures mesures.'*

De l'Orme's rage against these architectural impostors is so savage that, like Mr Morgan in 'Roderick Random,' he trips himself up in the very copiousness of his own invective. De l'Orme is for ever railing against the folly of princes and noblemen who are taken in by the specious address and pretty pictures of artists with about as

much knowledge of architecture as a lawyer's clerk. He insists, though his point is sometimes hidden by the intricacy of his style, that the essence of architecture is sound construction. It is significant of his theory that M. Dimier makes no claim on behalf of Primaticcio to knowledge of construction; and it seems to us that the whole of his appreciation of Primaticcio's position in regard to architecture is vitiated by a theory of æsthetics which is equally remote from the teaching of philosophy and the facts of history.

M. Dimier is on much safer ground when he discusses the influence of the Italian Renaissance on French art, and the relations of the master-masons of the older school to the architects of the new. M. Palustre devoted himself to the uncompromising advocacy of the claims of native artists as against the Italians. He held that Trinqureau, the Le Bretons, Chambiges, Castoret, and the master-masons were not only the builders of Fontainebleau, St Germain, and the other buildings on which they were employed, but that they were architects with as much title to the name as their successors, Bullant, Lescot, and de l'Orme. He made a strenuous attempt to reduce the work of Italian artists to an inconsiderable quantity, and had little difficulty in showing that their share in the achievements of French architecture has been much exaggerated. It is, however, pretty certain from the building accounts that the master-masons received payment only for labour and materials supplied, and were, in fact, in the position of contractors. This led M. Charvet and others to suppose that the master-masons were builders only, the names of the designers being still to seek, and that the accounts are incomplete in this regard. M. Dimier says boldly that there were no designers, and that, when a building was to be erected, the King himself gave his orders, and the master-mason had to carry them out as well as he could. For instance, at Fontainebleau the works were to be executed for the King 'ainsi qu'il a devisé et donné à entendre à son valet de chambre ordinaire' Florimond de Champeverne. De Champeverne acted as intermediary between the King and his builders, and controlled the business arrangements; but no such person as the modern architect as yet existed. In the famous 'Devis de 1528,' or



specification of works for Fontainebleau, no reference is made to any drawings at all; and it seems probable that Francis I was his own architect, at any rate in the earlier part of his reign. Du Cerceau says he was so well versed in building that 'on ne peult presque dire qu'autre que lui en fust l'architecte.' The first architect actually appointed at Fontainebleau was Serlio, who received this somewhat barren honour in 1541. Gilles le Breton, Pierre Girard, and Castoret, Trinqureau even, are reduced to the ranks; and as to Pierre Chambiges, on whose brilliant personality M. Palustre waxes eloquent, M. Dimier says that he was just a workman and no more.

On the whole the balance of evidence lies with M. Dimier; yet his account does not exactly square with the facts. That plans of a rough description were made is practically certain. The masons, no doubt, carried their trade in their head, and depended far less than a modern builder on elaborate working drawings; but they could not have set out Fontainebleau, still less an elaborate building such as Chambord, without a plan of some sort to work to. These rough plans they probably supplied themselves as part of their contract. By way of supplementing this, it appears to have been the practice to obtain elaborately finished pictures of the proposed building from painters about the court. It was the incompetence of the latter, together with the constant blunders made by the master-masons in setting out their work, that excited the wrath of Philibert de l'Orme. He, in fact, finally did away with the older method of building; for the happy-go-lucky practice of the master-mason he substituted the modern system of working to scale drawings. Such drawings were prepared for the builder's use by men who made it their business to design buildings but took no part in the operations themselves. Modern French architecture dates from Bullant and de l'Orme; and there is a wide gulf fixed between them and the master-masons.

The change has often been deplored. It has been urged that it was the beginning of a divorce between building and architecture that has been fatal to both; and there is a great deal of truth in the complaint. Yet such a change was inevitable. Architecture cannot be separated from the general progress of civilisation; and it was

impossible to force upon one stage of civilisation habits of life and conditions of thought which belong to another. The master-mason was not qualified to maintain his place among the sharper wits of the Renaissance, and so he had to fall back into the position of the executant of the designs of men of wider training. Moreover, the change made by such men as de l'Orme was something more than the nice manipulation of the orders. For the first time French architects learnt to study the finest models. The Baron de Geymüller has pointed out that Bullant and de l'Orme were the first to study their art in Rome instead of in Milan; and in Rome de l'Orme, at any rate, came under the influence of Bramante's later manner, with the result, in France, of what de Geymüller calls the style of Henry II, as opposed to that of Francis I.

But the real service that these men rendered to French architecture was in regard to plan and construction. De l'Orme thoroughly knew his business, and was a man of much ingenuity, with something of that faculty for engineering which the best French architects seem always to have possessed. Whether he improved the craft of masonry so much as he intended is open to doubt; but it is certain that he greatly contributed to the practical science of construction. Jean Bullant, again, was an artist of exceptional power and originality. There is a very modern feeling, in the best sense, in his classical compositions, such as his frontispiece at Écouen or the *châtelet* at Chantilly. Whether one likes the designs or not, there is here no blundering, no hesitation. Bullant had his craft at his fingers' ends. Of Pierre Lescot it is not easy to speak. His reputation practically rests on the fragment of the Louvre completed from his designs; and, as he never seems to have undertaken any work except in conjunction with Jean Goujon or Germain Pilon, his reputation rather merges in the fame of those most brilliant and consummate artists.

What Bullant and de l'Orme did for architecture, these men did for sculpture. That sculpture of a high degree of excellence existed both before and during their time is proved by the work of such men as Michel Colombe, the Justes of Tours (Florentines, by the way), Pierre Bontemps, and Paul Ponce. But in the work of Goujon,

and in that of his younger colleague Germain Pilon, we come upon a fresh and original strain, a perfection of technique and grace of fancy which belong to no one century but exist for all time.

The work of Jean Goujon is very well illustrated in Mr Lister's attractive book; the photogravures, indeed, are quite admirable. Mr Lister is in sympathy with his subject and his period; and, though it is somewhat irrelevant, we welcome the very interesting portrait of Diane de Poitiers, from Lord Spencer's collection, as a valuable piece of historical evidence. Miss Sichel has drawn a clever portrait of this great lady, representing her as a person of plain countenance with a head for affairs and a 'talent for education'; in fact, an earlier Madame de Maintenon, always excepting the immense respectability of the latter. M. Lemonnier,\* a less enthusiastic critic, writes of her: '*elle était intelligente, elle a écrit, elle a aimé les arts; mais elle était, sous son aimable apparence, sèche, dure, avide.*' That Diane de Poitiers possessed excellent good sense is extremely probable; but excellent good sense does not fascinate the world for a generation, and we have the key to the mystery in this delightful picture. This, on the face of it, is the true Diana of perennial youth and beauty, the Diana of splendid vitality who hunted in the woods and bathed in icy water. As Mr Lister puts it (p. 27),

'she had recaptured in her own person the joy of the early world, and that was her real religion. From a moral point of view we would not willingly hold her brief; but as an apostle of nature, of sunlight and the open air, no word of approbation is too high for her.'

In his eighth chapter Mr Lister gives the discovery made by Signor Tommaso Sandonini in regard to Goujon's death. That there never was any foundation for the legend of his death in the massacre of St Bartholomew has been known to competent French writers since, at any rate, 1860, when Adolphe Berty published his suggestive little essay on Goujon. The sculptor's name disappears from the Louvre accounts after September 1562,†

\* '*Histoire de France*,' ed. Lavissee, vol. v, p. 201.

† '*Compte des Bâtimens*,' vol. II, p. 63.

and the question was, what became of him after that date? Signor Sandonini, in searching among the registers of the suits instituted by the Inquisition at Modena, found one of the year 1568, in which the name of Jean Goujon occurs three times, as companion of a certain Laurent Penis, then on trial before the Inquisition. On comparison of the three references, it seems practically certain that Goujon died between 1564 and 1568 at Bologna. The evidence proves that he was living at Bologna in 1563; and the probability is that Goujon, in alarm at the growing danger incurred by those of his religion (a namesake of his was hanged for heresy in 1562, at Troyes), retired to Bologna, possibly with Primaticcio, as M. Sandonini suggested. It is known that Primaticcio visited Bologna towards the end of 1562. The discovery was of great value in regard to later work attributed to Goujon; and incidentally it gave a glimpse of the lurid background of romance and tragedy that lay behind the work of this great artist, driven, in the fullness of his renown, to seek an obscure refuge in Italy.

M. Sandonini's discovery was made so long ago as 1884, and his account of it was published in full by Anatole de Montaiglon in a study on Jean Goujon in the '*Gazette des Beaux-Arts*' for January 1885. No reference is made to the article by M. de Montaiglon in Mr Lister's book; and it is significant of the backward state of architectural study in this country that facts which have been familiar to French students for the last eighteen years should be welcomed in England as a new discovery. Nor is this the only instance of inadvertence, to use no stronger word, in Mr Lister's book. Mr S. A. Strong, who contributed an introduction to the work, says that 'it is difficult to account for the neglect of Jean Goujon and his time on the part of critics and lovers of French art.' But French writers have not neglected him. Mr Strong and Mr Lister appear to have overlooked M. Pottier's '*L'Œuvre de Goujon*,' with engravings by Reveil, which was published in 1844 and republished in 1868. They say nothing of M. Berty's study, and do not seem to have familiarised themselves with the constant references to this artist in the works of modern French writers. The fact is that, with the exception of the valuable discovery by M. Sandonini, and the conclusions that follow from it, nearly

all the facts ascertainable about the life of Jean Goujon have long been familiar to French students; and what has yet to be done will probably result from the comparison and critical appreciation of his works. The bas-reliefs of Anet, to which Mr Strong refers, as described in Mr Lister's book for the first time, were fully given by Reveil. Nor again can one accept 'a sort of invalid Don Quixote' as a felicitous summary of the person and character of Henry II. That king, whatever his faults, was a man of great personal strength and determined courage; and a lifelong devotion to a lady not his wife is hardly what one looks for in Don Quixote. Besides, there is always the figure on the tomb at St Denis to correct such fantastic impressions.

Mr Lister's monograph has no index, and suffers from a want of documentation. The appendices containing extracts from J. A. du Cerceau, Goujon's notes to Martin's Vitruvius, Lenoir's report on Anet, and a note on Lord Spencer's portrait of Diane de Poitiers, are useful contributions; but, with these exceptions, no references are made to authorities by chapter and verse. Moreover, there are some inaccuracies which require revision. On p. 10 Mr Lister says, 'After completing the tomb of the Cardinals of Amboise, Jean Goujon seems to have left Rouen for Paris.' In point of fact all that Goujon did was to make the figure of the younger George d'Amboise, which was destroyed ten years later. Nor, again, can we accept Mr Lister's account of the gates of St Maclou. The tradition assigning these doors to Goujon has always been doubtful. The doors were begun in the reign of Francis I, but were not finished at the time of the death of Henry II. Now Goujon left Rouen in 1541; and the evidence of the carving itself goes to show that, if Goujon took any part in the work, his share was infinitesimal. The strap-work, 'mysterious sphinxes, winged chimæras, and fantastic masks,' which appeal so strongly to Mr Lister, are widely remote from the manner of Jean Goujon, one of the purest of architectural sculptors since the days of Pheidias. They are later in date than 1541, and a little suggest the work of Pierre Bontemps on the urn of Francis I at St Denis. M. Palustre and M. de Montaiglon, both extremely competent critics in this matter, came to the conclusion that the only part of the work that could be assigned to

Goujon are the three figures in low relief on the opposite side of the door to that illustrated by Mr Lister.\*

Mr Lister (p. 14) says that, 'about the year 1540, Montmorenci confided to Jean Bullant the building of a new castle' (at Écouen), and draws an engaging picture of a group of well-known artists at work on this great palace, including Bullant, Goujon, the Limousins, Bernard de Palissy, and Jean Cousin. The facts are otherwise. The work at Écouen is of two dates; and its peculiarity is that the newer classic has been unceremoniously clapped on to an older French Renaissance building. The earlier work was probably built about 1532-42 by a certain mason named Charles Baillard or Billard, also mentioned in connexion with Fontainebleau and St Germain; whereas the later work, the three-storey loggia on the terrace front, the great Corinthian frontispiece and the façade facing it inside the court, the gateway to the park, and some other details, were added by Bullant about 1550. Jean Goujon's work here is well authenticated. The windows now at Chantilly were not by Jean Cousin; the *grisailles* were probably by Jean le Pot of Beauvais, and the chapel windows by Nicholas, his brother, who made the magnificent windows in the choir of St Acceul at Écouen. The tile-paving in the chapel and Salle des Fêtes is dated Rouen, 1542, and was probably by a Rouen potter, Alabaquesne. In any case it was not made by Bernard Palissy, since it is known that the Constable had never heard of Palissy before the taking of Saintes in 1548.

These slips, however, are of no great importance. It is in regard to his critical estimate of Jean Goujon that we differ entirely from Mr Lister. He holds that Goujon's special claim to the gratitude and admiration of artists rests on his pronounced leaning towards pictorial treatment and effect, and on his having thereby rescued French art from the hateful grasp of architecture and restored it to the control of the painter; in other words, that, in the absence of any competent painter, Goujon, a sculptor, restored French art by the suppression of architecture. We have here a theory of the arts that only a Lessing could disentangle. Quoting M. Dimier,

\* Palustre, 'La Renaissance en France,' II, 264; A. de Montaiglon, 'Gazette des Beaux-Arts,' November 1884, January 1885.



Mr Lister says that 'nothing is more fatal to art than an architectural hegemony,' and he has the temerity to add that, 'in the artistic hierarchy the painter should dominate, the architect should merely carry out his orders.'

Mr Lister is here repeating, almost verbatim, M. Dimier's favourite thesis, which has been dealt with above. He annexes for the honour of Goujon a theory which M. Dimier seems to have invented expressly for the glorification of Primaticcio; but it is necessary to show how utterly wide of the mark this theory becomes when applied to the particular case of Jean Goujon. If there ever was a sculptor who had the architectural sense in its highest development, and who completely subordinated his sculpture to the necessary restraints of architecture, that man was Jean Goujon. Not even the Greeks excel him in this. Mr Lister himself remarks (p. 55): 'There is something eminently Greek . . . in the perfect adaptation of the figures to the spaces they were to occupy, to the structural lines which they were destined to adorn.' Now what does this mean except that Goujon was, in the strictest and fullest sense of the words, an architectural sculptor?

The most remarkable point in Goujon's genius is the completeness with which he turned his back on the elaborate pictorial sculpture which characterised the early French Renaissance, and which was itself the legacy of late Gothic art. The transition from the series of Gothic picture sculptures which surround the choir of Amiens to the high relief Renaissance carving on the south door of Beauvais is very slight; and, except for the refinement of low relief, there is no great progress from this to the bas-reliefs on the plinth of the tomb of Louis XII made by Antoine Juste. For any help they give to the general effect these crowds of little figures in action might almost as well be replaced by a vermiculated surface; but Goujon changed all this. To a mind of his intellectual distinction there must have been something intolerably wearisome in this multiplication of pictorial detail. He possessed those priceless qualities in a sculptor, the sense of scale and the sense of surface as well as of form, the power of conceiving of his work in relation to its surroundings, and in relation to the whole. It is by means of these qualities that he revolutionised French

sculpture and gave it the fine architectural quality that it has maintained to this day. There was no conflict in his mind between architecture and sculpture. The reform that he was making in his own art, Bullant and de l'Orme were making in theirs. All three men reached beyond the horizon of the ingenious ornamentalist; they were at length penetrating within the veil of that mystery of Italian art of which their predecessors had merely touched the fringe. The weight of Goujon's genius told at once. Within ten years of the date of the minute pictorial reliefs on the tomb of Francis I at St Denis, Frémin Roussel was carving the beautiful panel of Charity on the tomb of Henry II, with a style and largeness of manner not unworthy of Goujon himself, and with so modern a feeling that it might almost be the work of a living French sculptor.

It is perhaps a mistake to attempt to trace too closely the genesis of genius. The very essence of genius is that it takes a line of its own, selecting and assimilating to itself all that is best in the past; and of Goujon most of all this is true. Mr Lister, perhaps unconsciously clinging to his painter theory of art, lays no stress on the fact that Goujon is first heard of at Rouen as 'Maistre Jehan Goujon, masson,' and again as 'tailleur de pierres et masson'; and that in 1547 Jean Martin, in the dedication of his Vitruvius to Henry II, describes Goujon as 'naguère l'architecte de Monseigneur le Connétable et maintenant l'un des vôtres.' That, in fact, Goujon was very well versed in classical architecture is shown by his note to his readers on Martin's Vitruvius. Indeed there is some reason to think that Goujon was the 'ghost' who designed the work for which the Sieur de Clagny (Pierre Lescot), gentleman and councillor of Parliament, got the credit. It is a remarkable fact that Lescot associated Goujon with him in all his works; that Goujon was trained both practically and theoretically in architecture; and that Lescot is not known to have received any training at all. M. de Montaiglon admits 'il n'y a guère d'exemple d'une collaboration et d'un travail en commune aussi homogènes.' With such a man as Goujon behind him and the very able masons at his command, Lescot's work may have consisted chiefly of the management of the court.

In any case the evidence shows that Goujon began

his training in the builder's yard; and to this he partly owes the architectural quality of his work. That he was also very much influenced by the designs of that cleverest of artists, Primaticcio, in France, and by Parmigiano in Italy, there can be no doubt. The figure of St Luke in the bas-reliefs from the screen of St Germain l'Auxerrois reproduces the pose of the legs, even to the length and roundness of limb, of Parmigiano's Moses in the S. Maria della Steccata at Parma. Parmigiano's work was begun after 1531 and left unfinished at his death in 1540. Goujon may have seen drawings of it, but it seems at least probable that he saw this work in Italy between 1535 and 1540. It is hardly possible that Goujon could have executed these bas-reliefs unless he had seen in Italy the works of Michael Angelo and the antiques of Rome. Another source from which he certainly learnt is not mentioned by Mr Lister. By 1540 Primaticcio, as agent for Francis I, had collected one hundred and twenty-five statues, busts, and torsos, together with moulds for casting some of the most celebrated antiques, such as the Laocoon and others. In the same year he brought these to Paris; and castings were begun in 1540-41, under the superintendence of Vignola.

There can be little doubt that Goujon availed himself of these resources; but what he gave of his own outweighed all that he learnt from others. Mr Lister sums this up as 'taste.' Taste, in the sense of fine selection and of an intellectual distinction that habitually shrank from vulgarity and the banalities of commonplace art, Goujon possessed in the highest degree. His was essentially an 'esprit d'élite.' But taste alone is not genius; and Mr Lister leaves out of account the fire and vitality of Goujon's art, chastened as it was by an extraordinarily graceful and poetical fancy. The instinct of the thirteenth century Frenchman for pure form awoke again in Goujon to express itself in the lovelier and more gracious imagery of the Renaissance; and it is this which gives Goujon's work its strange individuality. Mr Lister, in an eloquent passage, compares him to Leonardo. In the work of both he finds

'the same haunting and elusive mystery . . . some cold immortal fascination which, while mocking the desire of the mortal, might lure him to his destruction.'

The smile of La Gioconda is not more subtle and disquieting than those divinely beautiful nymphs on the Fontaine des Innocents. In both there seems some strange enchantment not found in the work of other men, some quality that will always make its appeal to the deeper instincts of sensitive natures. Nothing could better attest the completeness of the French Renaissance than the fact that Goujon's genius was recognised at once. The permanence of his influence on French art is the most enduring tribute to his fame; for, indeed, 'Jean Goujon, masson and tailleur des pierres,' is one of the Immortals.

Goujon died about 1564, and his brilliant contemporaries did not long outlive him. De l'Orme died in 1570, Bullant and Lescot in 1578, and Jacques Androuet du Cerceau, the old engraver, scarcely less famous than the architects whose works he illustrated, soon after 1584. Indeed it seems probable that the elder du Cerceau should be included among the great architects of the French Renaissance. In 1569 he is called by a contemporary 'architecte du Roy, et de Madame la Duchesse de Ferrara'; and shortly after his death he was described as 'l'un des plus ingénieux et excellens architectes de son temps.' De Geymüller, in his learned but somewhat unreadable account of the du Cerceau family, gives very good reason for attributing to the elder du Cerceau not only certain work in the church and château of Montargis, but also the designs of the houses and grounds of Verneuil and Charleval, both of which are illustrated with unusual completeness in 'Les plus excellens Bastimens.' These buildings have utterly disappeared. The designs, as shown by du Cerceau, display an ability much in advance of contemporary work, and justify M. Palustre's opinion that these buildings, had they been completed, would probably have been the finest palaces built in France in the sixteenth century. Du Cerceau's capacity as an architect we have to take more or less on faith; and his reputation will probably always rest on his engraved work. The elder du Cerceau devoted himself to popularising Renaissance design. His engravings probably did more to spread the general knowledge of Neo-classic architecture in France than the work of any contemporary architect; and at the end of his long life he might have felt that his work was not in vain.

The hundred years that terminated with du Cerceau's death had indeed been memorable in the history of French art. They had witnessed the complete enfranchisement of French art from the fetters of late mediævalism; and, when du Cerceau died, French artists were fairly started in the path along which they have steadily travelled ever since. In sculpture the genius of Jean Goujon and of Germain Pilon set a standard to which, perhaps, succeeding generations have hardly attained; yet modern French sculpture needs no apology, and, ever since the days of Goujon, it has again and again produced the most admirable masterpieces. The development of French architecture has been in some ways steadier and in some ways more erratic than that of the sister art. France, the land pre-eminently of classical tradition, was quite as badly bitten by the Romantic movement as any other country in Europe; and the results, while curiously successful in painting, were somewhat disastrous in architecture; for amongst them has to be reckoned the unhappy episode of the Gothic revival, which itself has sunk to the lower level of 'l'art nouveau,' perhaps the most morbid phase of artistic effort that the world has ever witnessed. Yet, on the whole, French architecture has adhered to the classical tradition. The lines laid down by Bullant and de l'Orme were followed by the sons of old du Cerceau-Baptiste, who succeeded Lescot at the Louvre and Bullant at the Chapel of the Valois, and Jacques, who was employed in the Tuileries. Meanwhile, Solomon de Brosse, nephew of the engraver, had built the Luxembourg; and by 1645 Jean Androuet du Cerceau, in the third generation, had completed the fine Hôtel de Boulainvilliers that once stood at the southern end of the Île St Louis. The transition from such buildings as these to the architecture of Louis XIV is but slight; but we note an ever-increasing tendency to gigantic scale—a tendency which is doomed to defeat itself, but nevertheless proceeds from one of the greatest qualities of architecture, the desire to make the appeal to the imagination by boldness of idea and simplicity of form, rather than by the incessant multiplication of detail. Versailles led on to the colossal stables of Chantilly; and no architect could have mastered the scale of the new Gare d'Orléans who had not, to some

extent, inherited the instincts of the author of that stupendous composition.

Mr Strong, in his preface to Mr Lister's book, says that the French gift to the art of the world is taste. That the best French art has shown distinguished power of selection is certain; but taste is so largely a matter of personal temperament that it is difficult to attribute it to the art of any one country. In any other sense taste is apt to degenerate into pedantry, a vice from which the French are not entirely free, and one which is possibly more injurious to the development of art than the most callous indifference. Moreover, even French taste is not impeccable. That very quality which, to M. Dimier, seems so admirable, the painter-like quality of some of her sculpture and architecture, may seem to others to be precisely the point in which French taste is most at fault. The exuberant outline of the Palais d'Industrie, the aggressive and rather vulgar realism of the monument to Guy de Maupassant, even the 'La Haulmière' of Rodin in the Luxembourg, are a few modern instances which hardly testify to an unerring taste and a complete appreciation of beauty. Possibly M. Dimier may find the æsthetic anarchy which his soul desires in the confections of wood and ivory, bronze and precious stones, which yearly adorn the Paris salons. We should prefer to look elsewhere for the lesson of modern French art; and it is safer to find it in its distinction, its extraordinary technical accomplishment, its unfailing instinct for scale, and, not least of all, in its power of combining and co-ordinating all the arts, painting, sculpture, and architecture, so that they co-operate successfully without loss of balance, without ignoring and so far stultifying each other's labours. It is in this architectonic treatment of the arts that the French conspicuously excel; and, in spite of M. Dimier, we maintain that, as compared with other nations, the art in which France has always rendered her most brilliant service to the world is the art of architecture.

REGINALD BLOMFIELD.



## Art. III.—GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

1. *The Triumph of Death*. Translated by Georgina Harding. London : Heinemann, 1898.
  2. *Le Triomphe de la Mort*. Traduit de l'italien par G. Hérelle. Paris : Calmann Lévy, 1899.
  3. *The Virgins of the Rocks*. Translated by Agatha Hughes. London : Heinemann, 1899.
  4. *The Flame of Life*. Translated by Kassandra Vivaria. London : Heinemann, 1900.
  5. *Gioconda*. Translated by Arthur Symons. London : Heinemann, 1901.
  6. *Francesca da Rimini*. Translated by Arthur Symons. London : Heinemann, 1902.
- And other works.

THE great feast-days of all, for the restless critic, are those much interspaced occasions of his really meeting a 'case,' as he soon enough learns to call, for his convenience and assistance, any supremely contributive or determinant party to the critical question. These are recognitions that make up for many dull hours and dry contacts, many a thankless, a disconcerted gaze into faces that have proved expressionless. Always looking, always hoping, for his happiest chance, the inquirer into the reasons of things—by which I mean especially into the reasons of books—so often misses it, so often wastes his steps and withdraws his confidence, that he inevitably works out for himself, sooner or later, some handy principle of recognition. It may be a rough thing, a mere home-made tool of his trade, but it serves his purpose if it keeps him from beginning with mistakes. He becomes able to note, in its light, the signs and marks of the possible precious identity, able to weigh with some exactitude the appearances that make for its reality. He ends, through much expenditure of patience, by seeing when, how, why, the 'case' announces and presents itself, and he perhaps even feels that failure and felicity have worked together to produce in him a sense for it that may at last be trusted as an instinct. He thus arrives at a view of all the candidates, frequently interesting enough, who fall short of the effective title, because he has, at need, perhaps even from afar, scented along the

wind the strongest member of the herd. He may perhaps not always be able to give us the grounds of his certainty, but he is at least never without knowing it in presence of one of the full-blown products that are the joy of the analyst. He recognises, as well, how the state of being full-blown comes above all from the achievement of consistency, of that last consistency which springs from the full enjoyment of freedom.

Many of us will, doubtless, not have forgotten how we were witnesses, a certain number of years since, to a season and a society that had found themselves of a sudden roused, as from some deep, drugged sleep, to the conception of the 'æsthetic' law of life; in consequence of which this happy thought had begun to receive the honours of a lively appetite and an eager curiosity, but was at the same time surrounded and manipulated by as many different kinds of inexpertness as probably ever huddled together on a single pretext. The spectacle was strange and finally was wearisome, for the simple reason that the principle in question, once it was proclaimed—a principle not easily formulated, but which we may conveniently speak of as that of beauty at any price, beauty appealing alike to the senses and to the mind—was never felt to fall into its place as really adopted and efficient. It remained for us a queer high-flavoured fruit from overseas, grown under another sun than ours, passed round and solemnly partaken of at banquets organised to try it, but not found, on the whole, really to agree with us, not proving thoroughly digestible. It brought with it no repose, brought with it only agitation. We were not really, not fully, convinced; for the state of conviction is quiet. This was to have been the state itself—that is the state of mind achieved and established—in which we were to know ugliness no more, to make the æsthetic consciousness feel at home with us, or learn ourselves, at any rate, to feel at home with it. That would have been the reign of peace, the supreme beatitude; but stability continued to elude us. We had mustered a hundred good reasons for it, yet the reasons but lighted up our desert. They failed to flower into a single concrete æsthetic 'type.' One authentic, one masterful, specimen would have done wonders for us, would at least have assuaged our curiosity. But we

were to be left, till lately, with our curiosity on our hands.

This is a yearning, however, that Signor D'Annunzio may at last strike us as supremely formed to gratify; so promptly we find in him, as a literary figure, the highest expression of the reality that our own conditions were to fail of making possible. He has immediately the value of giving us, by his mere logical unfolding, the measure of our shortcomings in the same direction, that of our timidities and penuries and failures. He throws a straighter and more inevitable light on the æsthetic consciousness than has, to my sense, in our time, reached it from any other quarter; and there is many a mystery that, properly interrogated, he may help to clear up for us, many an explanation of our misadventure that—as I have glanced at it—he may give. He starts with the immense advantage of enjoying the invoked boon by grace and not by effort, of claiming it under another title than the sweat of his brow and the aspiration of his culture. He testifies to the influence of things that have had time to get themselves taken for granted. Beauty at any price is an old story to him; art and form and style as the aim of the superior life are a matter of course; and it may be said of him, I think, that, thanks to these transmitted and implanted instincts and aptitudes, his individual development begins where the struggle of the mere earnest questioner ends. Signor D'Annunzio is earnest in his way, quite extraordinarily—which is a feature of his physiognomy that we shall presently come to and about which there will be something to say; but we feel him all the while in such secure possession of his heritage of favouring circumstance that his sense of intellectual responsibility is almost out of proportion. This is one of his interesting special marks, the manner in which the play of the æsthetic instinct in him takes on, for positive extravagance and as a last refinement of freedom, the crown of solicitude and anxiety. Such things but make, with him, for ornament and parade; they are his tribute to civility; the essence of the matter is meanwhile in his blood and his bones. No mistake was possible, from the first, as to his being of the inner literary camp—a new form, altogether, of perceptive and expressive energy; the question was settled by the intensity and variety,

to say nothing of the precocity, of his early poetic production.

Born at Pescara, in the Regno, the old kingdom of Naples, 'toward' 1863, as I find noted by a cautious biographer, he had, while scarce out of his teens, allowed his lyric genius full opportunity of scandalising even the moderately austere. He defined himself betimes very much as he was to remain, a rare imagination, a poetic, an artistic intelligence of extraordinary range and fineness concentrated almost wholly on the life of the senses. For the critic who simplifies a little to state clearly, the only ideas he urges upon us are the erotic and the plastic, which have for him about an equal intensity, or of which it would be doubtless more correct to say that he makes them interchangeable faces of the same figure. He began his career by playing with them together, in verse, to innumerable light tunes, and with an extraordinary general effect of curiosity and brilliancy. He has continued still more strikingly to play with them in prose; they have remained the substance of his intellectual furniture. It is of his prose only, however, that, leaving aside the 'Intermezzo,' 'L'Isottèo,' 'La Chimera,' 'Odi Navali,' and other such matters, I propose to speak, the subject being of itself ample for one occasion. His five novels and his four plays have extended his fame; they suggest by themselves as many observations as we shall have space for. The group of productions, as the literary industry proceeds among us to-day, is not large, but we may doubt if a talent and a temperament, if indeed, a whole 'view of life,' ever built themselves up as vividly, for the reader, out of so few blocks. The writer is even yet enviably young; but this solidity of his literary image, as of something already seated on time and accumulation, makes of him a rare example. Precocity is somehow an inadequate name for it, as precocity seldom gets away from the element of promise, and it is not exactly promise that blooms in the hard maturity of such a performance as 'The Triumph of Death.' There are certain expressions of experience, of the experience of the whole man, that are like final milestones, milestones for his possible fertility if not for his possible dexterity; a truth that has not indeed prevented 'Il Fuoco,' with its doubtless still ampler finality, from

following the work just mentioned. And we have had particularly before us, in verse, I must add, 'Francesca da Rimini,' with the great impression a great actress has enabled this drama to make.

Only, I must immediately, in this connexion, also add that Signor D'Annunzio's plays are, beside his novels, of decidedly minor weight; testifying abundantly to his style, his romantic sense and his command of images, but standing, in spite of their eloquence, only for half of his talent, largely as he yet appears in 'Il Fuoco' to announce himself, by implication, as an intending, indeed as a pre-eminent, dramatist. The example is interesting when we catch in the fact the opportunity for comparing with the last closeness the capacity of the two rival canvases, as they become for the occasion, on which the picture of life may be painted. The closeness is never so great, the comparison never so pertinent, as when the separate efforts are but different phases of the same talent. It is not, at any rate, under this juxtaposition that the infinitely greater amplitude of portrayal resident in the novel strikes us least. It in fact strikes us the more, in this quarter, for Signor D'Annunzio, that his plays have been, with one exception, successes. We must, none the less, take 'Francesca' but for a success of curiosity; on the part of the author, I mean, even more than on the part of the public. It is primarily a pictorial and ingenious thing and, as a picture of passion, takes, in the total collection, despite its felicities of surface and arrangement, distinctly a 'back seat.' Scarcely less than its companions, it overflows with the writer's plenitude of verbal expression, thanks to which, largely, the series will always prompt a curiosity, and even a tenderness, in any reader interested precisely in this momentous question of 'style in a play'—interested, in particular, to learn by what æsthetic chemistry a play would, as a work of art, propose to eliminate it. It is in any such connexion so inexpugnable that we have only to be cheated of it in one place to feel the thing crying aloud for it, like a sick man forsaken, in another.

I may mention, at all events, the slightly perverse fact that, thanks, on this side, to the highest watermark of translation, Signor D'Annunzio makes his best appeal to the English public as a dramatist. Of each of the three

English versions of other examples of his work whose titles are inscribed at the head of this paper, it may be said that they are adequate and respectable considering the great difficulty encountered. The author's highest good fortune has, nevertheless, been at the hands of his French interpreter, who has managed to keep constantly close to him—allowing for an occasional inconsequent failure of courage when the directness of the original *brave l'honnêteté*—and yet to achieve a tone not less idiomatic, and, above all, not less marked by 'authority,' than his own. Mr Arthur Symons, among ourselves, however, has rendered the somewhat insistent eloquence of 'La Gioconda' and the intricate and difficult verse of 'Francesca' with all due sympathy, and in the latter case especially—a highly arduous task—with remarkably patient skill. It is not his fault, doubtless, if the feet of his English text strike us as moving with less freedom than those of his original; such being the hard price paid always by the translator who tries for correspondence from step to step, tries for an identical order. Still less is he responsible for its coming still more home to us in a translation that the meagre anecdote, here furnishing the subject, and on which the large superstructure rests, does not really lend itself to those developments that make a full, or an interesting, tragic complexity. Behind the glamour of its immense literary association the subject of 'Francesca' is, for purposes of essential, of enlarged exhibition, delusive and 'short.'

These, however, are for the moment side-issues; what is more relevant is the stride taken by our author's early progress in his first novel and his second, 'Il Piacere' and 'L'Innocente'; a pair from the freshness, the direct young energy of which he was, for some of his admirers, too promptly and too markedly to decline. We may take it as characteristic of the intensity of the literary life in him that his brief career falls already thus into periods and supplies a quantity of history sufficient for those differences among students by which the dignity of history appears mainly to be preserved. The nature of his prime inspiration I have already glanced at; and we are helped to a characterisation if I say that the famous enthroned 'beauty' which operates here, so straight, as the great obsession, is not, in any perceptible degree, moral beauty. It would be difficult, perhaps, to find elsewhere, in the



same compass, so much expression of the personal life resting so little on any picture of the personal character and the personal will. It is not that Signor D'Annunzio has not, more than once, pushed his furrow in this latter direction; but nothing is, exactly, more interesting, as we shall see, than the seemingly inevitable way in which the attempt falls short.

'Il Piacere,' the first in date of the five tales, has, though with imperfections, the merit of giving us strongly, at the outset, the author's scale and range of view, and of so constituting a sort of prophetic summary of his elements. All that is done in the later things is more or less done here, and nothing is absent here that we are not afterwards also to miss. I propose, however, that it shall not be prematurely a question with us of what we miss; no intelligible statement of which, for that matter, in such considerations as these, is ever possible till there has been some adequate statement of what we find. Count Andrea Sperelli is a young man who pays, pays heavily, as we take it that we are to understand, for an unbridled surrender to the life of the senses; whereby it is primarily a picture of that life that the story gives us. He is represented as inordinately, as quite monstrously, endowed for the career that from the first absorbs and that finally is to be held, we suppose, to engulf him; and it is a tribute to the truth with which his endowment is presented that we should scarce know where else to look for so complete and convincing an account of such adventures. Casanova de Seingalt is of course infinitely more copious, but his autobiography is cheap loose journalism compared with the directed, finely-condensed, iridescent epic of Count Andrea.

This young man's years have run but half their course from twenty to thirty when he meets and becomes entangled with a woman more infernally expert even than himself in the matters in which he is most expert—and he is given us as a miracle of social and intellectual accomplishment—the effect of whom is fatally to pervert and poison his imagination. As his imagination is applied exclusively to the employments of 'love,' this means, with him, a frustration of all happiness, all comfortable consistency, in subsequent relations of the same order. The author's view—this is fundamental—is all of a world in which

relations of any other order whatever mainly fail to offer themselves in any attractive form. Andrea Sperelli, loving, accordingly—in the manner in which D'Annunzio's young men love, and to which we must specifically return—a woman of good faith, a woman as different as possible from the creature of evil communications, finds the vessel of his spirit itself so infected and disqualified that it falsifies and dries up everything that passes through it. The idea that has virtually determined the situation appears, in fact, to be that the hero *would* have loved in another manner, or would at least have wished to, but that he had too promptly put any such fortune, so far as his capacity is concerned, out of the question. We have our reasons, presently manifest, for doubting the possibility itself; but the theory has, nevertheless, given its direction to the fable.

For the rest, the author's three sharpest signs are already unmistakable: first, his rare notation of states of excited sensibility; second, his splendid visual sense, the quick generosity of his response to the message, as we nowadays say, of aspects and appearances, to the beauty of places and things; third, his ample and exquisite style, his curious, various, inquisitive, always active employment of language as a means of communication and representation. So close is the marriage between his power of 'rendering,' in the light of his imagination, what he sees and feels, that we scarcely escape a clumsy confusion in speaking of his form as a thing distinct from the matter submitted to it. The fusion is complete and admirable, so that, though his work is nothing if not 'literary,' we see at no point of it where literature, or where life, begins or ends; we swallow our successive morsels with as little question as we swallow food that has, by proper preparation, been reduced to singleness of savour. It is brought home to us afresh that there is no complete creation without style any more than there is complete music without sound; also that when language becomes as closely applied and impressed a thing as, for the most part, in the volumes before us, the fact of artistic creation is, so to speak, registered. It is never more present than in the thick-sown illustrative images and figures that fairly bloom under D'Annunzio's hand. I find examples in 'Il Piacere,' as elsewhere, by simply turning the pages. 'His will'—

of the hero's weakness—'useless as a sword of base temper, hung at the side of a drunkard or a dullard.' Or of his own southern land in September: 'I scarce know why, looking at the country in this season, I always think of some beautiful woman after childbirth, who lies back in her white bed, smiling with a pale, astonished, inextinguishable smile.' Or the incision of this: 'Where for him now were those unclean, short-lived loves that left in the mouth the strange acidity of fruit cut with a steel knife?' Or the felicity of the following, of a southern night seen and felt from the terrace of a villa. 'Clear meteors, at intervals, streaked the motionless air, running over it as lightly and silently as drops of water on a diamond plate.' 'The sails on the sea,' he says of the same look-out by day, 'were as pious and numberless as the wings of cherubim on the gold grounds of old Giottesque panels.'

But it is above all here for two things that his faculty is admirable; one of them his making us feel, through the windows of his situation, or the gaps, as it were, of his flowering wood, the golden presence of Rome, the charm that appeals to him as if he were one of the pilgrims from afar, save that he reproduces with an authority in which, as we have seen, the pilgrims from afar have mainly been deficient. The other is the whole category of the phenomena of 'passion,' as passion prevails between his men and his women—and scarcely anything else prevails; the states of feeling, of ecstasy and suffering engendered, the play of sensibility from end to end of the scale. In this direction he has left no dropped stitches for any worker of like tapestries to pick up. We shall here have made out that many of his 'values' are much to be contested, but that where they are true they are as fresh as discoveries; witness the passage where Sperelli, driving back to Rome after a steeplechase in which he has been at the supreme moment worsted, meets nothing that does not play with significance into his vision and act with force on his nerves. He has, before the race, had 'words,' almost blows, on the subject of one of the ladies present, with one of the other riders, of which the result is that they are to send each other their seconds; but the omens are not for his adversary, in spite of the latter's success on the course.

'From the mail-coach, on the return, he overtook the flight toward Rome of Giannetto Rutolo, seated in a small two-wheeled trap, behind the quick trot of a great roan, over whom he bent with tight reins, holding his head down and his cigar in his teeth, heedless of the attempts of policemen to keep him in line. Rome, in the distance, stood up dark against a zone of light as yellow as sulphur; and the statues crowning St John Lateran looked huge, above the zone, in their violet sky. *Then it was that Andrea fully knew the pain he was making another soul suffer.*'

Nothing could be more characteristic of the writer than the way what has preceded flows into that last reality; and equally in his best manner, doubtless, is such a passage as the following from the same volume, which treats of the hero's first visit to the sinister great lady whose influence on his soul and his senses is to become as the trail of a serpent. She receives him, after their first accidental meeting, with extraordinary promptitude and the last intimacy, receives him in the depths of a great Roman palace, which the author, with a failure of taste that is, unfortunately for him, on ground of this sort, systematic, makes a point of naming. 'Then they ceased to speak. Each felt the presence of the other flow and mingle with his own, with her own, very blood; till it was *her* blood at last that seemed to have become his life, and his that seemed to have become hers. The room grew larger in the deep silence; the crucifix of Guido Reni made the shade of the canopy and curtains religious; the rumour of the city came to them like the murmur of some far-away flood.' Or take for an instance of the writer's way of showing the consciousness as a full, mixed cup, of touching us ourselves with the mystery at work in his characters, the description of the young man's leaving the princely apartments in question after the initiation vouchsafed to him. He has found the great lady ill in bed, with remedies and medicine-bottles at her side, but not too ill, as we have seen, to make him welcome. 'Farewell,' she has said. 'Love me! Remember!'

'It seemed to him, crossing the threshold again, that he heard behind him a burst of sobs. But he went on, a little uncertain, wavering like a man who sees imperfectly. The odour of the chloroform clung to his sense like some fume of

intoxication; but at each step something intimate passed away from him, wasting itself in the air, so that, impulsively instinctively, he would have kept himself as he was, have closed himself in, have wrapped himself up, to prevent the dispersion. The rooms in front of him were deserted and dumb. At one of the doors "Mademoiselle" appeared, with no sound of steps, with no rustle of skirts, standing there like a ghost. "This way, signor conte. You won't find it." She had an ambiguous, irritating smile, and her curiosity made her grey eyes more piercing. Andrea said nothing. The woman's presence again disconcerted and troubled him, affected him with a vague repugnance, stirred, indeed, his wrath.'

Even the best things suffer by detachment from their context; but so it is that we are in *possession* of the young man's exit, so it is that the act interests us. Fully announced from the first, among these things, was D'Annunzio's signal gift of never approaching the thing particularly to be done, the thing that so presents itself to the painter, without consummately doing it. Each of his volumes offers thus its little gallery of episodes that stand out like the larger pearls occurring at intervals on a string of beads. The steeplechase in 'Il Piacere,' the auction sale of precious trinkets in Via Sistina on the wet afternoon, the morning in the garden at Schifanoia, by the southern sea, when Donna Maria, the new revelation, first comes down to Andrea, who awaits her there in the languor of convalescence from the almost fatal wound received in the duel in which the altercation on the race-course has involved him—the manner of such things as these has an extraordinary completeness of beauty. But they are, like similar pages in 'Il Trionfo' and 'Il Fuoco,' not things for adequate citation, not things that lend themselves as some of the briefer felicities. Donna Maria, on the September night at Schifanoia, has been playing for Andrea and their hostess certain old quaint gavottes and toccatas.

'It lived again wondrously beneath her fingers, the eighteenth-century music, so melancholy in its dance-tunes—tunes that might have been composed to be danced, on languid afternoons of some St Martin's summer, in a deserted park, among hushed fountains and pedestals without their statues, over carpets of dead roses, by pairs of lovers soon to love no more.'

Autobiographic in form, 'L'Innocente' sticks closely to its theme; and though the form is, on the whole, a disadvantage to it, the texture is admirably close. The question is of nothing less than a young husband's relation to the illegitimate child of his wife, born confessedly as such, and so born, marvellous to say, in spite of the circumstance that the wife adores him, and of the fact that, though long grossly, brutally false to her, he also adores the wife. To state these data is sufficiently to express the demand truly made by them for superiority of treatment; they require certainly two or three almost impossible postulates. But we of course never play the fair critical game with an author, never get into relation with him at all, unless we grant him his postulates. His subject is what is given him—given him by influences, by a process, with which we have nothing to do; since what art, what revelation, can ever really make such a mystery, such a passage in the private life of the intellect, adequately traceable for us? His treatment of it, on the other hand, is what he actively gives; and it is with what he gives that we are critically concerned. If there is nothing in him that effectually induces us to make the postulate, he is then empty for us altogether, and the sooner we have done with him the better; little as the truly curious critic enjoys, as a general thing, being seen publicly to throw up the sponge.

Tullio Hermil, who finally compasses the death of the little 'innocent,' the small intruder whose presence in the family life has become too intolerable, retraces with a master's hand each step of the process by which he has arrived at this sole issue. Save that his wife dumbly divines and accepts it, his perpetration of the deed is not suspected, and we take the secret confession of which the book consists as made for the relief and justification of his conscience. The action all goes forward in that sphere of exasperated sensibility which Signor D'Annunzio has made his own so triumphantly that other storytellers strike us, in comparison, as remaining at the door of the inner precinct, as listening there but to catch an occasional faint sound, while he alone is well within and moving through the place as its master. The sensibility has again, in itself, to be qualified; the exasperation of feeling is ever the essence of the intercourse of some man



with some woman who has reduced him, as in 'L'Innocente' and in 'Il Trionfo,' to homicidal madness, or of some woman with some man who, as in 'Il Fuoco,' and also, again, by a strange duplication of its office, in 'L'Innocente,' causes her atrociously to suffer. The plane of the situation is thus, visibly, a singularly special plane; that, always, of the more or less insanely demoralised pair of lovers, for neither of whom is any other personal relation indicated either as actual or as conceivably possible. Here, it may be said on such a showing, is material rather alarmingly cut down as to range, as to interest and, not least, as to charm; but here precisely it is that, by a wonderful chance, the author's magic comes effectively into play.

Little, in fact, as the relation of the erotically exasperated *with* the erotically exasperated, when pushed on either side to frenzy, would appear to lend itself to luminous developments, the difficulty is surmounted each time in a fashion that, for consistency no less than for brilliancy, is all the author's own. Though surmounted triumphantly as to interest, that is, the trick is played without the least falsification of the luckless subjects of his study. They remain the abject victims of sensibility that his plan has originally made them; they remain exasperated, erotic, hysterical, either homicidally or suicidally determined, cut off from any personal source of life that does not poison them; notwithstanding all of which they neither starve dramatically nor suffer us to starve with them. How, then, is this seemingly inevitable catastrophe prevented? We ask it but to find, on reflection, that the answer opens the door to their historian's whole secret. The unfortunates are deprived of any enlarging or saving personal relation, that is of any beneficent reciprocity; but they make up for it by their relation both to the *idea*, in general, and to the whole world of the senses, which is the completest that the author can conceive for them. He may be described as thus executing on their behalf an artistic *volte-face* of the most effective kind, with results wonderful to note. The world of the senses, with which he surrounds them—a world, too, of the idea, that is, of a few ideas admirably expressed—yields them such a crop of impressions that the need of other occasions to vibrate and respond, to act

or to aspire, is superseded by their immense factitious agitation. This agitation runs its course in strangely brief periods—a singular note, the brevity, of every situation; but the period, while it lasts, is, for all its human and social poverty, quite inordinately peopled and furnished. The innumerable different ways in which his concentrated couples are able to feel about each other and about their enclosing cage of golden wire, the nature and the art of Italy—these things crowd into the picture and pervade it, lighting it scarcely less, strange to say, because they are things of bitterness and woe.

It is one of the miracles of the imagination; the great shining element in which the characters flounder and suffer becomes rich and beautiful for them, as well as in so many ways for us, by the action of the writer's mind. They not only live in his imagination, but they borrow it from him in quantities; indeed without this charitable advance they would be poor creatures enough, for they have in each case almost nothing of their own. On the aid thus received they start, they get into motion; it makes their common basis of 'passion,' desire, enchantment, aversion. The essence of the situation is the same in 'Il Trionfo' and 'Il Fuoco' as in 'L'Innocente'; the temporarily united pair devour each other, tear and rend each other, wear each other out, through a series of erotic convulsions and nervous reactions that are made interesting—interesting to us—almost exclusively by the special wealth of their consciousness. The medium in which they move is admirably reflected in it; the autumn light of Venice, the afterglow of her past, in the drama of the elderly actress and the young rhetorician of 'Il Fuoco'; the splendour of the summer by the edge of the lower Adriatic in that of the two isolated erotomaniacs of 'Il Trionfo,' indissolubly linked at last in the fury of physical destruction into which the man drags the woman by way of retribution for the fury of physical surrender into which she has beguiled him.

As for 'L'Innocente,' again, briefly, there is perhaps nothing in it to match the Roman passages of 'Il Piacere'; but the harmony of the general, the outer, conditions pervades the picture; the sweetness of the villeggiatura life, the happiness of place and air, the lovability of the enclosing scene, all at variance with the sharpness

of the inner tragedy. The inner tragedy of 'L'Innocente' has a concentration that is like the carrying, through turns and twists, upstairs and down, of some cup filled to the brim, of which no drop is yet spilled; such cumulative truth rules the scene after we have once accepted the postulate. It is true that the situation, as exhibited, involves for Giuliana, the young wife, the vulgarest of adventures; yet she becomes, as it unfolds, the figure, of the whole gallery, in whom the pathetic has at once most of immediate truth and of investing poetry. I much prefer her, for beauty and interest, to Donna Maria in 'Il Piacere,' the principal other image of faith and patience sacrificed. We see these virtues as still supreme in her even while she faces, in advance, her ordeal, in respect to which it has been her hope, in fact her calculation, that her husband will have been deceived about the paternity of her child; and she is so truthfully touching when this possibility breaks down that even though we rub our eyes at the kind of dignity claimed for her we participate without reserve in her predicament. The origin of the infant is, frankly, ignoble, whereas it is on the nobleness of Giuliana that the story essentially hinges; but the contradiction is wonderfully kept from disconcerting us altogether. What the author has needed, for his strangest truth, is that the mother shall feel exactly as the husband does, and that the husband shall, after the first shock of his horror, feel, intimately and explicitly, with the mother. They take in this way the same view of their woeful excrescence; and the drama of the child's advent and of the first months of his existence, his insistent and hated survival, becomes for them, in respect to the rest of the world, a drama of silence and dissimulation, of every step of which we feel the terror.

The effect, I may add, gains more than one kind of intensity from that almost complete absence of *other* contacts to which D'Annunzio systematically condemns his creatures; introducing here, however, just the two or three that more completely mark the isolation. It may, doubtless, be conceded that our English-speaking failure of insistence, of inquiry and penetration, in certain directions springs partly from our deep-rooted habit of dealing with man, dramatically, on his social and gregarious side, as a being the variety of whose intercourse

with his fellows, whatever forms his fellows may take, is positively half his interesting motion. We fear to isolate him, for we remember that, as we see and know him, he scarce understands himself save in action, action which inevitably mixes him with his kind. To see and know him, like Signor D'Annunzio, almost only in passion is another matter, for passion spends itself quickly in the open, and burns hot, mainly, in nooks and corners. Nothing, too, in the picture is more striking than the manner in which the merely sentimental abyss—that of the couple brought together by the thing that might utterly have severed them—is consistently and successfully avoided. We should have been certain to feel it in many other hands yawning but a few steps off. We see the dreadful facts in themselves, and are brought close to them, with no interposing vaguenesses or other beggings of the question, and are forcibly reminded how much more this 'crudity' makes for the communication of tenderness—what is aimed at—than an attitude conventionally more reticent. We feel what the tenderness can be when it rests on *all* the items of a constituted misery, not one of which is illogically blinked.

For the pangs and pities of the flesh in especial D'Annunzio has in all his work the firmest hand—those of the spirit exist with him, indeed, only as proceeding from these; so that Giuliana, for instance, affects us, beyond any figure in fiction we are likely to remember, as living and breathing under our touch and before our eyes, as a creature of organs, functions and processes, palpable, audible, pitiful physical conditions. These are facts, many of them, of an order in pursuit of which many a spectator of the 'picture of life' will instinctively desire to stop short, however great in general his professed desire to enjoy the borrowed consciousness that the picture of life gives us; and nothing, it may well be said, is more certain than that we have a right, in these matters, to our preference, a right to choose the kind of adventure of the imagination we like best. No obligation whatever rests on us in respect to a given kind—much light as our choice may often throw, for the critic, on the nature of our own intelligence. There, at any rate, we are disposed to say of such a piece of penetration as 'L'Innocente,' there is a particular adventure, as large

as life, for those who can bear it. The conditions are all present; it is only the reader himself who may break down. When, in general, it may be added, we see readers do so, this is truly more often because they are shocked at really finding the last consistency than because they are shocked at missing it.

'Il Trionfo della Morte' and 'Il Fuoco' stand together as the amplest and richest of our author's histories, and the earlier, the more rounded and faultless thing of the two, is not unlikely to serve, I should judge, as an unsurpassable example of his talent. His accomplishment here reaches its maximum; all his powers fight for him; the wealth of his expression drapes the situation represented in a mantle of voluminous folds, stiff with elaborate embroidery. The 'story' may be told in three words: how Giorgio Aurispa meets in Rome the young and extremely pretty wife of a vulgar man of business, her unhappiness with whom is complete, and, falling in love with her on the spot, eventually persuades her—after many troubled passages—to come and pass a series of weeks with him in a 'hermitage' by the summer sea, where, in a delirium of free possession, he grows so to hate her, and to hate himself for his subjection to her, and for the prostration of all honour and decency proceeding from it, that his desire to destroy her, even at the cost of perishing with her, at last takes uncontrollable form, and he drags her, under a pretext, to the edge of a sea-cliff and hurls her, interlocked with him in appalled resistance, into space. We get at an early stage the note of that aridity of agitation in which the narrator has expended treasures of art in trying to interest us. 'Fits of indescribable fury made them try which could torture each other best, which most lacerate the other's heart and keep it in martyrdom.' But they understand, at least the hero does; and he formulates for his companion the essence of their *impasse*. It is not her fault when she tears and rends.

'Each human soul carries in it for love but a determinate quantity of sensitive force. It is inevitable that this quantity should use itself up with time, as everything else does; so that when it is used up no effort has power to prevent love from ceasing. Now it's a long time that you have been loving me; nearly two years!'

The young man's intelligence is of the clearest; the woman's here is inferior, though in 'Il Fuoco' the two opposed faculties are almost equal; but the pair are alike far from living in their intelligence, which only serves to bestrew with lurid gleams the black darkness of their sensual life. So far as the intelligence is one with the will, our author fundamentally treats it as cut off from all communication with any other quarter—that is with the senses arrayed and encamped. The most his unfortunates arrive at is to carry their extremely embellished minds with them, through these dusky passages, as a kind of gilded glimmering lantern, the effect of which is merely fantastic and ironic—a thing to make the play of their shadows more monstrous and sinister. Again, in the first pages of 'Il Trionfo,' the glimmer is given.

'He recognised the injustice of any resentment against her, because he recognised the fatal necessities that controlled them alike. No, his misery came from no other human creature; it came from the very essence of life. The lover had not the lover to complain of, but simply love itself. Love, toward which his whole being reached out, from within, with a rush not to be checked, love was of all the sad things of this earth the most lamentably sad. And to this supreme sadness he was perhaps condemned till death.'

That, in a nutshell, is D'Annunzio's subject-matter; not simply that his characters see in advance what love is worth for them, but that they nevertheless need to make it the totality of their consciousness. In 'Il Trionfo' and 'Il Fuoco' the law just expressed is put into play at the expense of the woman, with the difference, however, that in the latter tale the woman perceives and judges, suffers in mind, so to speak, as well as in nerves and in temper. But it would be hard to say in which of these two productions the inexhaustible magic of Italy most helps the effect, most hangs over the story in such a way as to be one with it and to make the ugliness and the beauty melt together. The ugliness, it is to be noted, is continually *presumed* absent; the pursuit and cultivation of beauty—that fruitful preoccupation which, above all, as I have said, gives the author his value as our 'case'—being the very ground on which the whole thing rests.



The ugliness is an accident, a treachery of fate, the intrusion of a foreign substance—having for the most part in the scheme itself no admitted inevitability. Against it every provision is made that the most developed taste in the world can suggest; for, ostensibly, transcendently, Signor D'Annunzio's is the most developed taste in the world—his and that of the ferocious, yet so contracted, *conoscenti*, his heroes, whose virtual identity with himself, affirmed with a strangely misplaced complacency by some of his critics, one would surely hesitate to take for granted. It is the wondrous physical and other endowments of the two heroines of 'Il Piacere,' it is the joy and splendour of the hero's intercourse with them, to say nothing of the lustre of his own person, descent, talents, possessions, and of the great general setting in which everything is offered us—it is all this that makes up the picture, with the constant suggestion that nothing of a baser quality for the æsthetic sense, or, at the worst, for a pampered curiosity, might hope to so much as live in it. The case is the same in 'L'Innocente,' a scene all primarily smothered in flowers and fruits and fragrances and soft Italian airs, in every implication of flattered, embowered, constantly-renewed desire, which happens to be a blighted felicity only for the very reason that the cultivation of delight—in the form of the wife's luckless experiment—has so awkwardly overleaped itself. Whatever, furthermore, we may reflectively think either of the Ippolita of 'Il Trionfo' or of her companion's scheme of existence with her, it is enchanting grace, strange, original, irresistible in kind and degree, that she is given us as representing; just as her material situation with her young man during the greater part of the tale is a constant communion, for both of them, with the poetry and the nobleness of classic landscape, of nature consecrated by association.

The mixture reaches its maximum, however, in 'Il Fuoco,' if not perhaps in 'The Virgins of the Rocks'; the mixture, I mean, of every exhibited element of personal charm, distinction and interest, with every insidious local influence, every glamour of place, season and surrounding object. The heroine of the first-named is a great tragic actress, exquisite of aspect, intelligence and magnanimity, exquisite for everything but for being, unfortunately,

middle-aged, battered, marked, as we are constantly reminded, by all the after-sense of a career of promiscuous carnal connexions. The hero is a man of letters, a poet, a dramatist of infinite reputation and resource, and their union is steeped to the eyes in the gorgeous medium of Venice, the moods of whose melancholy and the voices of whose past are an active part of the perpetual concert. We see the persons introduced to us yearn and strain to exercise their perceptions and taste their impressions as deeply as possible, conspiring together to interweave them with the pleasures of passion. They 'go in,' as the phrase is, for beauty at any cost—for each other's own to begin with; their creator, in the inspiring quest, presses them hard, and the whole effect becomes for us that of an organised general sacrifice to it and an organised general repudiation of everything else. It is not idle to repeat that the value of the Italian background has, to this end, been inestimable, and that every spark of poetry it had to contribute has been struck from it—with what supreme felicity we perhaps most admiringly learn in 'The Virgins of the Rocks.' To measure the assistance thus rendered, and especially the immense literary lift given, we have only to ask ourselves what appearance any one of the situations presented would have made in almost any Cisalpine or 'northern' frame of circumstance whatever. Supported but by such associations of local or of literary elegance as *our* comparatively thin resources are able to furnish, the latent weakness in them all, the rock, as to final effect, on which they split, and of which I shall presently speak, would be immeasurably less dissimulated. All this is the lesson of style, by which we here catch a writer in the very act of profiting in a curiously double way. D'Annunzio arrives at it both by expression and by material—that is, by a whole side of the latter; so that with such energy at once and such good fortune it would be odd indeed if he had not come far. It is verily in the very name and interest of beauty, of the lovely impression, that Giorgio Aurispa becomes homicidal in thought and finally in act.

'She would in death become for me matter of thought, pure ideality. From a precarious and imperfect existence she would enter into an existence complete and definitive, forsaking forever the infirmity of her weak, luxurious flesh. Destroy

to possess—there is no other way for him who seeks the absolute in love.'

To these reflections he has been brought by the long, dangerous past which, as the author says, his connexion with his mistress has behind it—a past of recriminations of which the ghosts still walk. 'It dragged behind it, through time, an immense dark net, all full of dead things.' To quote here at all is always to desire to continue, and 'The Triumph of Death' abounds in the illustrative episodes that are ever made so masterfully concrete. Offering in strictness, incidentally, the only exhibition, in all the five volumes, of a human relation other than the acutely sexual, it deals admirably enough with this opportunity when the hero pays his visit to his provincial parents before settling with his mistress at their hermitage. His people are of ancient race and have been much at their ease; but the home in the old Apulian town, overdarkened by the misdeeds of a demoralised father, is on the verge of ruin, and the dull, mean despair of it all, lighted by outbreaks of helpless rage on the part of the injured mother, is more than the visitor can bear, absorbed as he is in impatiences and concupiscences which make everything else cease to exist for him. His terror of the place and its troubles but exposes, of course, the abjection of his weakness, and the sordid squabbles, the general misery and mediocrity of life that he has to face, constitute precisely, for his personal design, the abhorred challenge of ugliness, the interference of a call other than erotic. He flees before it, leaving it to make shift as it can; but nothing could be more 'rendered,' in detail, than his overwhelmed vision of it.

So with the other finest passages of the story, notably the summer day spent by the lovers in a long, dusty, dreadful pilgrimage to a famous local miracle-working shrine, where they mingle with the multitude of the stricken, the deformed, the hideous, the barely human, and from which they return, disgusted and appalled, to plunge deeper into consoling but too temporary transports; notably also the incident, masterly in every touch, of the little drowned contadino, the whole scene of the small, starved, dead child on the beach, in all the beauty

of light and air and view, with the effusions and vociferations and grimnesses round him, the sights and sounds of the quasi-barbaric life that have the relief of antique rites portrayed on old tombs and urns, that quality and dignity of looming larger which a great feeling on the painter's part ever gives to small things. With this ampler truth the last page of the book is above all invested, the description of the supreme moment—for some time previous creeping nearer and nearer—at which the delirious protagonist beguiles his vaguely but not fully suspicious companion into coming out with him toward the edge of a dizzy place over the sea, where, suddenly, he grasps her for her doom, and the sense of his awful intention, flashing a light back as into their monstrous past, makes her shriek for her life. She dodges him at the first betrayal, panting and trembling.

"Are you crazy?" she cried with wrath in her throat. "Are you crazy?" But as she saw him make for her afresh in silence, as she felt herself seized with still harsher violence and dragged afresh toward her danger, she understood it all in a great sinister flash which blasted her soul with terror. "No, no, Giorgio! Let me go! Let me go! Another minute—listen, listen! Just a minute! I want to say——!" She supplicated, mad with terror, getting herself free and hoping to make him wait, to put him off with pity. "A minute! Listen! I love you! Forgive me! Forgive me!" She stammered incoherent words, desperate, feeling herself overcome, losing her ground, seeing death close. "Murder!" she then yelled in her fury. And she defended herself with her nails, with her teeth, biting like a wild beast. "Murder!" she yelled, feeling herself seized by the hair, felled to the ground on the edge of the precipice, lost. The dog meanwhile barked out at the scuffle. The struggle was short and ferocious, as between implacable enemies who had been nursing to this hour in the depth of their souls an intensity of hate. And they plunged into death locked together.

The wonder-working shrine of the Abruzzi, to which they have previously made their way, is a local Lourdes, the resort from far and wide of the physically afflicted, the evocation of whose multitudinous presence, the description of whose unimaginable miseries and ecstasies, grovelling struggles and supplications, has the mark of a pictorial energy for such matters not inferior to that of

Émile Zola—to the degree even that the originality of the pages in question was, if I remember rightly, rather sharply impugned in Paris. D'Annunzio's defence, however, was easy, residing as it does in the fact that to handle any subject successfully handled by Zola (his failures are another matter) is quite inevitably to walk more or less in his footsteps, in prints so wide and deep as to leave little margin for passing round them. To which I may add that, though the judgment may appear odd, the truth and force of the young man's few abject days at Guardiagrele, his *casa paterna*, are such as to make us wish that other such corners of life were more frequent in the author's pages. He has the supremely interesting quality in the novelist that he *fixes*, as it were, the tone of every cluster of objects he approaches, fixes it by the consistency and intensity of his reproduction. In 'The Virgins of the Rocks' we have also a *casa paterna*, and a thing, as I have indicated, of exquisite and wonderful tone; but the tone here is of poetry, the truth and the force are less measurable and less familiar, and the whole question, after all, in its refined and attenuated form, is still that of sexual pursuit, which keeps it within the writer's too frequent limits. Giorgio Aurispa, in 'Il Trionfo,' lives in communion with the spirit of an amiable and melancholy uncle who had committed suicide and made him the heir of his fortune, and one of the nephew's most frequent and faithful loyalties is to hark back, in thought, to the horror of his first knowledge of the dead man's act, put before us always with its accompaniment of loud southern resonance and confusion. He is in the place again, he is in the room, at Guardiagrele, of the original appalled vision.

'He heard, in the stillness of the air and of his arrested soul, the small shrill of an insect in the wainscot. And the little fact sufficed to dissipate for the moment the extreme violence of his nervous tension, as the puncture of a needle suffices to empty a swollen bladder. Every particular of the terrible day came back to his memory: the news abruptly brought to Torretta di Sarsa, toward three in the afternoon, by a panting messenger who stammered and whimpered; the ride on horseback, at lightning speed, under the canicular sky and up the torrid slopes, and, during the rush, the sudden faintnesses that turned him dizzy in his saddle; then the

house at home, filled with sobs, filled with a noise of doors slamming in the general scare, filled with the strumming of his own arteries; and at last his irruption into the room, the sight of the corpse, the curtains inflated and rustling, the tinkle on the wall of the little font for holy water.'

This young man's great mistake, we are told, had been his insistence on regarding love as a form of enjoyment. He would have been in a possible relation to it only if he had learned to deal with it as a form of suffering. This is the lesson brought home to the heroine of 'Il Fuoco,' who suffers indeed, as it seems to us, so much more than is involved in the occasion. We ask ourselves continually why; that is, we do so at first; we do so before the special force of the book takes us captive and reduces us to mere charmed absorption of its successive parts, without question of its moral sense. Its defect is, verily, that it has no moral sense proportionate to the truth, the constant high style of the general picture; and this fact makes the whole thing appear given us simply because it has happened, because it was material that the author had become possessed of, and not because, in its almost journalistic 'actuality,' it has any large meaning. We get the impression of a direct transfer, a 'lift,' bodily, of something seen and known, something not really produced by the chemical process of art, the crucible or retort from which things emerge for a new function. Their meaning here, at any rate, extracted with difficulty, would seem to be that there is an inevitable leak, as it were, of felicity when a mistress happens to be considerably older than her lover; but even this interesting, yet not unfamiliar, truth loses itself in the great poetic, pathetic, psychologic ceremonial.

That matters little indeed, as I say, while we read; the two sensibilities concerned bloom, in all the Venetian glow, like wondrous water-plants, throwing out branches and flowers of which we admire the fantastic growth even while we remain, botanically speaking, vague. They are other sensibilities than those with which we ourselves have community—one of the main reasons of their appearing so I shall presently explain; and, besides, they are isolated, sequestered, according to D'Annunzio's constant view of such cases, for an exclusive, an intensified



and arid development. The mistress has, abnormally, none of the protection, the alternative life, the saving sanity, of other interests, ties, employments; while the hero, a young poet and dramatist with an immense consciousness of genius and fame, has, for the time at least, only those poor contacts with existence that the last intimacies of his contact with his friend's person, her poor *corpo non più giovane*, as he so frequently repeats, represent for him. It is not for us, however, to contest the relation; it is in the penetrating way again in which the relation is rendered that the writer has his triumph; the way, above all, in which the world-weary, interesting, sensitive woman, with her infinite intelligence, yet with her longing for some happiness as yet, among all her experiments, untasted, and her genius, at the same time, for familiar misery, is marked, featured, individualised for us, and, with the strangest art in the world—one of those mysteries of which great talents alone have the trick—at once ennobled with beauty and desecrated by a process that we somehow feel to be that of exposure, to spring from some violation of a privilege. “Do with me,” says the Foscarina on a certain occasion, “whatever you will”; and she smiled in her offered abjection. She belonged to him like the thing one holds in one's fist, like the ring on one's finger, like a glove, like a garment, like a word that may be spoken or not, like a draught that may be drunk or poured on the ground. There are some lines describing an hour in which she has made him feel as never before ‘the incalculable capacity of the heart of man. And it seemed to him, as he heard the beating of his own heart, and divined the violence of the other beside him, that he had in his ears the loud repercussion of the hammer on the hard anvil where human destiny is forged.’ More than ever here the pitch of the personal drama is taken up by everything else in the scene—everything else being, in fact, but the immediate presence of Venice, her old faded colour and old vague harmonies, played with, constantly, as we might play with some rosy, fretted, faintly-sounding sea-shell.

It would take time to say what we play with in the silver-toned ‘Virgins of the Rocks,’ the history of a visit paid by a transcendent young man—always pretty much the same young man—to an illustrious family whose

fortunes have tragically shrunk with the expulsion of the Bourbons from the kingdom of Naples, and the three last lovely daughters of whose house are beginning to wither on the stem, undiscovered, unsought, in a dilapidated old palace, an old garden of neglected pomp, a place of fountains and colonnades, marble steps and statues, all circled with hard, bright, sun-scorched volcanic scenery. They are tacitly candidates for the honour of the hero's hand, and the subject of the little tale, which deals with scarce more than a few summer days, is the manner of their presenting themselves for his admiration and his choice. I name this exquisite composition, decidedly, as my preferred of the series; for if its tone is thoroughly romantic, the romance is yet of the happiest kind, the kind that consists in the imaginative development of observable things, things present, significant, related to us, and not in a weak false fumble for the remote and the disconnected.

It is indeed the romantic mind itself that makes the picture; and there could be no better case of the absolute artistic vision. The mere facts are soon said; the main fact, above all, of the feeble remnant of an exhausted race waiting, in impotence, to see itself cease to be. The father has nothing personal left but the ruins of his fine presence and of his old superstitions, a handful of silver dust; the mother, mad and under supervision, stalks about with the delusion of imperial greatness (there is a wonderful page on her parading through the gardens in her rococo palanquin, like a Byzantine empress, attended by sordid keepers, while the others are hushed into pity and awe); the two sons, hereditarily tainted, are virtually imbecile; the three daughters, candidly considered, are what we should regard in our Anglo-Saxon world as but the stuff of rather particularly dreary and shabby, quite unutterably idle, old maids. Nothing, within the picture, occurs; nothing is done or, more acutely than usual, than everywhere, suffered; it is all a mere affair of the rich impression, the complexity of images projected upon the quintessential spirit of the hero, whose own report is what we have—an affair of the quality of observation, sentiment and eloquence brought to bear. It is not too much to say, even, that the whole thing is, in the largest sense, but a theme for style, style of substance as well as

of form. Within this compass it blooms and quivers and shimmers with light, becomes a wonderful little walled garden of romance. The young man has a passage of extreme but respectful tenderness with each of the sisters in turn, and the general cumulative effect is scarcely impaired by the fact that 'nothing comes' of any of these relations. Too little comes of anything, I think, for any very marked human analogy, inasmuch as, if it is interesting to be puzzled, to a certain extent, by what an action, placed before us, is designed to show or to signify, so we require for this refined amusement at least the sense that some general idea is represented. We must feel it present.

Therefore if, making out nothing very distinct in 'Le Vergini' but the pictorial idea, and yet cleaving to the preference I have expressed, I let the anomaly pass as a tribute extorted by literary art, I may seem to imply that a book may have a great interest without having a perfect sense. The truth is, doubtless, that I am in some degree beguiled and bribed by the particularly intense expression given in these pages to the author's æsthetic faith. If he is so supremely a 'case,' it is because this production has so much to say for it, and says it with such a pride of confidence, with an assurance and an elegance that fairly make it the last conceivable word of such a profession. The observations recorded have their origin in the narrator's passionate reaction against the vulgarity of the day. All the writer's young men react; but Cantelmo, in the volume before us, reacts with the finest contempt. He is, like his brothers, a *raffiné* conservative, believing really, so far as we understand it, only in the virtue of 'race,' and in the grand manner. The blighted Virgins, with all that surrounds them, are an affirmation of the grand manner—that is, of the shame and scandal of what, in an odious age, it has been reduced to. It consists, indeed, of a number of different things, which I may not pretend to have completely fitted together, but which are, with other elements, the sense of the supremacy of beauty, the supremacy of style, and, last not least, of the personal will, manifested for the most part as a cold insolence of attitude—not manifested as anything much more edifying. What it really appears to come to is that the will is a sort of romantic ornament,

the application of which, for life in the present and the future, remains rather awkwardly vague, though we are always to remember that it has been splendidly forged in the past. The will, in short, *is* beauty, *is* style, *is* elegance, *is* art—especially in members of great families and possessors of large fortunes. That of the hero of 'Le Vergini' has been handed down to him direct, as by a series of testamentary provisions, from a splendid young ancestor for whose memory and whose portrait he has a worship, a warrior and virtuoso of the Renaissance, the model of his spirit.

'He represents for me the mysterious meaning of the power of style, not violable by any one, and least of all ever by myself in my own person.'

And elsewhere:—

'The sublime hands of Violante [the beauty and interest of hands play a great part, in general, in the picture], pressing out in drops the essence of the tender flowers and letting them fall bruised to the ground, performed an act which, as a symbol, corresponded perfectly to the character of my style; this being ever to extract from a thing its very last scent of life, to take from it all it could give and leave it exhausted. Was not this one of the most important offices of my art of life?'

The book is a singularly rich exhibition of an inward state, the state of private poetic intercourse with things, the kind of current that, in a given personal experience, flows to and fro between the imagination and the world. It represents the æsthetic consciousness, proud of its conquests and discoveries, and yet trying, after all, as with the vexed sense of a want, to look through other windows and eyes. It goes all lengths, as is, of course, indispensable on behalf of a personage constituting a case. 'I firmly believe that the greatest sum of future dominion will be precisely that which shall have its base and its apex in Rome'—such being, in our personage, the confidence of the 'Latin' spirit. Does it not really all come back to style? It was to the Latin spirit that the Renaissance was primarily vouchsafed; and was not, for a simplified statement, the last word of the Renaissance the question of taste? That is the æsthetic question; and when the Latin spirit, after many misadventures, again clears

itself, we shall see how all the while this treasure has been in its keeping. Let us as frankly as possible add that there is a whole side on which the clearance may appear to have made quite a splendid advance with Signor D'Annunzio himself.

But there is another side, which I have been too long in coming to, yet which, I confess, is for me much the more interesting. No account of our author is complete unless we really make out what becomes of that æsthetic consistency in him which, as I have said, our own collective and cultivated effort is so earnestly attempting and yet so pathetically, if not so grotesquely, missing. We are struck, unmistakably, early in our acquaintance with these productions, by the fact that their total beauty somehow extraordinarily fails to march with their beauty of parts, and that something is all the while at work undermining that bulwark against ugliness which it is their obvious theory of their own office to throw up. The disparity troubles and haunts us just in proportion as we admire; and our uneasy wonderment over the source of the weakness fails to spoil our pleasure only because such questions have so lively an interest for the critic. We feel ourselves somehow in presence of a singular incessant *leak* in the effect of distinction so artfully and copiously produced, and we apply our test up and down in the manner of the inquiring person who, with a tin implement and a small flame, searches our premises for an escape of gas. The bad smell has, as it were, to be accounted for; and yet where, amid the roses and lilies and pomegranates, the thousand essences and fragrances, can such a thing possibly be? Quite abruptly, I think, at last (if we have been much under the spell) our test gives us the news, not unaccompanied with the shock with which we see our escape of gas spring into flame. There is no mistaking it; the leak of distinction is produced by a positive element of the vulgar; and that the vulgar should flourish in an air so charged, intellectually speaking, with the 'aristocratic' element, becomes for us straightway the greatest of oddities and, at the same time, critically speaking, one of the most interesting things conceivable.

The interest, then, springs from its being involved for us in the 'case.' We recognise so many suggested consequences if the case is really to prove responsible for it.

We ask ourselves if there be not a connexion—we almost tremble lest there shouldn't be; since what is more obvious than that, if a high example of exclusive æstheticism—as high a one as we are likely ever to meet—is bound sooner or later to spring a leak, the general question receives much light? We recognise here the value of our author's complete consistency: he would have kept his bottom sound, so to speak, had he not remained so long at sea. If those imperfect exponents of his faith whom we have noted among ourselves fail to flower, for a climax, in any proportionate way, we make out that they are embarrassed not so much by any force they possess as by a force—a force of temperament—that they lack. The anomaly I speak of presents itself thus, at any rate, as the dilemma in which Signor D'Annunzio's consistency has inexorably landed him; and the disfigurement breaks out, strikingly enough, in the very forefront of his picture, at the point where he has most lavished his colour. It is where he has most trusted and depended that he is, as they say, most given away; the traitor shares, certainly, his tent and his confidence. What is it that, in the interest of beauty, he most elaborately builds on if not on the love-affairs of his heroes and heroines, if not on his exhibition of the free play, the sincere play, the play closely studied and frankly represented, of the sexual relation? It is round this exercise, for him, that expressible, communicable, workable beauty prevailingly clusters; a view, indeed, as to which we all generously go with him, subject to the reserve, for each of us, of our own interpretation and demonstration of it. It is his interpretation and demonstration that break down, his discrimination that falls short, and thereby the very kind of intellectual authority most implied by their pretension. There is, according to him, an immense amenity that can be saved—saved by style—from the general wreck and welter of what is most precious, from the bankruptcy determined more and more by our basely democratic conditions. As we watch the actual process, however, we see, alas, the lifeboat itself founder. The vulgarity into which he so incongruously drops is, I will not say the space he allots to love-affairs, but the weakness of his sense of 'values' in depicting them.

We begin to ask ourselves at an early stage what this



queer passion may be in the representation of which the sense of beauty ostensibly finds its richest expression, and which is yet attended by nothing else at all—neither duration, nor propagation, nor common kindness, nor common consistency with other relations, common congruity with the rest of life—to make its importance good. If beauty is the supreme need, so let it be; nothing is more certain than that we can never get too much of it if only we get it of the right sort. It is, therefore, on this very ground—the ground of its own sufficiency—that Signor D'Annunzio's invocation of it collapses at our challenge. The vulgarity comes from the muddle really made with values, as I have called them; made—that we should have to record so abject a catastrophe!—with taste, impeccable taste, itself. The truth of this would come out fully in copious examples, now impossible; but it is not too much to say, I think, that in every principal situation presented the fundamental weakness causes the particular interest to suffer inordinately in quality.

I must not, I know, make too much of 'Il Piacere'—one of those works of promising youth with which criticism is always easy—and I should, indeed, say nothing of it if it were also a work of less ability. It really, however, to my mind, quite gives us the key, all in the morning early, to our author's general misadventure. Andrea Sperelli is the key; Donna Maria is another key of a slightly different shape. They have neither of them the æsthetic importance, any more than the moral, that their narrator claims for them, and in his so elaborate insistence on which he has so hopelessly lost his way. If they *were* important—by which I mean if they showed in any other light than that of their particular erotic exercise—they would justify the pretension made for them with such superior art. They have no general history, since their history is only, and immediately and extravagantly, that of their too cheap and too easy romance. Why should the career of the young man be offered us as a case of pathetic, of tragic, of edifying corruption?—in which case it might indeed be a subject. The march of corruption, the insidious influence of propinquity, opportunity, example, the weakness of false estimates, and the drama of sterilising passion—all this is a thinkable theme, thinkable especially in the light of a great talent. But for Andrea Sperelli

there is not only no march, no drama, there is not even a weakness to give him the semblance of dramatic, of plastic, material; he is solidly, invariably, vulgarly strong, and not a bit more corrupt at the end of his adventures than at the beginning. His erudition, his intellectual accomplishments and elevation, are too easily spoken for; no view of him is given in which we can feel or taste them. Donna Maria is scarcely less signal an instance of the apparent desire on the author's part to impute a 'value,' defeated by his apparently not knowing what a value is. She is, apparently, an immense value for the occasions on which the couple secretly meet; but how is she otherwise one? and what becomes, therefore, of the beauty, the interest, the pathos, the struggle, or whatever else, of her relation—relation of character, of judgment, even of mere taste—to her own collapse? The immediate physical sensibility that surrenders in her is, as throughout, exquisitely painted; but as nothing operates for her, one way or the other, *but* that familiar faculty, we are left casting about us almost as much for what else she has to give as for what, in any case, she may wish to keep.

The author's view of the whole matter of durations and dates, in these connexions, gives the scale of 'distinction' by itself a marked downward tilt; it confounds all differences between the trivial and the grave. Giuliana, in 'L'Innocente,' is interesting because she has had an adventure, and she is exquisite in her delineator's view because she has repented of it. But the adventure, it appears, was a matter of but a minute; so that we oddly see this particular romance attenuated on the ground of its brevity. The exquisite being in question, the attenuation should surely be sought in the very opposite quarter; since, where these remarkable affections are concerned, how otherwise than by the element of comparative duration do we obtain the element of comparative good faith, on which we depend for the element, in turn, of comparative dignity? Andrea Sperelli becomes, in the course of a few weeks in Rome, the lover of some twenty or thirty women of fashion—the number scarce matters; but to make this possible his connexion with each has but to last a day or two; and the effect of that, in turn, is to reduce to nothing, by vulgarity, by frank grotesque-

ness of association, that romantic capacity in him on which his chronicler's whole appeal to us is based. The association rising before us more nearly than any other is that of the manners observable in the most mimetic department of any great menagerie.

The most serious relation depicted—in the sense of being in some degree the least suggestive of mere zoological sociability—is that of the lovers in 'Il Fuoco,' as we also take this pair for their creator's sanest and most responsible spirits. It is a question between them of an heroic affection, and yet the affection appears to make good for itself no place worth speaking of in their lives. It holds but for a scant few weeks; the autumn already reigns when the connexion begins, and the connexion is played out (or, if it be not, the ado is about nothing) with the first flush of the early Italian spring. It suddenly, on our hands, becomes trivial, with all our own estimate of reasons and realities and congruities falsified. The Foscarina has, on professional business, to 'go away,' and the young poet has to do the same; but such a separation, so easily bridged over by such great people, makes a beggarly climax for an intercourse on behalf of which all the forces of poetry and tragedy have been set in motion. Where then, we ask ourselves, is the weakness?—as we ask it, very much in the same way, in respect to the vulgarised aspect of the tragedy of Giorgio Aurispa. The pang of pity, the pang that springs from a conceivable community in doom, is in this latter case altogether wanting. Directly we lift a little the embroidered mantle of that hand for appearances which plays, on Signor D'Annunzio's part, such tricks upon us, we find ourselves put off, as the phrase is, with an inferior article. The inferior article is the hero's poverty of life, which cuts him down, for pathetic interest, just as the same limitation in 'Il Piacere' cuts down Donna Maria. Presented each as victims of another rapacious person who has got the better of them, there is no process, no complexity, no suspense, in their story; and thereby, we submit, there is no æsthetic beauty. Why *shouldn't* Giorgio Aurispa go mad? Why *shouldn't* Stelio Effrena go away? We make the inquiry as disconcerted spectators, not feeling in the former case that we have had any communication with the wretched youth's sanity, and not seeing in the

latter why the tie of all the passion that has been made so admirably vivid for us should not be able to weather change.

Nothing is so singular with D'Annunzio as that the very basis and subject of his work should repeatedly go aground on such shallows as these. He takes for subject a situation that is substantially none—the most fundamental this of his mistaken values, and all the more compromising that his immense art of producing illusions still leaves it exposed. The idea, in each case, is superficially specious; but it is *where* it breaks down that makes all the difference. 'Il Piacere' would have been a subject only if a provision had been made in it for some adequate 'inwardness' on the part either of the nature disintegrated or of the other nature to which this poisoned contact proves fatal. 'L'Innocente,' of the group, comes nearest to justifying its idea; and I leave it unchallenged, though its meaning surely would have been written larger if the attitude of the wife toward her misbegotten child had been, in face of the husband's, a little less that of the dumb detached animal suffering in her simplicity. As a picture of such suffering, the pain of the mere dumb animal, the work is indeed magnificent; only its connexions are poor with the higher dramatic, the higher poetic, complexity of things.

I can only repeat that to make 'The Triumph of Death' a subject, we should have been able to measure the triumph by its frustration of some conceivable opportunity, at least, for life. There is a moment at which we hope for something of this kind, the moment at which the young man pays his visit to his family, who have grievous need of him, and toward whom we look to see some one side or other of his fine sensibility turn. But nothing comes, for the simple reason that the personage is already dead—that nothing exists in him but the established *fear* of life. He turns his back on everything but a special sensation, and so completely shuts the door on the elements of contrast and curiosity. Death really triumphs, in the matter, but over the physical terror of the inordinate woman; a pang perfectly communicated to us, but too small a surface to bear the weight laid on it, which accordingly affects us as that of a pyramid turned over on its point. It is throughout one of D'Annunzio's

strongest marks that he treats 'love' as a matter not to be mixed with life, in the larger sense of the word, at all—as a matter all of whose other connexions are dropped; a sort of secret game that can go on only if each of the parties has nothing to do, even on any *other* terms, with any one else.

I have dwelt on the fact that the sentimental intention in 'Il Fuoco' quite bewilderingly fails, in spite of the splendid accumulation of material. We wait to the end to see it declare itself, and then are left, as I have already indicated, with a mere meaningless anecdote on our hands. Brilliant and free, each freighted with a talent that is given us as incomparable, the parties to the combination depicted have, for their affection, the whole world before them—and not the simple terraqueous globe, but that still vaster sphere of the imagination in which, by an exceptionally happy chance, they are able to move together on very nearly equal terms. A tragedy is a tragedy, a comedy is a comedy, when the effect, in either sense, is *determined* for us, determined by the interference of some element that starts a complication or precipitates an action. As in 'Il Fuoco' nothing whatever interferes—or nothing, certainly, that need count for the high spirits represented—we ask why such precious revelations are made us for nothing. Admirably made in themselves, they yet strike us as, æsthetically speaking, almost cruelly wasted.

This general remark would hold good, as well, of 'Le Vergini,' if I might still linger, though its application has already been virtually made. Anatolia, in this tale, the most robust of the three sisters, declines marriage in order to devote herself to a family who have, it would certainly appear, signal need of her nursing. But this, though it sufficiently represents *her* situation, covers as little as possible the ground of the hero's own, since he, quivering intensely with the treasure of his 'will,' inherited in a straight line from the *cinque-cento*, only asks to affirm his sublimated energy. The temptation to affirm it erotically, at least, has been great for him in relation to each of the young women in turn; but it is for Anatolia that his admiration and affection most increase in volume; and it is, accordingly, for her sake that, with the wonderful moral force behind him (kept

as in a Florentine casket), we most look to see him justified. He has a fine image—and when has the author not fine images?—to illustrate the constant readiness of this possession. The young woman says something that inspires him, whereupon, 'as a sudden light playing over the dusky wall of a room causes the motionless sword in a trophy to shine, so her word drew a great flash from my suspended *volontà*. There was a virtue in her,' the narrator adds, 'which could have produced portentous fruit. Her substance might have nourished a super-human germ.' In spite of which it never succeeds in becoming so much as a question that his affection for her shall *act*, that this grand imagination in him shall operate, that he himself is, in virtue of such things, exactly the person to come to her aid and to combine with her in devotion. The talk about the *volontà* is amusing much in the same way as the complacency of a primitive man, unacquainted with the uses of things, possessed, by some accident, of one of the toys of civilisation, a watch or a motor-car. And yet, artistically, for our author, the will *has* an application, since without it he could have done no such vivid work.

Here, at all events, we put our finger, I think, on the very point at which his æsthetic plenitude meets the misadventure that discredits it. We see just where it 'joins on' with vulgarity. That sexual passion from which he extracts such admirable detached pictures insists on remaining for him *only* the act of a moment, beginning and ending in itself and disowning any representative character. From the moment it depends on itself alone for its beauty it endangers extremely its distinction, so precarious at the best. For what it represents, precisely, is it poetically interesting; it finds its extension and consummation only in the rest of life. Shut out from the rest of life, shut out from all fruition and assimilation, it has no more dignity than—to use a homely image—the boots and shoes that we see, in the corridors of promiscuous hotels, standing, often in double pairs, at the doors of rooms. Detached and unassociated, these clusters of objects present, however obtruded, no importance. What the participants do with their agitation, in short, or even what it does with them, *that* is the stuff of poetry, and it is never really interesting save



when something finely contributive in themselves makes it so. It is this absence of anything finely contributive in themselves, on the part of the various couples here concerned, that is the open door to the trivial. I have said, with all appreciation, that they present the great 'relation,' for intimacy, as we shall nowhere else find it presented; but to see it related, in its own turn, to nothing in the heaven above or the earth beneath, this undermines, we definitely learn, the charm of that achievement.

And so it is, strangely, that our æsthetic 'case' enlightens us. The only question is whether it be the only case of the kind conceivable. May we not suppose another with the elements differently mixed? May we not, in imagination, alter the proportions within or the influences without, and look with cheerfulness for a different issue? *Need* the æsthetic adventure, in a word, organised for real discovery, give us no more comforting news of success? Are there not, so to speak, finer possible combinations? are there not safeguards that, in the example before us, were but too presumably absent? To which the sole answer probably is that no man can say. It is Signor D'Annunzio alone who has really sailed the sea and brought back the booty. The actual case is so good that all the potential fade beside it. It has for it that it exists, and that, whether for the strength of the original outfit or for the weight of the final testimony, it could scarce thinkably be bettered.

HENRY JAMES.

#### Art. IV.—RECENT ÆSTHETICS.

1. *Raumaesthetik und Geometrisch-optische Täuschungen.* By Theodor Lipps. Leipzig: Barth, 1893-97.
2. *Einfühlung und Association in der neueren Aesthetik.* By Paul Stern. Hamburg: Voss, 1897.
3. *Einleitung in die Aesthetik. Der aesthetische Genuss.* By Karl Groos. Giessen, 1892, 1902.
4. *Die Spiele der Menschen.* By Karl Groos. Jena, 1899.
5. *L'esthétique du Mouvement. La suggestion dans l'Art.* By P. Souriau. Paris: Alcan, 1889, 1893.
6. *Pain, Pleasure and Æsthetics.* By H. Rutgers Marshall. London: Macmillan, 1894.
7. *The Origins of Art.* By Yrjö Hirn. London: Macmillan, 1900.
8. *Die Anfänge der Kunst.* By Ernst Grosse. Freiburg, 1894. (Translation: New York, 1897.)
9. *Kunstwissenschaftliche Studien.* By Ernst Grosse. Tübingen, 1900.

IN an article published in the 'Quarterly Review' for April 1900, dealing with Tolstoi's 'What is Art?' I had occasion to allude to a new science of æsthetics, which, in my opinion, could already dispose of some of the great Russian's arguments, and indicate a reconciliation between art and life different from his ascetic conclusions. It is the object of the following pages to give some account of these new æsthetics, to define the various problems which they are gradually seeking to resolve, and to point out the tracks of study along which they may eventually attain a solution.

I have said that these æsthetics are new, and I should add that they are still rudimentary, full of hypotheses admitting as yet of no demonstration, and of collections of facts requiring to be brought into intelligible connexion. Nor could it be otherwise. Whereas the æsthetics of the past were, in the main, a branch of purely constructive philosophy, concerned rather with logical coherence than with verification, and therefore systematic and dogmatic; the æsthetics of to-day are, on the contrary, not so much what is actually expounded by any single writer as what results from the unintentional concord-

ance of various students, and the convergence, rather inevitable than actual, of several kinds of study. For the problems concerning beauty and ugliness, and concerning those artistic activities which increase the one and diminish the other—the problems of æsthetics—are being approached from two sides, and by two sets of investigators, who are often ignorant of each other's existence and, oftener still, ignorant of the very questions which they and their unknown collaborators are between them narrowing into definite existence.

These unconnected studies, thus unconsciously converging in the new science of æsthetics, are themselves recent and immature. They are, respectively, the science of mind which, under the name of psychology, has only lately detached itself from general philosophy; and the various sciences dealing with the comparison, the origin and the evolution of artistic form, and which are still dependent on ethnography and anthropology on the one hand, on archæology and what is called connoisseurship on the other. Thus it is significant that whatever materials for an eventual science of æsthetics have been left us by the past exist as fragmentary facts, partial observations, and lopsided hypotheses, scattered in the works of philosophers, Plato and Aristotle, Kant, Schiller, Schopenhauer, Spencer, on the one hand, and, on the other, in the works of specialists of some definite branch of art like Winckelmann and Morelli, or pleaders in the cause of some definite artist, like Ruskin in 'Modern Painters,' and Nietzsche in the 'Wagner Case.' There remains, besides, a large amount of fact and theory eventually applicable to æsthetics in books on children, savages, and lunatics, and the whole literature admirably dealt with by Professors Ernst Grosse and Yrjö Hirn. And the methods to be employed, the analogies to be followed, nay, the underlying reasons of the phenomena under consideration, will be learned mainly from biologists, psychologists, students of bodily and mental evolution, who, for the most part, misunderstand or disdain the very existence of æsthetics.

The object of the present paper is to show some of the points on which all these separate studies are tending to converge, in the hope that an attempt to map out the vague field of æsthetics may contribute to the defini-

tion of its boundaries and its tracks, and eventually to its thorough systematic cultivation.

The first problem of æsthetics involves a definition of the adjective from which this study takes its name; and of the study itself. We need not trouble ourselves, any more than with other historical questions, with the adventures of the word 'æsthetic' and its transformation from the philosophical adjective connected with perception, to its current connexion with art and the beautiful. But it is important to decide whether the word, thus misapplied, should be considered as the adjective referring to art or the adjective referring to beauty; the alternation between the two meanings having, with most writers, contributed not a little to confuse these already rather inextricable inquiries. For, if 'æsthetic' means 'that which has to do with art,' and also 'that which has to do with beauty,' there arises a tendency to identify the two notions, and a consequent series of self-contradictions. No one, for instance, can deny that the drama, the novel, poetry in general, are of the nature of art. But no one can deny that in all of them, besides appeals to our desire for beauty, there are appeals to quite different demands of the human soul, such as the demand for logical activity, for moral satisfaction, and for all manner of emotional stimulation, from the grossest to the most exalted; let alone the demand for self-expression, for construction, and for skilful handicraft. All these demands, involved in every form of art, are of course demands for pleasure, but some of them are consistent with the production and perception not of beauty but of ugliness.

Now, if 'æsthetic' is made synonymous with 'artistic' and brings the connotation also of 'beautiful,' the pleasure taken in art will be confused with the pleasure derived from beauty; and we shall be landed in that casuistry which admits of beauty dependent on logical clearness, or mechanical skill, or practical fitness, or moral legitimacy, or scientific exactitude, or dramatic interest—in fact, beauty which has every quality except that of not being ugly. Thus, the formula of Keats—'beauty is truth, truth beauty'—either limits the meaning of truth, or extends the meaning of beauty to include a great many

very unbeautiful items. The application of the word 'beautiful' to whatever peculiarity an æsthetician recognises with satisfaction in a work of art, has therefore been the chief reason why the problem of beauty and ugliness has been defrauded of any study commensurate to its importance and its difficulty. It is therefore urgent, as a first step in all æsthetics, that separate expressions should be reserved for 'that which has to do with art,' and 'that which has to do with the beautiful'; and since we already possess the perfectly intelligible adjective 'artistic,' there is every reason that the other adjective 'æsthetic' should be reserved for the designation of the phenomenon of beauty and its correlative ugliness, instead of complicating already intricate enquiries by the shifting of meanings or the introduction of unfamiliar words.

The foregoing discussion may seem a mere dispute about terms. But we shall find that this is not the case, and that the definition of the word 'æsthetic' provides a clue to the whole question, 'What is art, and what has the beautiful to do with art?' For we shall find that it is the demand for beauty which qualifies all the other demands which may seek satisfaction through art, and thereby unites together, by a common factor of variation, all the heterogeneous instincts and activities which go to make up the various branches of art.

This view is nowadays almost universally replaced by some version of the theory, first broached by Schiller in his letters on æsthetics, and revived by Mr Herbert Spencer, according to which art is differentiated from other employments of human activity by being a kind of play. The 'play' theory takes up all the various branches of art, insisting especially on the literary ones and neglecting, as a rule, those where beauty is united to utility, and connects them by the common characteristic of disinterested contemplation, that is to say, the fact, true or false, that they serve no practical aim and constitute a kind of holiday in life. To Schiller's theory of art being a kind of play, and valuable in virtue of its freedom from care, Mr Spencer added the notion that art, like all other forms of play, was the result of stored up energy which found no other modes of venting itself. But this hypothesis of a specific 'play instinct,' of

which art was merely one embodiment, overlooked the fact that nearly all efficient, and certainly all creative work, however much directed to practical ends, must depend upon some surplus of energy, and is, in nearly every case, attended by the pleasure special to the measured doling out of such superabundance.

Professor Groos, not merely one of the most remarkable of living æstheticians but the greatest authority on play as such, has, moreover, been obliged to admit, in his masterly volumes on the play of men and of animals, what is a very damaging fact to his own theory of art, namely, that it is incorrect to speak of any 'play-instinct' as such, and that playing is not a specific activity, but merely one of the modes in which many or most human activities may spend themselves. Professor Groos has therefore rejected Mr Spencer's formula of the 'Art-as-play' theory; but having eliminated the Spencerian notion of the 'surplus energy,' he has merely returned to Schiller's theory that the pleasurable of art is due to the characteristic of all other kinds of play, namely, the sense of freedom or of holiday.

But this is surely an inversion of the true order of facts. We do not take pleasure in playing because playing makes us feel free; but, on the contrary, we get greater and more unmixed pleasure while playing, because we are free to leave off and alter—in fact, to do what we cannot do while working, accommodate our activity to our pleasure. Professor Groos has himself, in a memorable formula which we shall meet anon, connected the special pleasurable sought for by art with an activity totally different from play as such. And I hope to show that Schiller's opposition between the serenity of art and the severity of life is very far from fundamental. I hope, assisted thereto by some of Professor Groos's own hypotheses, to suggest that the æsthetic condition is, on the contrary, the outcome of nearly all healthfully constant and repeated acts of attention; and that art, so far from delivering us from the sense of really living, merely selects, intensifies, and multiplies those states of serenity of which we are given the sample, too rare, too small, and too alloyed, in the course of our normal practical life.

And here we find ourselves once more in presence of



the distinction between 'artistic' and 'æsthetic,' and the necessity of reserving the second of these terms for our impressions of beauty and ugliness. For, after having found that the artistic employment of certain faculties cannot be differentiated by calling it play, we shall find that the very finest works of art have been produced by the expressive, constructive, logical, and other activities, when most practically employed, and to the exclusion even of all decoration, which might be explained as a parasitic excrescence of play upon work. There is no playing when a potter or an architect alters the shape of a vessel or a building until it become what we call beautiful; nor when a writer arranges his sentences or a stone-cutter his lettering in such a manner that we shall not merely learn but be pleased in the course of learning. And if a freedom from practical considerations is undoubtedly implied in such making of necessary things beautiful, that freedom is not the aim of this artistic process, but its necessary condition, since we do not act freely in order to take pleasure in freedom, but please ourselves because we happen to be free to do so.

If, therefore, we give the name of art to every such attempt to add another quality beside that of utility to useful things or useful acts, there is a common character which differentiates art from all other activities, whether working or playing. And this common character, which makes sometimes play and sometimes work artistic, and whose absence removes play and work alike from out of the category of art, is precisely that character, absolutely *sui generis*, for which I desire to reserve the word 'æsthetic.' For if we examine all the categories of art, we shall find, whatever their primary object—whether the construction of something useful, the expounding or recording of something significant, the expression of an emotion or the satisfaction of a craving, the doing of something whether practical or unpractical, useful or mischievous—whatever this primary object may be, its attainment is differentiated by the attempt to avoid as much ugliness and to attain as much beauty as the particular circumstances will admit. The required building or machine may be inevitably awkward in parts; the person to be portrayed may be intrinsically ugly; the fact to be communicated may be disgusting;

the instinct to be satisfied may be brutal or lewd; yet, if the building or machine, the portrait, the description, the dance, the gesture, the dress, is to affect us as being artistic, it must possess, in greater or lesser degree, the special peculiarity of being beautiful. And where, on the contrary, this demand for beauty has not been manifest, where there has been no attempt to substitute beautiful for ugly arrangements of line, space, colour, sound, words or movements, there the word 'artistic' is inapplicable in contradistinction to the phrases technically ingenious, logically reasonable, practically appropriate, sensually agreeable, emotionally exciting, morally commendable, or any of the other qualifications of human work or human play. Art, therefore, is the manifestation of any group of faculties, the expression of any instincts, the answer to any needs, which is to any extent qualified, that is to say, restrained, added to, altered, or deflected, in obedience to a desire totally separate from any of these, possessing its own reasons, its own standards and its own imperative, which desire is the æsthetic desire. And the quality answering to this æsthetic desire is what we call Beauty; the quality which it avoids or diminishes is Ugliness.

We have now come to the second main problem of æsthetics: what is Beauty? Is it a specific quality, more or less universally sought for and recognised? or is it the mere expression of certain variable relations, of suitability, novelty, tradition, and so forth? That beauty is visible adaptation to an end, human or divine, continues to be brought forward as a whole or partial explanation by a number of æstheticians. The notion is implicit, for instance, in Ruskin's insistence on the merely constructive and practical necessities of architecture. Yet this explanation has little philosophical credit, and was thoroughly refuted already by Kant, whose 'Urtheilskraft' is, by the way, an important contribution to æsthetics. Another explanation of beauty confuses it with the technical skill or the logical clearness necessary for its manifestation; another notion recurs in a subtler form in the recent tendency to make ease of perception not a condition, but an equivalent to beauty, the identification, for instance, of such simplifying of lines and planes as makes a picture or statue easily apprehended with such arranging of

them as makes it repay our apprehension of it. And this erroneous view is extremely difficult to avoid, and, in the present day, often goes with the greatest subtlety of artistic perception among æstheticians.

The alternative notion, that to be beautiful implies a relation entirely *sui generis* between visible and audible forms and ourselves, can be deduced from comparison between the works of art of different kinds, periods, and climates. For such comparison will show that given proportions, shapes, patterns, compositions, have a tendency to recur whenever art is not disturbed by a self-conscious desire for novelty. Such comparison will show that mankind has normally preferred its visible goods and chattels, for instance, to embody certain peculiarities of symmetry and asymmetry, balance and accent; and has invariably, when acting spontaneously and unreflectingly, altered the shapes afforded by reality or suggested by practical requirements until they have conformed to certain recurrent types. Such comparative study as this, just beginning in our days (thanks in some measure to mechanical facilitation like casting and photography), should become the very core of all æsthetic science. For only the study of the work of art itself can reveal what answers to the name of beauty, and on what main peculiarities of form this quality of beauty depends. And until we know this we shall continue the vague or even fruitless speculations of former philosophers as to how and why beauty affects us at all, and the random guesses of art critics as to the manner in which such beauty has been obtained.

This comparative study of art—the comparison of category with category, work with work, detail with detail—has depended, hitherto, mainly on the attempts to ascertain the authorship of individual works of art, on the part, for instance, of archæologists of the type of Furtwängler and Wickow, and of connoisseurs of painting of the Morelli school. And, on the other hand, it has been greatly helped by the studies and demonstrations of a small number of practical artists, like the sculptor Hildebrand in his book on *Sculptural Form*, and like Ruskin himself, not merely in his writings, but in the diagrams and illustrations with which he supplemented them. This study of the real constitution of the work of art will

probably sooner or later be enriched by the methodical comparison, not merely of form as it exists in art—art of the weaver, the potter, the armourer as much as of the architect or painter—and as it exists in superior and inferior work, but by the comparison also of form in real objects and form as modified, ‘stylised,’ by art. In the finest sculpture, antique and mediæval, the play of muscles, for instance, is not given as it is mechanically inevitable in reality; and many facts of bodily structure are deviated from in the search after agreeable surface and mass. Similarly, the perspective, the composition, of great pictures is at variance with that of real landscape; and in pattern as such, animal and vegetable shapes have been made congruous, symmetrical, rhythmical, so as to suit an æsthetic imperative recognisable equally in the basket-work of savages and the carvings of Gothic stonemasons.

I have used more than once the expression *æsthetic imperative*. Such an imperative is implicit, of course, in all artistic tradition, and directs the practice of every craftsman and every school. Nay, could we but translate into logical terms, into intelligible words, the unspoken and unformulated preferences which every artist, great or small, obeys, we should know very accurately what is and what is not beautiful, and wherein resides the essential quality of every work and every school of art. But as artistic practice is its own and only expression, and the reasons determining the craftsman are necessarily unconscious—in so far as we identify consciousness with logic and words—the study of what beauty is can be carried on only by the scientific methods of comparison and elimination. And we can symbolise as well as exemplify this method as applied to visual art, by taking the photograph of a real object and that of the same object artistically rendered; effacing, adding to, altering each until the two have become similar; pursuing the same system of practical analysis and synthesis with works of different kinds and degrees of merit; determining by such elimination and integration what constitutes what we call ‘beauty’; and then verifying our conclusions by statistically treated comparison of recurrent artistic forms, of which the uniformity of recurrence would prove the universal acceptability.

But why should we thus prefer certain arrangements of lines, colours, surfaces and sounds—let alone of words? The psychological side of æsthetics, and its interdependence with all other questions of mental science, begins with this question, of which the scientific statement would be as follows: What facts of consciousness in the first place, what physiological processes in the second, appear to underlie or to accompany the satisfaction in certain forms as being beautiful, and the dissatisfaction in certain other forms as being ugly?

This problem, whose final solution is naturally conditioned by the general advance of psychology, of course repeats itself with reference to every kind of art, and every craft involving questions of beauty and ugliness. But in literature the question is immensely complicated by other interests, logical, emotional, and practical, which make up the bulk of what is only partially fine art; and it is obscured by detail questions like those of the direct action of words, none of which have been properly examined as yet. The æsthetics of music are, if possible, in a still more backward condition, owing to the special difficulty of self-observation and the hopeless confusion of the terms employed. So that, despite the value of men like Stumpf, Hanslick, and Dauriac, I am not aware of any progress since the masterly analysis of the late Edmund Gurney, whose great work on 'The Power of Sound' refuted all existing explanations without substituting any new ones. But the arts appealing to the eye have proved less refractory to psychological investigation; as they have, moreover, thanks to connoisseurs, archæologists, and anthropologists, been far more scientifically examined. So with regard to them it is already possible to show the chief tracks along which observation and hypothesis are moving, the direction in which all categories of art philosophy will be bound to go.

One of the most valuable negative results of modern æsthetics—a result to which the various students, connoisseurs, archæologists, historians, psychologists have co-operated without fully appreciating its importance—is the distinction between the qualities of a visible figure, pattern, or, more summarily, 'form,' and the qualities suggested by the identification of this form as representing a given object. For each of these sets of qualities can

affect us independently, even sometimes contradictorily; and the manner of perceiving them is not similar. Thus it is possible that a given form, that is, a given arrangement of lines, planes, and colours, may affect us as being what we call ugly, although the object represented, that is, the thing which we are made to think of, affects us as being what we call beautiful.

Take, for instance, certain painted or carved garlands: they give us the pleasure of thinking of the beauty, freshness, sweetness, etc., of flowers and the pleasantness of concomitant circumstances; yet they give us, at the same time, the displeasure of their broken lines and irregular bulgings, of confusion and lack of harmony; the flowers suggested were delightful, but the pattern suggesting them was wretched. Or take a portrait, say by Van Eyck or Rembrandt. It may strike us as ugly when we recognise it as the face of a human being, and endow it with its associated peculiarities of disagreeable texture, poor health, and bad temper or sensuality. But it may at the same time strike us as beautiful if we attend to its intrinsic peculiarities as a visible form, the manner in which it fills up space, the movement of lines and surfaces, the total harmony of its appearance.

This difference between the thing seen and the thing suggested explains why crowds will be interested by pictures which lovers of art reject utterly; and why, on the other hand, æsthetic persons will be fascinated by patterns on stuffs and shapes of utensils which the man bent on practical or literary interest passes by without a glance; and, similarly, why so many 'works of art,' illustrations to books or portraits for instance, will be thrown aside as eyesores after a moment's keen interest; whereas quite unobtrusive things, barely commented on at first, a cornice, a chair, a table, a pot, may work their way into our affections and cause positive distress by their defacement.

This difference between what is commonly designated as form and subject (though it were clearer to say 'form and object') corresponds with that between seeing and recognising. When a sportsman sees a hare previous to firing at it, he does not, he cannot, see the whole shape of the animal; but he notices, he detects, some peculiarity which, given the surroundings, suggests the notion of a



hare. Neither more nor less than the notion of a hare, that is to say, a synthesis of various qualities, is suggested to his dog by a certain scent. What are wrongly called optical delusions, by which we misjudge sizes, directions and shapes, and occasionally take one thing for another, a flat surface for a bossy one, smoke for water, a bush for a man, are a proof that the supposed act of seeing is, nine times out of ten, the mental construction of an object upon one or two visual indications.

This abbreviated way of seeing is usual whenever we have to decide what a fact of sight probably represents in order to adapt our action or to pass on to some other similar interpretation; it is the way of seeing characteristic either of rapid change in the world around us or of rapid shifting of our own attention. But the thorough and, so to say, real seeing, the perception of the visible form in its detail and its whole, takes place whenever we are brought long or frequently before the same external things, and have occasion to grow familiar with their aspect: it is in this manner that we see the rooms we inhabit, the country we live in, the clothes we wear, the tools we handle, the persons that we take interest in; the characteristic of this seeing, as distinguished from recognising, being the survival, in our memory, of an image, more or less vivid, of that thing's visible presence. Therefore, as already hinted, we may tolerate ugliness when we merely recognise, that is, detect a characteristic and follow a train of suggestion; but we demand beauty whenever our attention recurs to a form, lingers on its details, or is confronted steadily with its image in memory. And conversely, we avoid and forget the ugly facts of reality, while we seek to see once more, or to remember, all sights which have affected us as being beautiful. And whereas, of course, attractiveness of suggestion is the extrinsic quality of works of art, and the quality liable to change and to wearing out, this enduring fascination, this intrinsic merit, consists in the attractiveness, which we call beauty, of their form.

Now, the thorough seeing of form, the dwelling of our attention upon its intrinsic peculiarities, the realisation, in fact, of form as such, implies upon our part a special activity which, according to the case, is accompanied by satisfaction or dissatisfaction. This special activity is the

interpretation of form according to the facts of our own inner experience, the attribution to form of modes of being, moving and feeling similar to our own; and this projection of our own life into what we see is pleasant or unpleasant because it facilitates or hampers our own vitality.

The discovery of this projection of our inner experience into the forms which we see and realise is the central discovery of modern æsthetics. It had been foreshadowed by various psychologists, and is implied in the metaphor of many poets. But it owes its first clear statement and its appropriate designation to Lotze, who, fifty years ago, wrote in his 'Mikrokosmos' a passage destined to become classic in mental science, which I quote, because it presents this rather intricate psychological phenomenon in very familiar and intelligible instances.

'Our fancy meets with no visible shape so refractory that the former cannot transport us into it and make us share its life. Nor is this possibility of entering into the vital modes of what is foreign to us limited to creatures whose kind and ways approximate to ours; to the bird, for instance, who sings joyously in his flight. We participate just as well in the narrow existence of the mollusc, realising in imagination the monotonous well-being got by the opening and shutting of its shell. We project ourselves not merely into the forms of the tree, identifying our life with that of the slender shoots which swell and stretch forth, feeling in our soul the delight of the branches which droop and poise delicately in mid-air. We extend equally to lifeless things these feelings which lend them meaning. And by such feelings we transform the inert masses of a building into so many limbs of a living body, a body experiencing inner strains which we transport back into ourselves.' (Book v, cap. 2.)

'To imagine things as they are for themselves,' writes M. Souriau, a most suggestive psychologist, whose æsthetics would have been extraordinarily valuable if only he had added a knowledge of contemporary German thought to his own investigations on the subject:

'to imagine things as they are for themselves, is tantamount to imagining what they would be if they had an obscure consciousness of their own existence. Now we have only one way of thus imagining things from inside, and that is, to put ourselves inside them.'

For this 'putting ourselves inside' the things to which we attribute modes of feeling and acting similar to ours the German language has afforded a most fortunate expression; it calls it *Einfühlung*, literally 'feeling ourselves into.' Such projection of ourselves into external objects, such interpretation by our own experience of their modes of existence, such '*Einfühlung*,' is not merely manifest throughout all poetry, where it borders on and overlaps moral sympathy, but is at the bottom of numberless words and expressions whose daily use has made us overlook this special peculiarity. We say, for instance, that hills roll and mountains rise, although we know as a geological fact that what they really do is to suffer denudation above and thickening below. Also that arches spring, cupolas soar, belfries point, although the material buildings obey simply the laws of gravitation. Nay, we attribute movement to motionless lines and surfaces; they move, spread out, flow, bend, twist, etc. They do, to quote M. Souriau's ingenious formula, what we should feel ourselves doing if we were inside them. For we *are* inside them; we have 'felt ourselves,' projected our own experience, into them. And here, before going deeper into this subject, and coming into the presence of the greatest discoverer in this field of æsthetics, let me ask the reader to think over the last sentence in my quotation from Lotze: 'We transform by such feelings the inert masses of a building into so many limbs of a living body.' That is the text, suggestive, but still very fragmentary. Here is the commentary, full, clear, and of the most far-reaching application, as given us by Theodor Lipps in his great work on '*Spatial Æsthetics and Optical Illusions*':

'When the Doric column lifts itself, what precisely is it that does the lifting? Is it the mass of stone of which the column is made? . . . It is not the column, but the spatial image presented us by the column, which does this lifting. It is the lines, the surfaces, the bodily shapes, not the material masses embodying the surfaces, bounded by the lines, filling out a figured space; it is the lines, surfaces and shapes which bend or wind, which expand or contract. They also, and they alone, are for our æsthetic contemplation the loading element. It is not the roof of a building which presses down; it is the visible surface of the roof which presses down or

obeys a downward tendency. . . . The material masses combine, in the measure requisite to their material existence, their material weight, cohesion, carrying power, etc.; or combine them according as is most conducive to the material existence of the whole. The forms combine in the manner of their æsthetic character or in such manner as shall be æsthetically significant. Such significant combination of æsthetic relations is given in idea [i.e. to our imagination]. The arrangement of material masses constitutes the technical creation; but only this combination of æsthetic relations for our imagination constitutes a work of art. As in every other case, so here also the essential of the work of art is an imaginary world unified and self-contained ["eine und in sich zwar geschlossene ideelle Welt"].'

This phenomenon of æsthetic 'Einfühlung' is therefore analogous to that of moral sympathy. Just as when we 'put ourselves in the place' or more vulgarly 'in the skin' of a fellow creature, we are, in fact, attributing to him the feelings we should have in similar circumstances, so, in looking at the Doric column, for instance, and its entablature, we are attributing to the lines and surfaces, to the spatial forms, those dynamic experiences which we should have were we to put our bodies into similar conditions. Moreover, just as sympathy with the grief of our neighbours implies in ourselves knowledge of the conflicting states—hope, resignation, pain, and the efforts against pain—which constitute similar grief in our own experience; so this æsthetic attribution of our own dynamic modes to visible forms implies the realisation in our consciousness of the various conflicting strains and pressures, of the resistance and the yielding which constitute any given dynamic and volitional experiences of our own. When we attribute to the Doric column a condition akin to our own in keeping erect and defying the force of gravitation, there is the revival in our mind of a little drama we have experienced many millions of times, and which has become registered in our memory, even like that less common drama of hope, disappointment and anguish which has been revived in the case of our neighbour's grief and attributed to him.

But modern psychology, ever since the early work of Wundt, has inclined to teach us that a revival in memory is a repetition, however much blurred and

weakened, of a past process. So that when we project into the soul of our bereaved neighbour such feelings as we have ourselves experienced on similar occasions; when we interpret the forms of architecture in the terms of our own muscular pressures and strains, of our own volitional yielding and resistance, and of those combinations thereof which we designate as *rhythm*; we are in both cases, however seemingly different, producing in ourselves that particular dynamical experience which we attribute to the person we have sympathised with, to the form 'into which we have felt ourselves.' The projection of our experience into the *non-ego* involves the more or less vivid revival of that experience in ourselves; and that revival, according to its degree of vividness, is subject to the same accompaniment of satisfaction or dissatisfaction as the original experience. So, when this attribution of our modes of life to visible shapes and this revival of past experience is such as to be favourable to our existence and in so far pleasurable, we welcome the form thus animated by ourselves as 'beautiful'; and when all these processes of attribution and revival of our dynamic experiences are, on the contrary, unfavourable to us we avoid that form as 'ugly.'

Such, roughly stated and deduced out of the many examples and repetitions in his paper, appears to be the central hypothesis of Professor Lipps' 'Spatial Æsthetics.' Exclusively interested as he is in the problems of consciousness as such, averse from the materialistic tendencies of psycho-physics, and suspicious of all attempts at reducing ideas and emotions to bodily conditions, Professor Lipps proceeds no further in his examination of this question. Considered as an activity of the soul, *Einfühlung* cannot be denied existence. We irrefutably do possess dynamic experience; we revive it and derive satisfaction or dissatisfaction from its projection into what we call visible form.

This is all that Professor Lipps has cared to teach; and the teaching of this is enough for the unrivalled greatness of a single philosopher. But other æstheticians, unable to attain to Lipps' satisfactoriness of explanation, have pushed the problem of *Einfühlung* a good deal further. And here we come once more into the presence of Professor Karl Groos, who is, after Lipps,

decidedly the most important of contemporary German writers on these questions. Already in his earlier introduction to æsthetics, in 1892, he had insisted on a variety of æsthetic *Einfühlung* to which he had given the somewhat misleading name of 'Inner Mimicry'; and he has returned in his '*Spiele der Menschen*,' and his second volume of æsthetics, to the notion that—

'in complete æsthetic enjoyment there are present motor phenomena of an imitative character, and that these show the sympathy in question (*Miterleben*) to be a bodily participation.'

The dynamic experience invoked by Lipps is referable, after all, to original movements. Does not its revival imply a renewal of some, at least, of the bodily phenomena constituting those movements? Professor Groos reminds us that feelings of muscular strain have been recognised, ever since the studies of Lotze and Fechner, to accompany in many persons the sight, or even the recollection, of fencing or billiard matches; that similar sensations in the vocal organs have been even more commonly remarked to attend the hearing or thinking of musical intervals; that there are such physical accompaniments to almost all emotional states, and that they have been disputed over, as universal or as limited to Charcot's 'motor type,' by physiologists quite innocent of æsthetics, like Professor Stricker and Dr Ballet. Moreover, Professor Groos has pointed out the sense of bodily excitement and well-being accompanying all strong æsthetic emotion, of which innumerable expressions in ordinary language are witness.

That æsthetic *Einfühlung* is based upon, or universally accompanied by, actual bodily changes, Professor Groos seems unwilling as yet to assert in the teeth of Lipps' hostility to such a notion. But having admitted that bodily accompaniments of æsthetic conditions may exist only among the large class of what are called 'motor individuals,' as distinguished from 'visualisers' and 'auditives,' he boldly claims that thorough æsthetic realisation, or what he calls 'inner mimicry' and consequent vivid æsthetic satisfaction, is limited exactly to the individuals of more or less 'motor' type, to those, in fact, presenting such bodily accompaniments to æsthetical conditions.



'It is probable' (he writes) 'that it may appear presumptuous on the part of us individuals of the motor type, if we believe ourselves to be capable of æsthetic enjoyment more intense than that of such others as are without all similar bodily resonance. But this view is only natural; the difference between us and them is just in the summation of present sensations with past ones, that is to say, in a more complete condition than theirs is.'\*

Contemporaneously with the speculations of Lipps and of Groos, and in complete ignorance of both, an attempt was being made, by two English students of art history, to carry the same ideas still further in the direction of psycho-physical parallelism. In an essay on 'Beauty and Ugliness,' published in the 'Contemporary Review' (Oct. 1897), the æsthetic seeing, the 'realisation,' of form, was connected by C. Anstruther-Thomson and the present writer with bodily conditions, motor phenomena, of a most complex and important kind. It was claimed by these writers that a long course of special training had magnified not only their powers of self-observation, but also most probably the normally minute, nay, so to speak, microscopic and imperceptible bodily sensations accompanying the action of eye and attention in the realisation of visible form. Among these habitually disregarded or completely fused sensations, there could be distinguished, with certain individuals at least, not merely the 'muscular strains,' already noticed by Lotze and Fechner, and the vaguer organic perturbations referred to by Groos, but definite 'sensations of direction' (tensions corresponding to *up, down, through, alongside*, similar to those remarked upon by William James in his 'Psychology') and sensations of modification in the highly subtle apparatus for equilibrium; and finally, sensations of altered respiration and circulation sufficient to account for massive conditions of organic well-being and the reverse.

These observations, whether they deal with mere individual idiosyncrasy, with peculiarities (as Professor

---

\* I have had to extend this sentence for greater clearness. Professor Groos' view has been borne out by the answers I have been able to get to a paper of questions. Out of fifty answers there is a remarkable agreement between the existence of æsthetic feelings and certain other characteristics of the 'motor type,' and *vice versa*.

Groos suggests) of the 'motor type,' or whether they prove of more general character, were welded into a theory of æsthetic pleasure and pain by the perhaps hasty acceptance of what is known in recent psychology as the 'Lange-James Hypothesis.' Professors Lange and William James had, it should be explained, independently of one another, suggested that the conditions of bodily change, e.g., the reddening and shrinking of shame, the constriction, turning cold and white, the semi-paralysis of fear, which had hitherto been accepted as after-effects of various emotions, were, on the contrary, the contents of that 'feeling,' in fact, constituted, together with the idea of the feeling's objective cause, the whole of that feeling, say of shame or of fear. By an obvious analogy, the feeling of the various muscular strains, changes of equilibrium and respiratory and circulatory changes, might be considered as constituting the special æsthetic emotion, varying with every form contemplated, and agreeable or disagreeable according as these changes were or were not favourable to life as a whole. The hypothesis advanced in the 'Contemporary Review' sinned first by building upon the Lange-James theory, of which itself would be one of the strongest proofs; and secondly, by misapprehending the still most difficult problem whether pleasure and pain are separate emotions or merely modalities of all emotion. But, despite these and many other faults, the essay on 'Beauty and Ugliness' has an undeniable importance—that of originating not in psychological speculations, but in study of the individual work of art and its individual effects; and thereby attacking the central problem of æsthetics, and arriving at the fact of *Einfühlung*, from sides other than those whence Lipps, Groos and their followers have started.

If the authors of that essay were to restate their views after study of contemporary German æstheticians, and after additional observation and meditation on their own part, the result might be summed up, and the theory of *Einfühlung* rounded off as follows: All visual perception is accompanied by interpretation of the seen shapes in terms of previous experience. When attention shifts rapidly for the sake of practical adaptation or expression, the shape is seen in the most summary and

partial manner, barely sufficient to awaken the idea of peculiarities which may be associated with it, as texture, weight, temperature, position, smell, taste, use, etc., and to initiate, in most cases, some series of movements by which we adapt ourselves to these peculiarities. This process is that of recognising, naming; and it becomes an ever-shortened and more automatic act of guessing from a minimum of data at the real nature of the seen object and at our proper reactions towards its presence. Such is visual perception considered as recognition. But when, instead of such perfunctory shifting, the attention deals long or frequently (in actual present fact or in memory) with any visible shape, there sets in another kind of interpretation; and other data of experience become fused with those of sight. There become attributed to that shape not objective qualities with which it has previously been found accompanied, but modes of activity of our own evoked in the realisation of the relations of that shape's constituent elements; and, instead of adjusting to movements destined to react upon the seen object, our motor activities rehearse the tensions, pressures, thrusts, resistances, efforts, the volition, in fact, the life, with its accompanying emotions, which we project into the form and attribute to it.

Such is the *Einfühlung* of Lipps. Now this projection of our own dynamical and emotional experience into the seen form, implies a reviviscence of those particular dynamical and emotional experiences. If, as there is reason to think, revival in memory is tantamount to actual repetition of an inner process, this attribution of our life to seen shapes will, just in proportion to its intensity, imply or induce an activity in the bodily systems involved in the original dynamical or emotional experiences thus received and thus projected outside ourselves. And, whether through direct connection with the original dynamic experience, or owing to their greater or lesser facility, other bodily conditions, alterations, for instance, in the respiration and circulation, will also come into play, and add their particular quality and force to the total phenomenon of consciousness. According as this total condition, bodily or mental, is favourable or not to life, pleasure or displeasure will result; and, in all probability, this pleasure or displeasure

will itself provoke fresh organic alterations adding, in their turn, new doses of satisfaction or dissatisfaction to the existing mass.

Thus, whether we accept the Lange-James theory and view the revived dynamical conditions and their associated organic changes as constituting the æsthetic emotion; or whether we rest satisfied with the statement that the revived dynamic conditions are the cause, and the organic changes the result, of this æsthetic emotion; whichever alternative we choose, we should yet possess an hypothesis explaining why the realising in attention of a visible shape produces a feeling of pleasure or displeasure—a feeling sometimes filling the whole soul and occasionally marked by unmistakeable bodily sensations. Thus the logical development of the notion of æsthetic *Einfühlung*, its conception as a deep-reaching and intricate complexus of action and reaction of what we distinguish as body and soul, would explain how beauty has come to be associated with all our notions of order, of goodness, of health, and of more complete life; and ugliness, on the contrary, with everything by which the life of body and soul is diminished and jeopardised.

After thus analysing the presumable nature of the æsthetic phenomenon, it is perhaps well to remind the reader that, by the very constitution thereof, such analytical knowledge of it is denied us during its duration. For, in the first place, the dynamic conditions generated by constant repetition, and therefore bearing no sort of 'local marks,' are, by the act of 'Einfühlung,' projected out of ourselves and attributed to the seen shapes, much in the same way as changes in the eye and optic nerve are not localised in them, but projected, as the attribute colour, into the objects originally producing them. And, in the second place, the accompanying organic changes are also divested of definite 'local marks' and fused into a complex emotional quality (well-being, *malaise*, high or low spirits) which must be disintegrated before its components can be picked out. Hence, whatever the processes into which the æsthetic phenomenon be analysed by methods of special observation or reasoning, the phenomenon as such remains a dualism expressible only as follows: 'This form is beautiful'; and 'I like seeing this form.' Moreover, as both Professor

Lipps and the authors of the essay on 'Beauty and Ugliness' insist, the æsthetic phenomenon is individual, and varies with every single individual form; and, since it consists in the attribution of an individual and varying complexus of dynamic (and perhaps organic) conditions, it must always, in real experience, bear the character of the individual form by which it is elicited. There is, in reality, no such thing as 'the beautiful.' There are only separate and different beautiful forms.

The acceptance of some such explanation of the preference for beauty and the aversion to ugliness will make it evident why the æsthetic instinct, instead of calling any art into existence, in reality regulates the various formative, imitative, and expressive impulses which variously combine in the production of art; imposing upon these activities a 'how,' an imperative as categorical as the one which the moral sense imposes on the practical impulses of existence. Considered, moreover, as such a regulating instinct, æsthetic preference is evidently concerned with a field far wider than that of art. And, indeed, study of the crafts and manufactures whose evolution has not been (as in our transitional civilization) abnormally rapid, shows that all objects and all rites on which the attention dwells frequently or long, have taken that æsthetic character which we now-a-days associate, most falsely, with notions of uselessness or play. Indeed it is historically demonstrable (as Ruskin and Morris guessed) that the production of 'works of art' as such, and independent of ulterior purposes, is a mark of æsthetic decay or anarchy; for no form can be either fully perfected by the craftsman or appreciated by the public unless it be familiar; that is to say, unless its complete 'Einfühlung' be secured by repetition in every variety of application, as we find it the case with the forms of Egyptian, Hellenic, or mediæval art, which exist equally in the most exalted and the most humble applications. And similarly the separation of a class of 'artists' (with its corresponding class of 'art-lovers') from ordinary craftsmen and average mankind, has always brought about æsthetic uncertainty, since this independent class has invariably tended to what is called 'art for art's sake,' that is to say, art in which technical skill, scientific

knowledge, desire for novelty or self-expression have broken with those traditions resulting from the unconscious sway of spontaneous æsthetic preference.

These traditions, representing the satisfaction of the æsthetic instinct through universal and long practice, are the stuff of every artistic style. The individual artist, however great, merely selects among the forms habitual in his youth and alters them, even as the mechanical inventor or the philosopher alters and develops the appliances or the systems of his predecessors. One of the earliest results of the historical and critical work of archaeologists and 'connoisseurs' has been the recognition of the kinship between the masterpiece and the 'school-work' from which it arises and which arises from it; how many persons could tell a Giorgione, for instance, from a Cariani, or a Botticelli from a Bottacini? And the far harder problem of what difference of individual temperament lends to the masterpiece its irresistible vividness and harmony, its inexhaustible richness—this, the problem of artistic genius, allows us to guess (though itself unsolved) that the greatest innovator does not create out of nothing, but transmutes already existing forms into something possessing the familiarity of the old and the fascination of the new.

Hence we see that the most sovereign art has always arisen when genius has not been wearied in the search for novelty nor wasted in the making of things appealing only to the idle and superfine. We must not be misled, like Tolstoi, by the æsthetic anarchy resulting from that rush of inventions and reforms, that confusion of historically and geographically alien habits and standards, which has marked the last hundred years. Such moments of ferment and disintegration are necessarily rare and passing; and their artistic chaos or sterility is abnormal and of little consequence. The history of art shows, on the contrary, that even barbarism has not atrophied or interfered with the æsthetic instinct. We see that in any civilisation which was widespread, homogeneous and stable, the most consummate works of art could be enjoyed by every one, because the forms embodied in, say, the Egyptian temple or the Gothic cathedral, the Greek statue or Japanese painting, were the forms familiar in every craft, through an unbroken succession of kindred works of every degree



of excellence. Applying the conceptions of recent æstheticians, we perceive that the art of any time or country was the common property of all the men thereof, simply because the craftsmen had the habit not merely of those general relations of proportion and dimension whose *Einfühlung* is agreeable to the normal human being, but also of those more special forms into which the men of different places and periods have been wont to project, by æsthetic sympathy, the modes of acting and willing most favourable to their well-being.

That such æsthetic well-being, whatever its precise psychological and physiological explanation, is of a very deep-seated, highly-organised and far-spreading kind, has been, I trust, made evident to the reader of these pages. Dependent on all our habits of movement, of resistance, and of effort; commensurate with our experience of balance and volition; irradiated through our innermost bodily life, it is no wonder that æsthetic well-being should be associated with our preference for order, temperance, for aspiring and harmonious activity; or that philosophers, from Plato to Schopenhauer, should have guessed that the contemplation of beauty was one of the moral needs of the human creature.

Evolutional speculation may indeed add that this harmonious vitalising of the soul, this rhythmical co-operation of so many kinds of feeling and doing, this sympathising projection of man's modes into nature, and this repercussion of nature's fancied attributes in man's own life, have answered some utility by unifying consciousness and rhythmically heightening vitality. And, in the light of these theories, the irresistible instinct will be justified, by which all times and peoples, despite the doubts of philosophers and the scruples of ascetics, have invariably employed art as the expression of religion and bowed before beauty as a visible manifestation of the divine.

Such are the main problems which the new science of æsthetics has undertaken to solve; and such a few of the answers which it is already enabled to foreshadow.

VERNON LEE.

# Art. V.—RETALIATION AND SCIENTIFIC TAXATION.

1. *Tariff Reform*. I. Economic Notes on Insular Free Trade. II. Speech delivered at Sheffield (October 1, 1903). III. Speech delivered at Bristol (November 13, 1903), together with Letter to the Rt Hon. J. Chamberlain, M.P. (September 16, 1903). By the Rt Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. London: Longmans, 1904.
2. *Imperial Union and Tariff Reform*. Speeches delivered from May 15 to November 4, 1903, by the Rt Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P.; with an Introduction. London: Grant Richards, 1903.
3. *Trade and the Empire*. Four Speeches by the Rt Hon. H. H. Asquith, K.C., M.P. London: Methuen, 1903.
4. *The Prime Minister's Pamphlet*. By Julian Sturgis. London: Longmans, 1903.
5. *Elements of the Fiscal Problem*. By L. G. Chiozza Money. London: King, 1903.
6. *The Fiscal Dispute made Easy*. A Book for both Parties. By W. H. Mallock. London: Nash, 1903.
7. *The Free Trader*. Published for the Free Trade Union. Numbers 1-35. London, 1903-4.
8. *The Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times*. By W. Cunningham, D.D. Two vols. Part I: The Mercantile System. Part II: Laissez-faire. Cambridge: University Press, 1903.
9. *National Progress in Wealth and Trade since 1882*. By A. L. Bowley. London: King, 1904.
10. *Fifty Years of Progress and the New Fiscal Policy*. By Lord Brassey. London: Longmans, 1904.
11. *British Industries*. Edited by W. J. Ashley. London: Longmans, 1903.
12. *Imperial Preferential Trade from a Colonial Point of View*. By Adam Shortt. Toronto: Morang, 1904.

Now that Mr Chamberlain has allowed colonial preference to fall into the background, and has committed to his Tariff Commission the duty of formulating a model protectionist budget, the most immediately important thing before the country in the fiscal controversy is to understand the position of the Prime Minister. In the early days of Mr Chamberlain's new propaganda, and even at the time of his later speeches, the desire to ascertain

the precise extent to which Mr Balfour accompanied, or might be expected ultimately to accompany him, pushed aside any effort that might otherwise have been made to ascertain what Mr Balfour's own convictions and policy were. For this, no doubt, his declaration that he was without settled convictions—though recently explained as made in a restricted sense—was largely responsible. This phase has, however, now passed away; Mr Balfour has developed decided convictions, and it is well that the country should understand what they really are.

Mr Balfour limits his official policy to negotiation and retaliation, and in propounding the doctrine of retaliation he proceeds on distinctive lines. At Sheffield he limited retaliation to cases of outrageous unfairness towards British trade on the part of foreign nations. At Bristol he advanced considerably beyond his Sheffield lead; and on March 7, in Parliament, he incorporated in the exposition of his views not only all that he said at Bristol, but also the more comprehensive acceptance of colonial preference, retaliation, and the principle of taxing food embodied in his speech in the House of Commons on May 28, 1903. In his 'Economic Notes' Mr Balfour argued that international commerce ought to flow in a volume proportionate to the growing numbers and wealth of the population, but that hostile tariffs had prevented it from doing so; and he wanted to know whether we were to be permitted to take our fair share in the growing industrial progress of the world. His answer was:—

'I see no satisfactory symptoms. The highly developed industrial countries, like Germany, America, and France, give no sign of any wish to relax their protectionist system. The less developed protectionist communities, like Russia, and some of our own self-governing colonies, are busily occupied in building up protected interests within their borders—a process which is doubtless costly to them, but is not on that account the less injurious to us.'

At Bristol Mr Balfour returned to this aspect of the situation, and put a series of questions to opponents of fiscal reform. 'Are we to see,' he asked, 'one neutral country after another absorbed in the general stream of protection, while we are not to lift a finger to prevent it?' With regard to the consumer, he inquired whether his

interests are 'promoted by permitting a form of foreign bounty-fed competition by which the capital of our manufactures and the skill of our workmen are alike threatened?' In this description, it may be assumed, dumping is included. His next inquiry was whether opponents of tariff reform do not 'think it worth while, even at the possible cost of a temporary rise of price to the consumer, to save home industries, which it is easy to destroy but not easy to build up?' Next he inquired whether 'taxation is never, under any circumstances, to be imposed except for revenue purposes?'—a proposition that no sane human being has ever made. Finally, he asked, 'If our colonies give us preferential treatment, do they [the opponents of fiscal reform] or do they not mean to allow them to be penalised for their patriotism by any foreign power?' The Government, Mr Balfour said, answered all these questions in one way.

Such is Mr Balfour's expansion of the Sheffield 'lead.' Retaliation is to be a weapon not merely against 'outrageous unfairness' by high-tariff countries; it is to be used against neutral countries that propose to build up industries behind tariffs, and, for anything that appears to the contrary, against colonies that adopt such a policy; it is to be used against all forms of bounty—exceptional railway rates or shipping rates, as well as direct bounties, and the manipulations of Kartells and Trusts; it is to be employed against Germany or any other Power that differentiates against colonies that give the mother-country a preference; and it is not to remain unused merely because it may involve 'the possible cost of a temporary rise of price to the consumer.' This is not the Sheffield policy, nor anything like it. The idea underlying it is revealed in the 'Economic Notes.'

'The effect of any artificial stimulus to manufactures in a country like the United States of America, or Russia, or Canada, is to antedate the period when their food supplies will be required for internal consumption. Protection of manufactures diverts the supply of capital and labour from agriculture to manufactures. It diminishes the relative number of those who grow corn, and increases the relative number of those who eat it without growing it.'

In the interests of cheap food Mr Balfour wishes to keep foreign countries and colonies out of manufacturing

businesses as much as possible, and to retard their industrial development, so that they may provide abundance of food and raw material, for which we may exchange our manufactures. His case is that, if they become manufacturers themselves, and cease to have food and raw material to sell, they will no longer need to buy manufactures from us, and that therefore, no matter what our present wealth and progress and prosperity may be, we should no longer be able to exchange manufactures for food, and our trade would be ruined.

Mr Balfour's stand is taken without regard to existing facts or figures. These, whether indicative of prosperity or retrogression, in no way affect his apprehensions for the future. He despairs of complete success in fighting against all foreign industrial development; but it seems to him to be 'little short of national lunacy,' to be 'stark staring folly not to take what steps we can to prevent the growth of influences which augur so little good for the future industries of the country.' His fear of a collapse in trade because all foreign-grown food will be consumed abroad, is very far-fetched; and the idea that international commerce can be imperilled by the industrial progress of other nations is contrary to the experience of all civilised states. It would be possible only under a system of Chinese exclusiveness. Between commercial nations business must necessarily always be regulated by mutual indebtedness, necessity, and price; and in a food-buying competition the worst that could happen to us would be that we should have to buy at the cost of an increased exportation of our own products. This would mean that British manufactures and produce would decline in value, as measured by food, and the volume of exports would become larger but less profitable, until all the world would again grow food with which to purchase our cheap goods. Food prices would then fall, and the economic situation would have readjusted itself. All this, except the last point—as to which he is silent—is admitted by Mr Balfour himself in his speech of May 28.

Mr Balfour's policy, then, is an aggressive policy that challenges the whole world, and draws no distinction between colonies and foreign countries, or between competing and neutral nations. To be able to trade with all nations on the same terms as others does not satisfy him.

This may be secured by the most-favoured-nation clause; but he scorns advantages coming to us in so casual a way. When foreign Powers negotiate treaties they, he argues, look mainly after special interests of their own; and the concessions they secure are consequently of little value to us. This may be so, but the converse is equally true: if concessions secured by a foreign country do not concern us, they can do us no harm. If, on the other hand, their interests are ours too, we get all the advantages conceded to them. But, manifestly, though Great Britain is thus placed on an equal footing with all competitors, Mr Balfour's peculiar demands are not met. Other nations are not likely to negotiate commercial treaties that will enable British manufacturers to prevent the development of manufacturing industries in colonies and foreign countries, keep down the food-eating, and increase only the food-producing populations of the world. It is not any ordinary Protectionist policy that he pursues. Mr Chamberlain's 10 per cent. tax may be all very well as a means of introducing food-taxes and protecting capitalists and workmen against any disadvantages arising from our Factory Acts, sanitary regulations, labour laws, etc., from which foreign competitors are said to be free;\* but it does not touch even the fringe of Mr Balfour's great ambition. He is bent upon extending the area of free trade; and, though he admits that complete success is beyond his reach, he is ready, when he gets his mandate, to tax food, raw materials, manufactures, or anything else, at the 'possible cost of a temporary rise in price to the consumer,' if only by so doing he can induce competing colonies and countries to toe his special tariff line. This is not the policy of a namby-pamby tariff reformer. It may stop temporarily at this point or that, but the ultimate object Mr Balfour has in view involves combat.

To attempt to retard the industrial development of other nations by retaliation must involve tariff wars. 'Does this country, then,' Mr Balfour fiercely asks, 'exist on sufferance?' The question is wholly irrelevant. What has to be determined is whether tariff wars are worth their cost, and whether it is wise to provoke them. Look

---

\* Mr J. Tennant has shown, in a paper in the 'Monthly Review' for last March, that the advantages supposed to be enjoyed by foreign manufacturers, owing to the absence of such restrictions, are mostly non-existent.



at the 'Reports on Tariff Wars between certain European States,' issued last February. Incidentally, all these reports show the absurdity of Mr Chamberlain's allegation that foreign tariffs are directed specially against this country, and the crudity of Mr Balfour's idea that the most-favoured-nation clause is of no value to us. Mr Leech, of the embassy at Rome, points out that, in the Italian tariff of 1887,

'the categories chiefly affected, both as regards increased duties and new classification, were chemical products, yarns and tissues of flax, hemp, jute, cotton and wool, metals, iron and steel manufactures, earthenware, glass, and fancy hardware.'

Great Britain is interested in all these articles, and the most-favoured-nation clause applies to them all. The grounds for these increased duties were officially reported to be the necessity for protection for national industry, for assisting the national treasury, and 'for possessing weapons wherewith to fight France, Austria-Hungary, and Switzerland, in the then impending treaty negotiations.' Here, then, is the very policy that we are invited to adopt. The tariff war began on March 1, 1888. It continued eleven years, and cost Italy and France about 60,000,000*l.* each. It brought most benefit to Germany and Great Britain; but Spain, Portugal, and Algeria also profited by it.

'The application of the differential tariffs took from the French the custom of Italy for her colonial products, and notably reduced the traffic in silk and woollen goods, porcelain, glass, wrought iron, machinery, and hosiery, to the advantage of other manufacturing countries, especially Germany'; while 'differential duties had almost ruined the Italian export trade to France, as well as the import trade from that country. . . . What is, however, not shown outwardly, is the depression created in the import trade of the whole country by these differential duties, which favour fraudulent declarations of origin and smuggling to a very considerable extent, and thus vitiate the whole tone of general commerce, to the great detriment of public finance.'

Finally, Italy found the war unendurable.

'They did not know whether their example would be followed, but the time had come when the interests of the great mass

of consumers in the country must be taken into consideration. Having tried the effects of a war tariff, they proposed in their own interests to do away with it, lest it should become permanent. In doing so they were convinced that they would put new life into their international commerce, and that increased exportation would follow its repeal.'

Retaliation was ruinous; it failed and forced on the Italian Government and nation some appreciation of free trade principles. In February 1899—eleven years after the tariff war began—a commercial arrangement was concluded; but,

'in spite of the new commercial treaty, Franco-Italian trade has not shown any permanent indication of improvement since the war of tariffs—the total volume not exceeding the half of what it was before.'

Not much encouragement for a retaliation policy here! Very much the same results, though not to so disastrous an extent, attended the Franco-Swiss tariff war. Both countries lost heavily, and trade was diverted to Germany and Belgium, Spain, Austria, and in a small degree to England and the United States. And, though the war ended in the autumn of 1895, 'the trade relations between France and Switzerland have not even yet recovered the prosperity of thirteen years ago.'

The tariff war between Germany and Russia did not last long enough to cause any permanent diversion of trade into new channels, but some of the details in the reports respecting it are important. Short as it was, Mr Spring-Rice, secretary of the embassy at St Petersburg, says that,

'in the opinion of both Governments a continuation of the war would have led to very serious consequences—some of a political character—and there appears to have been great relief when peace was concluded.'

It is clear that the war was the product of the high-tariff policy of the two Powers concerned. Moreover, according to Mr Buchanan of the Berlin embassy,

'the example set by Germany was soon followed by other nations, until the barriers by which German trade was excluded from foreign markets counterbalanced the protection which it enjoyed in its own. By the year 1890 matters had

reached such a pitch that a continuation of the system then obtaining on the Continent seemed bound to lead to a general tariff war.'

Negotiation of commercial treaties therefore became a necessity to Germany; and that country's weapon was a tax on food. In the words of Mr Spring-Rice,

'Germany was guided by the wish to secure her food supply by obtaining a market for her manufactures; that is, to give a free market for food-stuffs in exchange for a free market for finished goods.'

This is Mr Chamberlain's policy; we are to tax food to secure a market for our manufactures. It is a policy that is bitterly opposed by the German agrarians, who insist upon high food taxes for the benefit of agriculture, while the Socialists are in favour of cheap food. In the war with Russia the policy of bartering with food taxes was effective; but this is not a policy that Mr Balfour as yet ventures to recommend here; and it is not apparent that German and Russian commercial intercourse would not have enjoyed equal prosperity under tariffs that would not have led to war.

On the whole, then, it appears that excessively high tariffs disturb international relations; that, at best, tariff wars are of doubtful efficacy; and that the experience of France, Italy, and Switzerland is that they divert trade to the advantage of competing countries, and inflict enormous loss upon the combatants themselves, without bringing any adequate compensation in return. And there is no evidence that tariff wars help in the slightest degree to extend the area of free trade.

While Mr Balfour bases his policy on the assumption that dynamic forces are menacing British trade, Mr Chamberlain originally, at all events, based his upon the alleged decay of British commerce, especially with protected countries, and upon the supposed greater progress in recent years of foreign protected states. But his statistics have broken down. 'My figures,' he says, 'have been questioned; not that it has been denied that the figures themselves were correct, but it has been suggested that other figures might be produced which would tell a different tale.' Other figures have been produced

and have not been refuted. At Newcastle Mr Chamberlain complained that his opponents looked only at what he might call positive statistics, 'and never look to comparative statistics, which are a very important part of this argument.' Before he spoke at Birmingham his statistics, positive and comparative, had been convincingly refuted. Then his declaration was that if trade declines or does not increase, 'I do not care what may be the truth as to comparative figures.' He has therefore left figures to the Tariff Commission, and so gets rid of Lord Goschen, Mr Ritchie, Lord Brassey, and all other antagonists who attach value to actual facts of trade as revealed by an analysis of statistics. If figures were regarded, there are none better or more dispassionately and candidly analysed than those of Mr A. L. Bowley in 'National Progress in Wealth and Trade'; but Mr Chamberlain elects to push his policy on the ground that he sees signs portending the decadence of British trade and the ultimate disruption of the Empire.

He complains that our exports of manufactures to foreign countries are declining and those of raw material increasing; that we are shut out of foreign countries by high tariffs, while foreigners dump their surplus products here, and are assailing our position all over the world. But these are the stock complaints of the last hundred years. There has never been any long period in which they have not been heard. They were investigated by the Fair Trade Commission in 1884-5, with results too well known to need recapitulation. A quarter of a century earlier, on November 29, 1859, a large and influential meeting of shipowners was held at the London Tavern 'to take into consideration the present ruinous condition of British shipping.' Representatives from all parts of the country were there. Spain had just negotiated a commercial treaty with the United States; and Mr Bramley Moore, whose name is perpetuated in the Bramley-Moore Dock at Liverpool, said

'that was the way this country should act. It could beat the world on fair terms, but there was such a thing as being overweighted and overburdened. He was an entire and thorough-going free trader; but his view of free trade was that if he bought from a trader he expected the privilege of selling to him as well. He would deal with a nation as he

would deal with an individual. . . . Last year we imported from France fourteen millions in value of their manufactures, on which an enormous amount of labour had been expended, and had left an immense profit to the French nation. In the same time France had taken from us four millions in value; and that was composed almost entirely of unmanufactured articles on which no labour had been expended. Our exports consisted only of raw materials taken from the bowels of the earth and other sources, but in which no manufacturing labour had been expended. Surely it would not be too much to ask France to receive, on some definite and moderate duties, our crockery, woollens, and other manufactures. All this would tend to increase and ensure the peace of the world, and that prosperity of the shipping interest of both nations, to a degree that each had never before known.'

A few years later British trade was advancing by 'leaps and bounds.' The 'Times' declared that it was 'ashamed to have to report such meetings.' 'If,' it added,

'all this periodical whining means no more than the old cry for Protection, they may depend upon it that the people of England now know that this cry, put into plain words, means no more than this: "Good, kind people of England, do tax yourselves and your families, and give the money to us and our families."'

Take another step backwards, and we come to that resolution of the Common Council of the City of London in 1842, quoted by the Duke of Devonshire at the Guildhall, deploring the 'continuous and increasing depression of the manufacturing, commercial, and agricultural interests.' This testimony of the Common Council of the City to the deplorable condition of industry and agriculture does not stand alone. There was a great meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce\* on December 13, 1838, which included 'men of every political party, comprising seven county magistrates, the mayor and eight aldermen of the borough of Manchester,' and 'the most extensive manufacturers in the Kingdom.' These men were met to 'make known to the world that their

---

\* 'The Corn Laws. An authentic report of the late important discussions in the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, of the destructive effects of the Corn Laws upon the Trade and Manufactures of the Country. London: Ridgways, 169, Piccadilly. MDCCCXXXIX.'

## 454 RETALIATION AND SCIENTIFIC TAXATION

industry is decaying beneath the rivalry of foreign manufactures.' There was no lack of evidence in support of the allegation; there was so much that it is impossible, within reasonable limits of space, even to condense it. Mr J. B. Smith (retired merchant and county magistrate) gave an account of existing foreign competition. Here are some of his figures relating to the export of manufactures :—

	1820.	1837.
	yds.	yds.
Cotton cloth to Russia . . . .	13,203,857	847,022
"    "    Prussia . . . .	5,442,535	nil
"    "    Germany . . . .	47,658,285	38,581,533

Mr Chamberlain cannot now produce figures showing diminutions in exports comparable with these. But Mr Smith presented 'a more fearful state of things,' and showed that continental countries had become manufacturers themselves, and that Lancashire was merely spinning yarn for them. Here are his figures of exports of twist :—

	1820.	1837.
	lbs.	lbs.
Cotton twist to Russia. . . .	8,762,347	23,910,019
"    "    Germany and Prussia .	11,682,683	36,109,100
"    "    Netherlands . . .	232,474	17,457,232
"    "    France. . . . .	none	354,025
"    "    South Europe . . .	2,003,000	14,172,708

Mr Smith next went on to speak of decline in the woollen and linen exports, and in the trade of Sheffield and the Midlands. The export of finished iron and steel products, he showed, was diminishing, not relatively, but absolutely, and that of raw material was increasing; and 'with these vast exports of raw iron and unwrought steel, added to the export of coal, the foreign manufacturers were enabled to make articles at a cheaper rate than in this country; and it was important to notice the great increase in the export of coals coincident with the increase in that of raw iron and unwrought steel.'



Wolverhampton, it was shown, was being undersold in its own products, in Wolverhampton itself, by 'much cheaper' goods from Germany. Russian hardware was cutting British goods out of Constantinople; Germany and France were supplanting England in Portugal and Spain; and even 'Brummagem buttons,' which are giving Mr Chamberlain deep concern now, 'were imported from France, and, after paying a duty, were sold for less in the London market than they could be made for in Birmingham.' The manufacture of gilded toys had passed from Birmingham to France; Saxony was underselling Leicester in stockings; Derby furniture makers were being ruined by the importation of foreign rosewood and mahogany goods; America was exporting machinery to Russia; cheap foreign gloves were destroying the British trade; and 'our population was increasing, while the means of employment and of subsistence were decreasing.'

But Mr Smith did not tell the whole story. Mr Richard Cobden was present at the meeting and gave the Chamber the benefit of his observations during a recent tour in Germany. He explained that, previous to the passing of the corn law of 1828, manufacturers and spinners pressed for the prohibition of the exportation of machinery; and this was granted. The result was that foreigners were making their own machinery and were employing English workmen. At Dresden, Chemnitz, Prague, Vienna, Elberfeld, and Aix-la-Chapelle, large machine-making businesses were being carried on by Englishmen. At Liège, a Haslingden man had the largest machine-making works in the world, and was employing nearly four thousand hands. At Zurich Mr Cobden found one Englishman at the head of a foundry, and another at the head of a forge, 'casting five tons of iron a day, brought from England, into spindles, rollers, and wheels, for the spinners and manufacturers of Austria, Saxony, and Bavaria. In almost every large town,' said Mr Cobden, 'there were English mechanics instructing the natives to rival us.' If Mr Chamberlain had lived in those days he would have seen signs in favour of free trade.

If another backward step of twenty years be taken—years filled with complaints of agricultural distress and protests against excessive rents—we come to the period

of financial perturbation and severe commercial depression that accompanied the return to cash payments after the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars, and to the petition of the merchants of the City of London (quoted by the Duke of Devonshire at the Guildhall) in favour of free trade, which protested against the doctrine that the 'importation of foreign commodities occasions a diminution or discouragement of our own productions to the same extent.'

This cursory survey of the history of a century shows that there is nothing unprecedented in the industrial and commercial conditions of to-day, and that all the 'dynamic forces,' and all the 'symptoms' that are giving alarm now, were present in greatly aggravated form when protective duties and colonial preferences were still in force. To be sure, from Mr Balfour's special point of view, there is something new. Until now no one has ever thought it necessary to guard against the possibility that foreign food supply might fail us, not temporarily during a blockade, but through actual scarcity. But, if such a possibility be conceivable, it should be our very last policy to tax foreign food with the object of limiting the area of supply to the colonies.

We are told that we must abandon old shibboleths and adopt methods that are scientific; but it is not scientific to quarrel with the laws of evolution. Let us leave our examination of present-day policies and see what light history can throw upon the question. And here we have an invaluable guide in the revised and amplified edition of Dr Cunningham's 'Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times.'

From the very beginnings of trade in England there has been a contest between protection on the one hand and liberty to work and to trade on the other. The old guilds of the Middle Ages were close corporations that boycotted all who were outside their sphere. 'Foreigners' from one town were not allowed to sell their goods within another, unless, indeed, there happened to be a reciprocity treaty between the two. The tyranny of guilds, where they existed, drove commerce into 'free-trade' towns such as Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds, and by 'protection' brought ruin upon protected

cities. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries companies of merchant adventurers became the authorised exporters of certain manufactures, especially cloth; and merchant staplers enjoyed the monopoly of exporting the 'staple' raw products of the country—wool, leather, tin, and lead. Exclusiveness in trade was the spirit of the age; and it was a great concession to liberalism when, in 1381, Richard II, in reserving all foreign commerce for the King's ships, made one exception in favour of 'several associations of foreigners,' chiefly Germans of the Hanseatic League.

As Europe emerged from the mediæval into the modern stage of history, the whole economic, as well as the social, ecclesiastical, and political condition of nations and of the world changed. In the 'Growth of English Industry and Commerce' Dr Cunningham tells the story of industrial and commercial development. The days of Elizabeth inaugurated a new age in which geographical discoveries, the acquisition of great stores of treasure in the New World, political developments on the Continent, the plantation of colonies, the opening of new markets, financial and industrial progress, and commercial enterprise, dwarfed the petty interests of individual cities and led men to branch out into commerce over the widest possible field. Antwerp was the first city to recognise that the day of restricted trade was gone. Strangers were free to buy and sell there, and it became the mart of the world. British interests were served by large immigrations of refugees, skilled in various new industries, and by the wisdom of Cecil in developing the mineral, agricultural, and manufacturing industries of the country. But it was shipping that received special care. The last of the privileges reserved for Hanseatic merchants by Richard II was taken away; native shipping gained a virtual monopoly; trading companies were formed; and 'every department of industry and agriculture as well as commerce' was made subservient to the building up of British shipping.

Even agricultural interests were subordinated to shipping; and liberty was given to export wheat, when the price did not exceed ten shillings, in order that British ships might compete with those of the Hanse merchants, who were the great grain-carriers of the period. Indeed,

by capturing a corn fleet belonging to the Hanse League that was conveying food to Spain, the British, in 1597, struck a blow at the League from which it never recovered. This was the policy by which Queen Elizabeth fought Spain, struggled against the financial and commercial supremacy of Antwerp, and retaliated upon the Hanse merchants for expelling British merchant adventurers from Hamburg. British traders brought against the merchant adventurers complaints very similar to those brought against 'shipping rings' to-day; but they undoubtedly rendered valuable service in pushing British trade abroad, as, in more distant fields, monopolist companies did in India, Hudson's Bay, Africa, the Baltic, and elsewhere. Traders, however, especially cloth-makers in the West of England, resisted these monopolising companies, and encouraged 'Interlopers,' who traded on independent lines, as 'tramps' do in the shipping trade now. Nor did state interference with commerce pass unquestioned. Dr Cunningham, referring to the fiscal measures of the Commonwealth period, says that

'the merchants and tradesmen of London pointed out, in 1654: "All who understand trade know that the best expedient to attract and enlarge it is to make the ports free, while these acts would contract home trade, and almost extinguish foreign; whereas the enlarging the freedom of the ports, for import and export, would make this country the magazine of both eastern and western nations"' (i, 186).

There must have been a Cobden in the City of London even in Cromwell's time. But there was a Chamberlain too, for here we have Dr Cunningham quoting Roger Coke to this effect:—

'We have lost the Trade to Muscovy, so have that to Greenland, the trade to Norway possessed by the Norwegians, and the Reasons given in to the Parliament last Sessions. The Trade to Guinney driven by a few, and exclusive to other men: The Spanish and Turkey Trades abated, and in danger: So that unless it be in the French and Canary Trades, wherein we undo ourselves, we are making haste to betake ourselves to our Plantations only, yet shall not be long able to continue that trade for want of shipping' (i, 187).

'Some trades had gone and others were going' even two hundred and fifty years ago. Coke admitted that in

the times of James I and Charles I trade had prospered, 'but this was by an accident of the times not to be again hoped for'—the defection of the Netherlands from Spain, and forty years of peace for England while war between Spain and the Netherlands continued. Our own civil war and Cromwell's war with Spain, during which British commerce could not be protected at sea, proved disastrous to England's commercial position; and Cromwell's Navigation Laws of 1651 altogether failed to counteract these evils. England, in fact, had not a supply of ships that could meet the requirements of trade, and while this was so the Dutch merchantmen met with no effective competition.

During the Cromwellian period the whole aspect of things changed. The possibility of regulating labour, wages, and prices by law, and of limiting commerce to monopolist companies of merchant adventurers, had gone for ever, except in regard to the Far East; and the country had definitely entered upon the era of capitalistic enterprise and larger individual liberties. To quote Dr Cunningham: 'The Interregnum and the Restoration period approached more nearly to *laissez-faire* conditions than had ever been deemed wise before; and, in so far as public authority interfered, the initiative was taken, not by the Crown, but by Parliament.' In one direction, however, there was continuity of policy. 'Cromwell was for the most part content to follow the lines of policy laid down by James I and Charles I.' With this object in view, Cromwell created a permanent Committee of Trade; and Charles II pursued the same policy. With this body, it is suggested, lies the real decision about such disputed matters as the Navigation Acts, the efficiency of which, as a weapon against the Dutch mercantile marine, Dr Cunningham, with good reason, calls in question. The protectionist ideas of the period are well illustrated by a question from a pamphlet appealing to Charles II to protect English salters against those of Scotland, and 'to prevent the importation of any manufacture from abroad which might be a detriment' to manufacturers at home. This was the policy adopted to shut out Irish cloth from England; but the results were evil, for Irishmen, deprived of work at home, emigrated to France and greatly promoted the prosperity of the

cloth trade there, just as the Huguenots and other refugees brought new industries into England.

During the seventeenth century there was much discussion of such matters as the incidence of taxation, the effect of exports and imports upon internal prosperity, the 'balance of trade,' the influence of bullion movements, and cognate subjects. But that economic science had made little advance in the nation at large, was shown by the reception given to Walpole's progressive policy in the early years of the eighteenth century. Walpole's policy was to reform the tariff 'so as to give the greatest possible stimulus to the trading and manufacturing interests.' 'It is very obvious,' he remarked, 'that nothing would more conduce to the obtaining so public a good (i.e. general tranquillity and the extension of commerce) than to make the exportation of our manufactures, and the importation of the commodities used in manufacturing them, as practical and easy as may be.' Walpole, however, sought to secure his object by means that were far in advance of his time.

'Walpole was anxious to leave the carrying trade as free as possible, and to substitute, for duties on the importation of foreign goods, excises on their consumption at home. He hoped by this means to render the whole island "one general free port and a magazine and common storehouse for all nations." He managed to effect this change in regard to tea, coffee, and chocolate, which were deposited in bonded warehouses and charged with duty when taken out for home consumption, and he was able to increase the revenue from these commodities by 120,000*l.* a year. When he attempted to extend the principle, however, to all imported goods as well as to articles of home production, like salt, the deep-seated prejudice against an excise was at once aroused' (i, 429).

Walpole failed to carry his policy. He found the merchants of London less advanced in their economic views than they were in Roger Coke's day. They declined to accept his assurance that his measure would 'tend to make London a free port, and by consequence the market of the world.' The jealous protection of home industries was insisted upon. It was in accordance with this policy to barter English cloth against Portuguese wine in a treaty with Portugal; to impose differential duties on



imports from France in order to exclude the manufactures of that country ; to give a bonus on the exportation of wheat for the encouragement of British agriculture ; to give bounties to the sea-fisheries, and on shipbuilders, and on various colonial products used in ship-building ; to exclude foreign ships as much as possible from British trade ; to require British ships to be built in British yards and manned by British subjects ; and to reserve the colonies absolutely for British trade. These were the lines on which the Navigation Laws of Cromwell and Charles II were founded ; and the policy based on these principles continued until it was ruthlessly broken in upon by American Independence.

From this point Dr Cunningham's broad review of events marches onward towards the repeal of the Corn Laws. But this is a rather misleading *point d'appui*. Not the Corn Laws but the Navigation Laws were, as we have seen, the pivot of the Elizabethan policy ; and it was from the first breach in the Navigation Laws that the Manchester school dated the beginning of the country's free trade policy—an opinion in which the Duke of Devonshire, in his Guildhall speech, concurred. Even before the American secession new conditions were beginning to revolutionise industrial life in England. Mechanical invention in the textile trades, utilisation of water power, the construction of canals, and the growth of the capitalistic system in industry and commerce, were preparing the way for the advent of steam power and the factory system, and for railways and steam communication on the ocean. The Napoleonic wars disorganised the finance of the country until, as Sydney Smith put it, there were taxes upon everything that it was 'pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell or taste' ; but trade went on. The suspension of cash payments and the issue of paper money did not check but stimulated enterprise and speculation ; and the corn duty, backed by the war demand for food, stimulated the enclosure of commons and the cultivation of inferior land. The country prospered in spite of the war ; but, when it ended and a cash basis had to be restored, prices collapsed, trade fell away, employment could not be found for the people, and the whole industrial and mercantile world sunk into deep distress.

Then it was found that the Navigation Laws stood in

the way of national prosperity. A select committee of the House of Commons, appointed in 1820 to inquire into the prevailing distress and to discover remedies, found that British demands for light dues, port charges, and local and general rates were so great that English ports were shunned by foreign ships, and that foreign trade was 'rather tolerated than encouraged.' During the war a great effort was made to destroy the oversea trade of France; but this only resulted in war with the United States, and rendered still more necessary reciprocal arrangements with that country. The Navigation Laws had always been obnoxious to the American colonists. Huskisson now came to the conclusion that colonial prosperity was cramped and impeded by them; and the Americans themselves retaliated upon England by exclusive Navigation Laws of their own. The Commons' committee of 1820 found that 'the efficacy of protecting laws and discriminating charges was defeated the moment that other countries began to resort to the same measures.' Continental nations as well as the United States were resorting to the same measures in regard to the Navigation Laws; and, in recommending a relaxation of the British system, the committee 'selected shipping as the first trade to be dealt with,' in order that Great Britain might become an emporium of commerce. The Elizabethan policy had done its work. Other interests could no longer be subordinated to shipping. The central fortress of the protective system was successfully assailed.

No sooner was the Reciprocity Act passed than ship-owners discovered that, as Baltic timber was kept out of England by a duty of 2*l.* 15*s.* per load, while colonial was admitted at 10*s.* per load, Germans could build ships at half the cost of English vessels; and that British shipowners were further handicapped by duties on sails, cordage, ship-chandlery, and dear food, as well as by higher interest and insurance charges upon the more costly British ships. The cheaply built and cheaply worked foreign ships reduced freights to the Mediterranean one half, to Europe generally one third, and cut into the Irish and colonial trades at one half the freight charged by British owners. This cheapening of transit benefited trade but hit shipowners hard. It was estimated that

between 1816 and 1826 the value of British tonnage fell from 12*l.* per ton to 8*l.*, and that this represented a loss of thirteen millions sterling; while the decline in freight represented a yearly loss of thirteen millions more. With both shipowners and manufacturers groaning under the high prices of a protective tariff, and finding it impossible to compete with the low prices of food and labour on the Continent, and with farmers ruined by high rents and low prices (for England) consequent on a succession of exceptionally abundant harvests, the whole protectionist system broke down. This was what forced from Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons, in January 1846, the momentous declaration that,

'wearied with long and unavailing efforts to enter into satisfactory commercial treaties with other nations, they had resolved at length to consult their own interests, and not to punish those other countries for the wrong they were doing us in continuing their high duties by imposing high duties ourselves.'

Huskisson's reciprocity policy—freedom to negotiate, as Mr Balfour would say—had failed, as well as the protectionist system; and the Corn Laws were repealed, not merely because of the Irish famine—though that was the immediate inciting influence—but because British industrial and commercial interests demanded full liberty of expansion. They had already been nursed too long and could endure it no longer. Protective duties and the Navigation Laws, reciprocity and colonial preferences, all died together.

Free trade has certainly succeeded. The anticipations of the House of Commons' committee of 1820 have been realised. No longer Amsterdam or any other foreign city but London is the financial centre of the world. England has become the emporium of 'both Eastern and Western nations,' as Roger Coke saw that it might be with free ports; and our only fear now is that its great position may be successfully assailed. That it has not yet been successfully assailed is shown by Mr Schuster in his paper on 'Foreign Trade and the Money Market,' published in the 'Monthly Review' for last January. The 'excess of imports over exports,' that alarms Mr Chamberlain, is, as

Mr Schuster shows, 'the measure of our prosperity, so long as our earning power through invisible exports is not decreased thereby.' If England is, without knowing it, becoming deeply indebted to foreign nations, then, indeed, part of the excess of imports may represent that indebtedness, and our commanding position may be in process of being undermined. Of such a disastrous situation Mr Schuster looks for evidence in the money market, where alone it could be found, but finds none; and, until some is found, his formula stands that 'the excess of imports is the measure of our prosperity.' With that measure no other nation can compare.

But nothing will satisfy Mr Balfour that our policy is wise unless other nations adopt it. In this attitude he turns his back upon past experience. But it should be some comfort to him to know that Germany has found it necessary to adopt free trade in ship-building materials in order that it may build cheap ships, while the United States have scarcely a native-built ship upon the ocean, because their protective system keeps them in the position British shipbuilders were in when Huskisson passed his Reciprocity Act. America was the power that, by retaliation, did more than any other to break down our Navigation Laws; and America has seen her ships swept off the ocean by free trade vessels. The essential conditions of industry and commerce have not changed since Sir Robert Peel discarded reciprocity for a policy of our own; and if, in specific cases, dumping or other exceptional conditions disturb the ordinary current of competition, retaliation is shown by our survey of our own history, and by the later experience of continental states, to be a two-edged remedy that may, perhaps, be used with effect, but may also be more deadly than the disease it is to cure.

If conditions of international competition have been only modified by the development of industries and the march of prosperity in other nations, there has been a distinct and marked change in the position and condition of the colonies. Free trade was an emancipation for them as well as for us. Mr H. E. Egerton, in his 'Short History of British Colonial Policy,' makes this clear. Lord Durham's liberal policy in Canada synchronised with the deliverance of the colony from the trammels of the British mercantile system. The Australian and New

RET  
Zeal  
bare  
Parl  
dispe  
part  
The  
and  
hand  
the  
the  
colo  
Brit  
I  
Bea  
gov  
by  
but  
stra  
only  
the  
to  
—  
the  
of  
be  
Jol  
col  
un  
ow  
an  
pr  
is  
ha  
ev  
be  
inc  
Th  
ce  
ty  
st  
de  
an

Zealand colonies were still in their infancy, and had barely outgrown the associations of Botany Bay. What Parliament was concerned about in those days was the disposal of Australian waste lands and the application of part of the proceeds to the encouragement of emigration. The old 'plantation' idea had not wholly disappeared, and it was thought necessary to keep the colonies well in hand. 'Even so late,' says Mr Egerton, 'as the time of the Reform Bill, a Secretary of State could assert that the effect of allowing a popular Assembly in the projected colony of South Australia would be "to create within the British monarchy a Government purely republican."'

Mr Balfour and Mr Chamberlain think, as Lord Beaconsfield once thought, that the concession of self-government to the colonies should have been accompanied by retention of effective control over their fiscal systems; but the whole history of the American colonies demonstrates the impracticability of such a policy. There were only three possible policies. The colonies could be left in the hands of the Colonial Office, or they could be allowed to manage their own affairs—which was what they desired—or they could have been taken into partnership with the mother-country, and given a share in the government of the Empire. But this was a policy that could not then be thought of; the colonies were still very young. Lord John Russell's anticipations have been fully realised. The colonies have grown up to be great kindred communities under local governments of their own, pursuing their own independent course of progress and prosperity, and jealously maintaining the ties that by feeling and principle unite them to the mother-country. That this is not a final but a transition stage is true; and the future has to discover the means by which these ties may be even more firmly knit together, and a united Empire be found that, while independent in all its parts, shall be indissolubly one in dealing with the rest of the world. The solution of that problem will not be hurried. It is certainly not to be promoted by any attempt to stereotype colonial industries under the specious pretext of bestowing upon them preferential tariffs. They look, as we do, to progress over the whole field of social, commercial, and industrial life.

Canada's hope is not to see British manufactures mono-

polishing the Canadian market, but the manufactures of Canada ousting those of the United States from Canada and from other markets, including Great Britain itself. Canada is now approaching a position to command trade. Experts in the iron trade, who have examined the situation, are convinced that, in the assembling of the materials for making iron, there are centres in Canada that possess an advantage of \$2 per ton over even Pittsburg itself; and that the iron districts of Cape Breton are more favourably situated than any others in the world. Unfortunately the Canadians have not yet the perfect equipment and high technical skill of the Americans; and, in spite of their more favourable position in regard to the raw products, they cannot yet compete with Pittsburg. But, given equal technical skill and equipment, if Canada were to take her courage in both hands and pronounce for free trade, there would be a fall in prices in Canada that would put American dumping out of the field, and would reduce the cost of machinery, and of railway construction, equipment, and transit, to such an extent as to give the Canadian farmers a larger advantage than they are ever likely to secure by preferential tariffs in the mother-country.

But Canadians are not yet ready for free trade; nor is the Empire ready for commercial, much less for complete political union. A patchwork of separate treaties between different parts of the Empire would not be union. That Canadians, Australians, and New Zealanders would welcome preferential entrance into the British market is no doubt true. It would be strange if they did not. But no colonial manufacturer or statesman has given any countenance to a policy that would subject colonial manufacturers to effective competition from Great Britain; nor are the colonies prepared to surrender one iota of their fiscal freedom for the sake of the commercial union of the Empire. Sir W. Laurier has not shrunk from asserting that he prefers Canadian liberty to closer Imperial Union at such a price. Professor Shortt of Kingston, Ontario, in his 'Imperial Preferential Trade from a Canadian Point of View,' demurs to any restoration of the old mercantile system under the guise of preferential tariffs that are to stimulate farming in Canada at the expense of colonial industries. The future



of Canada, says Professor Shortt, is not to be of the 'saw-log, pulp-wood, and wheat-growing type.' He rejects any such 'blighted destiny,' and holds that 'there is no virtue in belonging to the British Empire unless we can have a share in its civilisation.'

Mr Balfour's policy runs counter to this ideal. Mr Chamberlain has two objects in view; one is to unite the Empire, the other is to save British trade. We have the fullest sympathy with these aims; what we object to is his latest method of securing them. His present proposals are the outcome of previous failures. When he took office he tried to establish an Imperial Zollverein and failed. He next proposed an Imperial Council, but the proposal was premature. He 'tried next in connexion with Imperial defence'; but the colonies declined to join. 'But,' he says, 'I did not on that account give it up, and I came back, therefore, to this idea of Commercial Union.' Such is the genesis of what Mr Chamberlain calls the colonial offer. His theory is that British industries and commerce must be saved by a development of the colonial demand, and that the bonds thereby established will unite the Empire. Professor Shortt sums up the colonial reply: the colonies will not accept 'a blighted destiny.' The decision is fatal alike, so far as the colonies are concerned, to Mr Balfour's policy and to Mr Chamberlain's. Fortunately, commercial solidarity is not indispensable to Imperial unity. Both the United Kingdom and the colonies are as yet too intent upon maintaining to the full their own rights and separate interests to merge cherished liberties in a consolidating commercial treaty. We in England have not yet apprehended the feeling of independence and equality that fills the colonial mind, or accepted the idea that in any scheme of Imperial union the United Kingdom can only be first amongst equals.

---

# Art. VI.—LESLIE STEPHEN AND HIS WORKS.

1. *Sketches from Cambridge.* By a Don. London: Macmillan, 1865.
2. *The Playground of Europe.* London: Longmans, 1871.
3. *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.* Two vols. London: Smith, Elder, 1876.
4. *The Science of Ethics.* London: Smith, Elder, 1882.
5. *The Life of Henry Fawcett.* London: Smith, Elder, 1885.
6. *Hours in a Library.* Three vols. Smith, Elder, 1892.
7. *An Agnostic's Apology.* London: Smith, Elder, 1893. New edition, 1903.
8. *The Life of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen.* London: Smith, Elder, 1895.
9. *Studies of a Biographer.* Four vols. London: Duckworth, 1898–1902.
10. *The English Utilitarians.* Three vols. London: Duckworth, 1900.
11. *Letters of John Richard Green.* Edited by Leslie Stephen. London: Macmillan, 1901.
12. *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century.* (The Ford Lectures.) London: Duckworth, 1904.

LESLIE STEPHEN came of a family, originally from Aberdeenshire, which had produced remarkable men during the three generations preceding his own. His father, Sir James Stephen, was for many years Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and had much to do with the shaping of the institutions of what are now the self-governing colonies during a period critical for their development. Sir James was also a man of considerable learning and of literary tastes. His lectures on the history of France, delivered while he was Regius Professor of modern history at Cambridge, and his essays in ecclesiastical biography, are still read and are still worth reading. Leslie, born in 1832, was for a short time at Eton, where he was a 'home boy,' but got most of his school instruction at King's College School in London, whence he proceeded to Trinity Hall, Cambridge. There he took honours in mathematics; but, as the natural bent of his mind was not towards that or any other branch of science, he did not carry his studies very far in this direc-

tion. He had grown up in a religious atmosphere, partly evangelical—for his father had close relations with the leading men of that school, and his mother belonged to the well-known family of the Venns—partly broad church, for he had himself been taught by Frederick Denison Maurice, whom he revered, as, indeed, no one who knew that admirable man could help doing. It was natural, therefore, that Stephen should offer himself for, and be elected to, a clerical fellowship at his college—most fellowships in those days were clerical—and should in due course proceed to enter holy orders. This he did; and this settled him in Cambridge as a tutor.

Stephen was extremely fond of his university, took a great interest in the college boat, and was himself famous as a runner and as a pedestrian. Those were the days when the climbing of snow mountains had just begun to be a passion among Englishmen, and especially among the active young dons at the two universities. Stephen threw himself into the pursuit with ardour. Many of the great summits of the Alps were then still unconquered; and he had the honour of being the first to climb some of them, including the magnificent Schreckhorn. He contributed a paper to the collection of articles entitled 'Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers'; and his second book (published in 1871), entitled 'The Playground of Europe,' consisted of a selection from the papers read by him to the then recently established Alpine Club, recounting expeditions made among the high mountains. They are among the brightest and pleasantest pieces of work that ever came from his pen, because he puts so much of himself into them, and because they have that mixture of keen observation, quaint humour, and slightly sombre reflection which was characteristic of his way of studying both man and nature. Sometimes, allowing for differences due to the quality of the topics handled, they remind one of Thackeray in that sauntering and discursive mood which produced the 'Roundabout Papers.'

The best of the English writers on the Alps who preceded Stephen was James D. Forbes of Edinburgh, a distinguished man of science, and also a master of the pen. Forbes, however, is either scientific or picturesque. Stephen never uses science except as a humorous foil to pleasure; and he seldom attempts a brilliant piece of

description. Yet he manages not only to convey a vivid idea of the climb he is narrating, but to surround it with an atmosphere of human feeling, and to connect its incidents with reflections on other things that would seem far remote did they not arise so naturally. Here he is true because he is simple. Some who have written about the Alps, like the late Professor Tyndall, spoil their descriptions by affectation or pedantry. Others, in trying to escape self-consciousness, become stiff and dry. Stephen knows how to let himself alone, and yet (as people say) to 'let himself go.' As Forbes represents the scientific way of bringing mountain-climbing into literature, and Ruskin, where he touches the theme, the poetical way, so Stephen represents the normal human way, brought to a high point of excellence by the blending of humour with a delicately suggested vein of sentiment. For some years after 1871 he continued to climb; and for a good while afterwards he was an energetic pedestrian, fond of taking long walks all round London, often with a small group of friends of similar tastes. Tall, active, and light in body, he was an extremely swift walker, though in ascending a steep acclivity he preferred that deliberate pace, irksome to some Englishmen, which he had learnt from the Swiss guides, and which is, probably, the best pace for long expeditions.

In the midst of a tranquil and pleasant career at Cambridge, teaching in the winter and scaling snow mountains in the summer, there arose a cloud. The colour of his opinions was affected, and therewith the course of his life turned. His theological views gradually changed; and after a time he found himself so far removed from Anglican orthodoxy that he resigned both clerical and tutorial duties, and ceased to consider himself, and be addressed by his friends, as a clergyman. About the year 1864, he migrated to London, where he lived for some time with his mother, then a widow, and his sister. His elder brother, James Fitzjames Stephen, afterwards legal member of the Viceroy's council in India, and, still later, a judge of the High Court of Justice, was, though practising at the bar, mainly occupied in writing for the press; and through him Leslie found an easy access to journalism. He began to write for the 'Saturday Review,' which in those days, under the

editorship of John Douglas Cook, had formed a large staff of writers unlike any that had been seen before or has been seen since in England. It included more than a dozen men of first-rate literary powers; and these men were as widely removed as possible from one another in the quality of their minds and in their political and religious opinions. Stephen wrote for the 'Saturday' for four or five years, possibly more. When the 'Pall Mall Gazette' was founded in 1865, he contributed to it also, and for a time frequented the gallery of the House of Commons as its representative there. The combats amused him; but his comments were more frequently sardonic than sympathetic; and he never expressed any wish to enter the parliamentary arena.

Like nearly all the brightest and keenest young university men of his generation, he was a Liberal tending to Radicalism—a Liberal of the school of Cobden, Bright, and Mill, if one may venture to join the two former names with the third. He was, however, too detached in mind ever to become a keen party-man. The cause which laid most hold on him was that of the Northern States in the American Civil War. Naturally disposed, by the influence of his father and his father's friends, to detest slavery and all its works, his interest was stimulated by a journey which he made to the United States in 1863, when the issue of that tremendous strife was still trembling in the balance. This journey procured for him three friendships which he profoundly valued, those of James Russell Lowell, Edwin L. Godkin, and Charles Eliot Norton; and it gave him a liking for America which induced him, though he had no great taste for travel, to cross the Atlantic once or twice in after-life.

When, some years later, Mr Gladstone's Reform Bill of 1866 led a group of young Liberals to issue a volume called 'Essays on Reform,' which was meant to defend popular government against the onslaughts of Mr Lowe and Sir Hugh Cairns, the subject of the choice of members by popular constituencies was allotted to Stephen. Though in later years his political zeal seemed slightly to decline, he remained always true to the doctrines of his youth, a steady if not enthusiastic Liberal. He did not like the Home Rule plans of 1886 and 1893; but by this time he had ceased to take any active part in politics. In the

last months of his life he expressed himself equally amazed and amused at the recrudescence of protectionism, and seemed to wish that he could live a little longer to see what came of this unexpected phenomenon. In 1871 he took the editorship of the 'Cornhill Magazine,' and held it till, in 1882, he exchanged it for the more onerous task of editing the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' These occupations, and the writing of numerous articles for various periodicals, and of numerous biographies for the dictionary, filled up the rest of his thereafter uneventful life. He found time, however, being a very diligent and steady worker, to compose three large and several smaller books. These will be dealt with in a later part of this article.

Stephen was married in 1867 to the younger daughter of the great Thackeray. She was singularly bright and attractive, and her death in 1875 was a terrible blow to him. Some years afterwards he married the widow of Mr Herbert Duckworth. This union, one of unclouded happiness, was closed by her death in 1895, and his spirits never recovered the loss, which was followed a little later by that of his eldest stepdaughter, Stella, to whom he was deeply attached. These three sorrows, and a long period of weak health, darkened a life which was otherwise peaceful and full of the opportunities for enjoyment which congenial work and the society of devoted friends provide.

Stephen was never widely known in London, for he hated publicity, and did not care for that sort of society which consists in dinner-parties or evening receptions. He was of a reserved disposition, opening his heart only to the few who enjoyed his intimacy. These, and especially his early Cambridge friends and Alpine companions, had from the first recognised his remarkable gifts, and always held his literary judgment in the profoundest respect. His mind was not only vigorous, like his father's and his brother's; it had an excellent precision and a wonderfully fine edge. He reasoned exactly; he went straight to the point; he never slurred over a difficulty. Generally silent in company, he was fresh, bright, and stimulating when he poured out his thoughts in familiar talk with a friend. Less fertile in suggestion than his younger contemporary and lifelong friend Henry



Sidgwick, he was more definite in his conclusions; or, to put it more correctly, his conclusions were easier to follow, because drawn upon broader lines. His observation was acute, as any one may see by examining the portraits he has given of figures whom, like George Eliot and Anthony Trollope, he had known personally; and he had a sort of Carlylesque gift of catching the little traits or habits in which character expresses itself. Witness the admirable descriptions (in his book on the English Utilitarians) of Bentham and the two Mills, in which he illustrates with eminent felicity the doctrines from the men and the men from their doctrines. This gift made his narratives of his personal experiences particularly interesting. But the great charm of his talk was its humour. It was humour of a dry and quiet kind, delivered with deliberate American gravity—indeed his friends used to tell him that he must have caught the American manner on his first visit to that country. It was never unkindly, and it came with a delightful suddenness when least expected. As often happens with men who have a strong vein of humour, his disposition was naturally sombre rather than cheerful; so this power of drawing amusement from the minor troubles of life was all the more precious.

His way of thinking was independent; nor did he seem to have been much influenced by any philosophical writers or critics except, perhaps, in earlier life by J. S. Mill. He never deemed himself a disciple of Herbert Spencer, and did not, from his conversation, appear to rate very highly the contributions made by Spencer to ethical philosophy. Still less basis is there for the notion that he attached value to the work of H. T. Buckle. For metaphysics of what used to be called the German kind, for speculations such as those of Kant, Schelling or Hegel, he had little taste. It was in the ethical side of philosophy, and in an untechnical common-sense treatment of philosophical problems, that his interest lay. His intellect was analytic rather than constructive; and he had slender faith in large theories. Yet the bent of his mind, although critical, was not destructive, for he did not despair of arriving at solid truth in philosophy; but he held that the first thing to do, and the thing for which his own powers specially fitted him, was to sift and examine current doctrines with a view

to clearing the ground and laying the foundations of sound theory. It was the same with that work in literary criticism, upon which much of his fame will rest. Like all the best critics, he was never content with merely detecting faults and pointing out merits, but looked at a book or a writer as a whole, tracing the qualities of the product to their origin in the idiosyncrasy of the author or the conditions under which the work was produced. Not less admirable than the incisive penetration which he brought to bear were the fairness and candour which shine through everything he wrote. It would be hard to find among the English critics of this or the last generation any one more free from prejudice, more careful and temperate in statement. Had he been less cautious, he might have been, to hasty or heedless readers, more broadly effective; but the value which his opinions have for the thoughtful student would have been greatly reduced.

His reading was mostly in English and, to a less extent, in French writers of the last two centuries, for he had never taken kindly to the Greek and Latin classics, nor (although he could read German) given much time to German writers. Within that special range which he had chosen his knowledge was wide and profound, his interest inexhaustible. Nobody loved books more intensely, or retained to the end of his life a more unslakeable appetite for reading all sorts of books, quite irrespective of the kind of work on which he might happen to be engaged. He had a faculty, delightful to those who listened to his talk, of picking out and remembering the best things he came across, and an excellent memory for poetry, though it was seldom that he could be induced to repeat the long passages of verse with which his mind was stored.

In an article containing some caustic remarks on Englishmen generally, J. R. Lowell said of Leslie Stephen that he was 'the most lovable of men.' Those who knew him as Lowell did would have echoed Lowell's words. He was singularly modest, distrusting his own powers, and apt to disparage his own work. He was singularly considerate of others, as all who worked under him recognised, and, it may be added, as all who had the good fortune to travel with him felt every day

they were in his company. He was indulgent in his judgments, keeping censure, when censure had to be given, within the narrowest limits, and free from resentment to an extent the more remarkable because he was, like most men whose nerves are highly strung, naturally of a sensitive temperament. He was the most loyal and constant of friends, one whose attachment neither separation in space nor difference of opinion could lessen. And if anything could have increased the admiration his friends felt for him, it would have been the noble patience and sweetness with which he bore a long period of weary suffering, during which he continued to labour, so far as his declining strength permitted, awaiting in calm serenity the call to depart hence.

There could not be a better example of the way in which Stephen dealt with a difficult and important problem than his 'Science of Ethics,' which may, perhaps, be called the central book of his life. It differs from the work of his distinguished contemporary, Henry Sidgwick, in not being historical, but purely argumentative and explanatory. Stephen always disclaimed originality even when he was entitled to it, and in philosophy he was not original. He adopted the Utilitarian creed, combining it with the doctrine of Evolution, as applied by Darwin to the world of nature, and by Spencer to the mind of man. By this double process he worked out an ethical system clear in itself, logical as a whole, and able to sustain the high personal and social morality which he practised as well as preached. The difficulty came, as it always comes in these investigations, at the end.

The greatest happiness of the greatest number is an excellent aim both of conduct and of enquiry. All men desire happiness; and the best way of being happy is to be good. Unfortunately it is not the only way. Stephen himself confesses the difficulty of reconciling virtue with happiness as the supreme object of human endeavour. Altruism is a noble faith; and there is much beauty in George Eliot's ideal of a time when the impulse to help one's neighbour will be as naturally strong as the instinct to save oneself from falling. Whether all the Utilitarians, men of unselfish lives and brilliant intellects, who have written on this fascinating subject, bring us any nearer to

George Eliot's goal, is a question which, being historical, Stephen was not bound to answer. His system was sufficient for himself, as it has been for many other wise and admirable men. No one could find fault with the manner in which he sets it forth. He shirks no difficulty, and he makes his results as clear to others as they were to him. With metaphysics he would have nothing to do. A disciple of Locke and Hume, he believed that ontologists darken counsel by words without knowledge. This belief was widely held in the generation to which he belonged. One of its most popular books was Lewes's 'History of Philosophy,' written chiefly to prove the futility of metaphysical research. And yet metaphysics, like nature, though you may expel them with a fork, have a habit of returning with the old questions, What is truth? what is the origin of our ideas? which are no nearer solution now than they were in the days of Plato.

The practical value of Stephen's book is as high as its ability is great. It is only when we come to the region of pure ideas that we find him deficient. He would have been the first to acknowledge the deficiency. An avowed agnostic, who used and adopted Huxley's convenient barbarism, he made no pretence of solving enigmas which he confessed and even proclaimed to be insoluble. But within the limits set by himself, Stephen's 'Science of Ethics' is at once convincing and complete. Those who accept his premisses can hardly avoid his conclusions; those who do not will find in his book abundant food for thought as well as conclusive reason for respecting the intrepid honesty of the author. At the close of a lecture on logic, Jowett approached the old query whether logic was a science or an art, and gave it an unexpected reply. 'Logic,' he says, 'is neither an art nor a science, but a dodge.' Stephen held, with more reverence for his theme, that ethics were both a science and an art; science in so far as they prove and expound general propositions, and art where they refer to particular instances of action or behaviour. The following passage is perhaps the best summary of his views on this interesting point.

'The practical moralist who tries to raise the standard of morals or to influence a particular man must start from the science; and his success will be measured by the degree in which he affects conduct. But it is an error to try the

scientific moralist by the test applicable to the practical moralist. His theory is sound, like every other theory, so far as it explains the facts; and it must explain, and therefore admit, the existence of vice as well as virtue. And this seems to be overlooked when an ethical theory is condemned because it does not of itself constrain the will as well as convince the intellect. That is to confound the art with the science, or practice with theory. A theory is a systematic statement of belief; and the only question about a belief is in any and every case whether it is true or false, not whether it does or does not produce any assumed effect upon conduct. In this respect the analogy is complete between the scientific and practical moralist and the scientific and practical physiologist. It is as idle to suppose that an ethical theory will show vice to be impossible as to suppose that a physiological theory will show disease to be impossible. If that were the case, we should happily be able to dispense with theories altogether.' ('Science of Ethics,' p. 436.)

The 'History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century,' which was published six years before the 'Science of Ethics,' contains, except by implication, few of the writer's own opinions. Yet it has been to the general public the more attractive book of the two. Although the temper of Stephen's mind was scientific, and though he loved to be methodical, he had a strong historical bias, and a remarkable power of describing character. His personal feelings were acute, and he had a penetrating eye for the nicer shades of human temperament. Philosopher as he was, clear, conclusive, and resolute, he is at his best when describing the process by which thought is worked out, and the men who handed on the torch of reason. He had in him more of the historian and the biographer than of the abstract reasoner. His treatise on Utilitarianism tells us all that we really care to know about the lives of the chief Utilitarians; and the persons of his favourite century were really more to him, though perhaps he did not know it, than their doctrines.

In this particular history, the most formal and elaborate that he ever wrote, it is the biographical element that gives the charm and interest to what is nominally a record of speculation. Stephen, like other historians, was not always just to individuals. If theologians

consider that he has in these pages depreciated Butler, freethinkers, on the other hand, will be apt to regard his treatment of Gibbon as singularly cold and unsympathetic. Yet in both cases the presentment is so vivid that those who cannot accept it as complete are not the less disposed to follow attentively the delineation of the type. A very different and a very inferior man, William Warburton, author of the once famous 'Divine Legation,' is drawn with the hand of a master. Macaulay wrote on his copy of Warburton's letters to Hurd the simple inscription, 'Bully to Sneak.' Stephen's account of these two worthies does not substantially differ from the terse formula of Macaulay. He draws out their relations with delightful skill, happily contrasting them with Johnson and Boswell, whom, in almost everything but genius, they much resembled. A good life of Bishop Butler remains to be written; and one cannot help regretting that Mr Gladstone did not write it instead of his rather belated essays on the 'Analogy.' But Stephen, despite his prejudice against the bishop's arguments and his conclusions, gives a fair, though not a sympathetic, account of him as a man.

'Joseph Butler' (he says) 'belonged to the exceedingly small class of men who find in abstract speculation, not merely the main employment, but almost the sole enjoyment of their lives. He stands out in strange contrast to the pushing patronage-hunters of his generation. . . . Butler stood apart from the world. Good preferments, indeed, were showered upon the solitary thinker without solicitation of his own. . . . Butler did not escape the ordinary penalties of singularity. His contemporaries, puzzled by his ascetic and meditative life, thought there must be something wrong about an episcopal recluse who, to say the truth, would have been more in his element in a monastic cell or in the chair of a German university than in the seat of an eighteenth-century bishop. When he put up a cross in his chapel, and was convicted of reading the Lives of the Saints, the problem seemed to be solved, and he was set down as a papist.' ('English Thought,' i, 278.)

This truthful sketch of a deep thinker and a saintly man reminds one of the answer given by the old Carthusian monk to the worldly enquirer who asked him flippantly what he had been doing all his life: 'Cogitavi dies antiquos,' replied the monk, 'et annos æternos in mente



habui.' Few people besides Matthew Arnold have done full justice to Bishop Butler's sermons, which have the human element wanting in the 'Analogy,' and in some passages an almost Æschylean grandeur of style. Stephen finds the germ of the 'Analogy' in the sermon on the ignorance of man. Butler was too wise to fall into the theological trap of making needless assumptions. Like Dean Church, he was deeply conscious of the imperfection of religious knowledge, even for believers in revelation; and his prudence in the field of the intellect was quite as remarkable as his courage in the sphere of conduct.

To the greatest of all historians Stephen had a positive antipathy, which at times almost approaches contempt. He pronounces Gibbon's boyish conversion to Catholicism to be significant of his weak side, and declares that, though 'a skilful anatomical demonstrator of the dead framework of society, he is an utterly incompetent observer of its living development.' It is thus that he accounts for Gibbon's failure to understand the true reason why Christianity spread itself over the world. But in that case the historian would have been equally unable to comprehend the pagan or Mahomedan religions, of which he is commonly charged with giving too favourable an account. It was not so much want of imagination as inveterate prejudice which blinded Gibbon to the power of the Sermon on the Mount; and perhaps that prejudice may have been fostered by the fact that, unlike Butler, he paid more attention to the lives of the bishops than to the lives of the saints.

No part of this fascinating book, which may be taken up at any point, and read at any time, is better than the pages devoted to David Hume. The intrepidity of Hume's reasoning commended him highly to Stephen; and he was undoubtedly the most disinterested philosopher of a by no means disinterested age. Butler, who belonged to an earlier generation, was a singularly fair and candid reasoner; but he had a case to make, and, as a clergyman, he would not otherwise have been an honest man. Hume was absolutely dispassionate, except, perhaps, in his love of Toryism and his hatred of England, which do not find their way into his philosophy. Although his subject included the deepest and most fundamental questions which can engage the consideration of men—

'he neither scoffs nor sneers nor regrets. The dogma under discussion seems neither to attract nor to repel him. . . . This strange calmness is characteristic of the man and of his age; it is only possible to a consummate logician, arguing at a time when theology, though living amongst the masses, was being handed over by thinkers to the schools. We have in his pages the ultimate expression of the acutest scepticism of the eighteenth century, the one articulate statement of a philosophical judgment upon the central questions at issue' (i, 312).

Able and thorough as Burton's 'Life of Hume' is, no student can afford to neglect Stephen's description of him. That Hume was the first philosophical genius of his age is now universally admitted. Yet for hundreds that read his 'History,' which has little to recommend it except the style, there were not as many scores who read the 'Treatise of Human Nature,' perhaps the most consummate philosophical argument that, in this country at all events, the eighteenth century, that age of reason, produced. Stephen explains in his best manner both its pre-eminence and its neglect. The fact is that Hume was as much above his critics as Bentley was, and suffered from the same cause. From his own point of view he never has been and never can be refuted. It is true that we do not know what causation means, and that a series of sequences need no more imply a cause than day is the cause of night. Only metaphysicians, such, for instance, as Kant, not afraid to discuss the meaning of truth, and not content to be ignorant of it, could reconstruct the fabric which Hume's irrefragable logic had battered to the ground. Hume closed a philosophic era, and remains the master in that school of experience to which Stephen belonged. No one saw this more clearly than T. H. Green, the great English Hegelian, who edited the 'Treatise' with the double purpose of showing that it was, in its kind, consummate, and that it had been superseded by the totally different system of Kant and Hegel.

Lord Grimthorpe's popular handbook, which he called 'Astronomy without Mathematics,' was once likened by a cynical critic to a work on architecture which ignored the law of gravitation. Stephen's philosophy, developed from the historical side in his 'English Thought,' and from the scientific side in his volume on Ethics, suffers from the drawback, or, as some would say, enjoys the

advantage, of ignoring metaphysics. But we must take men as we find them; and it is better to consider books as what they are than as what they are not, and do not pretend to be. If this principle be applied to Stephen, he must be reckoned as a philosopher of singular lucidity, completeness, and force.

His philosophy and his morality were his religion, as may be seen from 'An Agnostic's Apology,' which, having been formally published for the first time as a whole only last year, must be reckoned as a final statement of his creed. In these essays he compares favourably the doctrines of Mill—which are really Hume's, coloured by a characteristic vein of emotion—not with what Rowland Williams calls rational godliness, but with the brilliant rhetoric of Newman, who held that there was no real halting-place between sound Catholicism and sheer atheism. We have to consider here, not how far Hume or Mill or Newman was right, but in what way Stephen dealt with the difficulties they raised. He held that Newman lost himself in controversy about matters which transcend human knowledge; and he took himself the line of a reverend scepticism, which holds that all discussion about the being or attributes of God would be blasphemous if it were not futile. No one would gather from Stephen's books that he had ever been a clergyman. Some men, after giving up holy orders, cherish, consciously or otherwise, a repugnance which sometimes amounts to rancour, for the profession which they have discarded. Others remain as clerical as they were before, though less orthodox, and preach in literature when they can no longer preach from the pulpit. It was said even of Renan that, though he never actually became a priest, he was '*toujours séminariste*'; but Stephen's clerical career, which was entirely academic, left no perceptible trace upon him whatever. He discovered that he had made a mistake; and, when once he had corrected it, there was an end of the matter. He passed his life, as Gibbon says of the pagan philosophers, in the pursuit of truth and the practice of virtue. Truth, so far as he thought that it could be reached by human intelligence, could be ascertained by research; and, though Stephen was neither arrogant nor dogmatic, he was quite clear about his own conclusions in his own mind.

But Stephen's literary essays are more popular, if not more valuable, than his more systematic work. He was indeed an excellent biographer. His 'Lives' of Henry Fawcett and of his own brother, Fitzjames, are models both of arrangement and of size. The 'Life' of Fawcett is, indeed, a curious and interesting study. Stephen loved the man, and has drawn a delightful picture of the indomitable courage, the unflagging spirits, and the cordial good-humour, with which he faced and overcame the terrible calamity of his early blindness. Of Fawcett the man, especially of his Cambridge days, Stephen liked to write. He was essentially a Cambridge man himself, and everything he wrote about that university has a piquant personal flavour. Fawcett, moreover, belonged to his own college, Trinity Hall; and, though he was as far as possible from being a don, he relished the society of the combination-room quite as much as his biographer. But, when Stephen comes to treat of Fawcett the politician, his efforts to be appreciative are almost pathetic. He admired—nobody could help admiring—Fawcett's honesty of intention and tenacity of purpose. But Fawcett was a party man; and to Stephen party politics were an abomination. All the more credit to him that he should have written a thoroughly readable book, of which the accuracy has never been impugned, and in which the personal distaste of the author for many of the controversies he had to describe is almost entirely suppressed. Fitzjames Stephen was a speculative jurist quite as much as a practical lawyer—some said more so; but Fawcett, though he liked society of all kinds, was above all a politician. Only a strong feeling of personal affection could have induced Stephen to spend so much time upon politics. But when he had to do a thing he always did it well: he detested bad work as heartily as he hated shams of all kinds. It was this that made him such an invaluable editor of that great Biographical Dictionary in which his own articles are among the best.

Stephen's lighter vein is best shown in the 'Sketches from Cambridge' which he contributed to the early numbers of the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and afterwards republished without his name. Though not especially characteristic, and flippant to the verge of what would now be called smartness, these sketches are good speci-

mens of academic journalism and much funnier than such ostentatiously comic books as 'Verdant Green.' Cynical in tone, and rather audacious in manner, they really pay as much deference to Cambridge as can be expected from a fellow of a college engaged in actual tuition, and they bring out the strong points of the University under the disguise of sarcastic criticism. If the heads of houses are treated with less reverence than they would consider their due, and the tutors are somewhat familiarly handled, mathematicians escape with very gentle satire, and the only Latin quotation, which consists of two words, contains a blunder. But 'emollunt mores' is a very trifling matter compared with the excellent story of the old-fashioned tutors who affected the reverse of respectability.

'They affably got drunk at undergraduates' supper-parties; one of them, it is said, issued from his college gates late at night, and smote the first man on the head with a poker, insomuch that his life was despaired of for six weeks; the master of the college, however, took severe notice of this delinquent by insisting upon his accepting a small college living which happened to be vacant.'

Stephen does not conceal his preference for a university which had no religious movement, no 'Tract Ninety,' no 'Essays and Reviews'; and where young men did not, as Mark Pattison said, spend the time which should have been devoted to study in finding out which was the true church. Books of this kind are of their nature ephemeral; but the original flavour of this volume is clearly proved by the fact that it can be read to-day with quite as much enjoyment as it gave to the readers of the 'Pall Mall' forty years ago.

It is probable, however, that the volumes called 'Hours in a Library,' and 'Studies of a Biographer,' have had more readers, and given more pleasure, than any other of Stephen's writings. Their merit, indeed, is not altogether on the surface. Although he had plenty of humour, he kept it in restraint, and he was so contemptuous of anything like 'gush' that he often seemed to be altogether incapable of any feeling warmer than approval. But this was not really so. His essay on Wordsworth is quite enough to prove that he could be drawn into ardent

defence of any one whom he thought unduly attacked; but, as a rule, his object was rather to appraise than either to assail or to defend his author. To some readers this characteristic, as well as his extreme reluctance to state anything that he could not prove, may be distasteful; but Stephen shared the prejudices of the Cambridge of his day. He would infinitely rather have written a dull article than have pretended to know more than he really knew.

'Hours in a Library' is as good a title as 'Half-hours with the Best Authors' is bad; it irresistibly reminds us of leisure, enjoyment, seclusion from the world. There have been men, perhaps not very many, who had read more books than Stephen. There have been very few who had such full and precise command of their accumulated knowledge. Whether he liked his author or not, Stephen always knew him thoroughly and from beginning to end. One of his most characteristic essays, that on De Quincey, is, perhaps, best known for the unusually epigrammatic judgment that De Quincey 'wrote a few pages which revealed new capacities of the language, and provided a good deal of respectable padding for the magazines.' But Stephen was as well acquainted with the padding as with those glorious passages in the 'Confessions of an Opium Eater' and the 'Suspiria de Profundis' which are constantly quoted as specimens of inspired eloquence. De Quincey was capable of writing plain, sober prose, as in his popular version of Ricardo's 'Political Economy,' which might be republished with advantage at the present day. But, as a rule, he oscillated between the tawdriest of fine writing, in the worst sense of that term, and sentences which show that poetry of a high order can be written without the use of metre. That Ruskin was as much indebted to him as he was to Sir Thomas Browne is a truth which Stephen rather hints than formulates. Yet not even in the 'Religio Medici' nor in the 'Stones of Venice' is there anything more magnificent than the opium eater's last dream, when the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon him, or the oppression of inexorable guilt.

Nothing is more characteristic of Stephen's intellectual catholicity than his defence of Horace Walpole—almost as unlike himself as one literary man can be different from another—against the attacks of Macaulay,



who hated Walpole for his Frenchified style and his dandified airs. It vexed Stephen's sense of justice that the writer who derived from Walpole some of the most brilliant touches in his essays should show such apparent ingratitude. Perhaps Stephen goes too far when he says that 'the history of England, throughout a very large segment of the eighteenth century, is simply a synonym for the works of Horace Walpole.' But, however much one may be inclined to disagree with Stephen at the beginning of an hour, one usually comes round to something like agreement with him at the end. He is the sanest, soundest critic, never advancing an opinion for which he cannot produce evidence, or using argument without supporting it by fact. He was, so far as we know, the first writer who fully explained the solid value to the historian of a man who seems on the surface a mere coxcomb and fribble. Stuffed with ridiculous prejudices as Walpole was, speaking disrespectfully of Gibbon, who should have been French enough even for his taste, he was so clever, and had such a shrewd eye for the real point, that no letters are worth more than his to a serious student of his time. It may be added that no one has furnished a better or more dispassionate history of it than the author of 'Hours in a Library.' Stephen saw, though Macaulay did not, that a man who, from sheer affectation, treated the small things seriously and great things with levity, might yet be essential to those who, in both cases, took the opposite view.

Nowhere in this book does Stephen rise to a higher level than in his essay on Wordsworth. Wordsworth's ethics are inseparable from his poetry; and it is with the poems that Stephen was concerned. Whether he really loved poetry is a question which, since his death, has been somewhat vainly discussed. No reader of his essays on Shelley and Matthew Arnold can feel much doubt; and only a lover of poetry in its highest sense and in its best form could have written this paper on Wordsworth. It glows with an intensity of enthusiasm for which, in the whole range of Stephen's works, a parallel could hardly be found; and even Wordsworth's latest commentator, Professor Raleigh, has not gone beyond it in reverence or in appreciation. Whole volumes of tedious ridicule and tiresome parody seem to disappear

before the simple remark that Wordsworth's defects are too obvious to be mentioned.

'He can yet' (the critic continues) 'pierce furthest behind the veil, and embody most efficiently the thoughts and emotions which come to us in our most solemn and reflective moods. Other poetry becomes trifling when we are making our inevitable passages through the Valley of the Shadow of Death; Wordsworth's alone retains its power. We love him the more as we grow older and become more deeply impressed with the sadness and seriousness of life; we are apt to grow weary of his rivals when we have finally quitted the regions of youthful enchantment.' ('Hours in a Library,' ii.)

The reason is, according to Stephen, that Wordsworth was a philosopher as well as a poet—if, indeed, poetry and philosophy are not two sides of the same thing. This is a remarkable admission for a man who held that the greatest metaphysicians were on a false scent and had wasted their time. The noble lines on Tintern Abbey, of which he speaks with just and therefore unbounded admiration, are metaphysical enough for Plato himself. To Stephen, as to Mill, Wordsworth was an object of so much reverence and love that he transcended all his theories and took him out of himself. Wordsworth had a philosophy of sorrow as well a philosophy of nature; and it was the spirit in which he wrote of suffering that especially endeared him to Stephen. He avoided the commonplaces which irritate while they are meant to soothe, and never tried to explain away the stern realities of life. Between him and his critic there was a great theological gulf. But Wordsworth speaks to the hearts and minds of all men with a power independent of church and creed. The concluding pages of this profoundly moving essay are really a lay sermon upon the unselfish use of sorrow. The cause of Wordsworth's permanent and sustaining influence at times when ordinary consolations fail is, we are told, that he invents nothing and extenuates nothing, but, taking life and death as they are, shows how the effect of bereavement on a manly nature may be an increased determination to help the friends that are left. 'His psychology, stated systematically, is rational, and, when expressed passionately, turns into poetry.' Wordsworth could hardly have framed or desired a better description of himself.

Such was Stephen when he wrote of an acknowledged master and guide. But he could be scrupulously fair to writers whom he most disliked. He had all Thackeray's antipathy to Sterne; and for the man, apart from his books, he has nothing but contemptuous disgust.

'One can hardly read the familiar passages without admitting that Sterne was perhaps the greatest artist in the language. No one, at least, shows more inimitable felicity in producing a pungent effect by a few touches of exquisite precision. He gives the impression that the thing has been done once for all; he has hit the bull's-eye round which aspiring marksmen go on blundering indefinitely without any satisfying success. Two or three of the scenes in which Uncle Toby expresses his sentiments are as perfect in their way as the half-dozen lines in which Mrs Quickly describes the end of Falstaff, and convince us that three strokes from a man of genius may be worth more than the life's labour of the cleverest of skilled literary workmen.' ('Hours,' iii. 142.)

The whole essay is an excellent specimen of Stephen's method and style, not the less remarkable because Sterne contradicted his favourite theory that you cannot love a man's books without being fond of the man himself. As much might be said of Pope. But Stephen, though he admits and even roundly declares that Pope was a worse man than Sterne, did not really detest him as he detested the author of 'Tristram Shandy,' and was driven into an attitude almost of advocacy for Pope by the strictures of Elwin.

A still more interesting paper is the lecture on Coleridge. It would indeed have been difficult to say more about that writer that was worth saying, and so little that could be left unsaid, within the compass of an hour. Some readers may think that the contrast is too sharply drawn between what Coleridge designed to accomplish and what he actually achieved. The failure may be exaggerated; and too much of it may be set down to opium rather than to a constitutional weakness of will, which hampered an astonishing strength of intellect. Yet it is tempting to dwell, as in this lecture, upon the wonderful promise of Coleridge's youth, when, as the lecturer says, it seemed to be entirely within his own choice whether he would become a second Milton or a second Bacon. Although he wrote a great deal both in

prose and verse which is now seldom read except by students, his poetical imagination and his philosophical depth have scarcely been surpassed by any Englishman. He is, perhaps, the one commentator on Shakespeare of whom, so far as general reflections go, one would not gladly be rid. Among all British poets he was the best critic, while in poetry no critic, not even Matthew Arnold, has approached him. We miss, perhaps, in the lecture some of those personal traits which, even disguised in caricature, adds so much to the charm of 'Nightmare Abbey.' But we have admirable and most appropriate quotations from the eloquent chapter on Coleridge in Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling,' and more of Stephen's own dry humour than he usually allowed to show itself in his literary dissertations.

'An experienced person has said, "Do not marry a man of genius." I have no personal interest in that question' (says Stephen, separating himself from Mrs Carlyle), 'nor will I express any opinion upon it. But one is inclined to say, "Don't be his brother-in-law or his publisher or his editor or anything that is his if you care twopence—it is probably an excessive valuation—for the opinion of posthumous critics."'

This means, of course, that admirers of Coleridge, distinguishing less perfectly than Stephen did between the man and his works, have endeavoured to defend his reputation by the rather stale device of attacking other people's. An identical course has been taken by Professor Dowden and others in the case of Shelley, whose first wife has been sacrificed, like Mrs Coleridge, to the exigencies of biographical partisanship. 'A man's wife,' said Bagehot, 'is his fault, his mother is his misfortune.' But Stephen says, after reading many of her private letters, that Mrs Coleridge, unlike poor Harriet, 'must really have been a very sensible woman, who worked hard to educate her own children and the children of her sister, Mrs Southey, in French and Italian, and who could express herself in remarkably good English.' If Coleridge was in love with somebody else, that was certainly not Mrs Coleridge's fault, and proves nothing except the purely unmoral proposition, that even men of genius do not act without a motive.

Reverting to the thesis which he had developed in his

masterpiece on Wordsworth, Stephen sums up in two sentences his mature view of the relations between poetry and philosophy. Coleridge's philosophy, if less bracing than Wordsworth's, is richer and more suggestive, partly because, though inferior to Wordsworth as a man, and far less fertile as a poet, he was not, with all his selfishness, so entirely centred in himself. It would be difficult to improve upon Stephen's account of the old controversy between poets and philosophers, which made even Plato—a poet if ever there was one, and saturated with Homer—denounce poetry as actually mischievous to the morality of the individual and the welfare of the state.

'Therefore' (writes Stephen), 'if poetry, as Coleridge says after Milton, should be simple, sensuous, passionate, instead of systematic, abstract, and emotionless, like speculative reasoning, it is not to be inferred that the poet should be positively unphilosophical; nor is he the better, as some recent critics appear to have discovered, for merely appealing to the senses as being without thoughts, or in simpler words, a mere animal. The loftiest poet and the loftiest philosopher deal with the same subject-matter, the great problems of the world and of human life, though one presents the symbolism and the other unravels the logical connection of the abstract conceptions.' ('Hours,' iii. 361.)

When Lord Acton said that he had learnt little from Carlyle because he had read Coleridge first, he expressed in an epigram the enormous debt which modern speculation owes to the great thinker who taught his own and subsequent generations far more than he learnt from Germany, even though he has been convicted of unaccountable plagiarism from Schelling.

It is impossible to dwell, within the limits of this article, upon more than a representative fraction of 'Hours in a Library.' The variety of Stephen's reading was as conspicuous as its range; and he could write upon Richardson or Balzac or Defoe with as full an acquaintance and as sober a judgment as upon Coleridge and De Quincey. Only in the case of Disraeli's novels did he deliberately choose a theme which was beyond his range. The essay is, indeed, as clever and amusing as anything in these delightful volumes. But politics, as we have

already had occasion to observe, were out of Stephen's line; and the merit of these strange romances is entirely political. In that sphere they are without a rival. Disraeli's love-making and his lucubrations (if that be the word) on the Asian Mystery have long ceased to interest us, while every word that he wrote on politics is as fresh and entertaining as if it had been published for the first time in yesterday's morning paper.

The 'Studies of a Biographer' often cover familiar ground, but they are as original and vigorous as 'Hours in a Library.' Jowett's 'Life' could hardly have been expected to evoke much enthusiasm on Stephen's part. He was always distrustful of a reputation which depended on the reports of others and could not be proved by documentary testimony. Although he would not have gone so far as John Bright, who, after reading Jowett's 'Plato,' or some of it, wondered why so clever a man as the Master of Balliol should have wasted so much time over so unprofitable a dialectician, it cannot be said that translations from the Greek, however excellent, had much interest for Stephen. He remarks, as if in wonder, that Jowett spent years upon Plato and Thucydides. With all his efforts, which are almost painfully sincere, he cannot understand Jowett's theological position. He is better able to appreciate the position of those who prosecuted the Essayists and Reviewers than the position of the Essayists themselves; and he even sympathises with Carlyle's remark—not quite applicable to clergymen who had the law on their side—that the sentinel who deserts should be shot. Yet he did full justice to Jowett's sympathy and generosity, to the great services he rendered to his college, to the intellectual influence he exercised upon pupils of every kind, and to the completeness with which he merged his own interests in the interests of Balliol. But, though a more cheerful book than the 'Life of Jowett' was seldom written, it is a melancholy reflection with which the reviewer concludes:—

'The last ten years of life, as Jowett frequently remarked, are the best; best, because you are freest from care, freest from illusion, and fullest of experience. They must, no doubt, be fullest of experience; they may be freest from care if you are the head of a college, and have no domestic ties; but,



unluckily, the illusions which have vanished generally include the illusion that anything which you did at your best had any real value, or that anything which you can do hereafter will even reach the moderate standard of the old work (ii, 158).

This outburst of pessimism would have been better suited to a biography of Mark Pattison than to one of Jowett; and it most assuredly did not apply to Stephen himself.

A more cheerful and a more interesting retrospect of the past is the essay on Tennyson. Lord Tennyson's 'Life' of his father apparently suggested to Stephen that he had not always been sufficiently sensible of the poet's excellence. He was, indeed, thought to have unduly disparaged him. At Cambridge he was, however, an ardent admirer of the Laureate; and his praise of 'In Memoriam' in this article is cordial enough to satisfy the most jealous of worshippers. But, like some other people, notably Edward Fitzgerald, he did not take so friendly a view of Tennyson's later performances; and he was sometimes annoyed, if not disgusted, by the excessive adulation which it became fashionable to pay him. That he could appreciate Tennyson's real genius is clear from a single instance, which no one was better qualified to give:—

'The Alpine traveller' (he observes) 'has seen and tried for years to tell how he is impressed by his beloved scenery, and annoyed by his own bungling whenever he has tried to get beyond arithmetical statements of hard geographical facts. And then Tennyson, who was never in his life more than 7000 feet above the sea, just glances at Monte Rosa from the cathedral at Milan, and in a four-line stanza gives the whole spirit of the scene to perfection' (ii, 197).

It was the 'Idylls of the King,' first published in 1859, which made Tennyson popular in the widest sense; and this jarred upon Stephen, who thought, like Fitzgerald, that he had written much better things before. Stephen, it is true, went further than Carlyle, who stopped at 'Ulysses'—the poem, it is said, that procured Tennyson his pension. But he detested the allegories; he could not endure the identification of Prince Albert with King Arthur; and all Tennyson's subsequent poetry was, in his opinion, injured by a want of the simplicity which gave part of their charm to the early volumes. After studying

the biography, in which he was able to read between the lines, Stephen came to the conclusion that the sweetness and tenderness of the poet's character were unsurpassed.

Perhaps he himself had come with years to set more value upon the emotional side of character, and to adopt a less purely intellectual criterion in judging his fellow-men. His reasoning was as keen as ever, but the kindness of disposition which comes with age only to the best men had smoothed away angularities and led him to take a view gentler, though not less acute, concerning the vicissitudes of men. In the two final volumes of the 'Studies of a Biographer,' which appeared together in 1902, there is a mellower, a more genial, and a far more tolerant tone than is to be found in some of his earlier writings. Of Walter Bagehot, that delightful and sometimes intentionally exasperating author, who defended Louis Napoleon in 1852 on the avowed ground that he had 'very good heels to his boots, and the French just wanted treading down and nothing else—calm, cruel, business-like oppression to take the dogmatic conceit out of their heads,' he speaks with unfailing gentleness and a thorough appreciation for Bagehot's rather slapdash originality that is much to be admired in a man with so methodical a mind. Indeed, Stephen, as was perhaps natural, overrated Bagehot's knowledge of politics, and supposed that he had really solved the riddle of the British constitution.

In dealing with Froude, Stephen was almost too kind. In drawing the portrait he left out the devil. Froude had an almost incomparable style; and his characters are sketched with so masterly a hand that his numerous inaccuracies count for very little as compared with the superb picture which he could draw of a sovereign, of a statesman, of a theologian, or of an age. His dramatic view of history, his theory—which he shared with Marlborough—that Shakespeare was the greatest of historians, his belief that an anecdote, though false, was useful if it had a moral, and useless, though true, if it had not—all this Stephen quite understood and clearly explained. But Froude's subtle and complex nature is unintelligible, or, at least, very difficult to comprehend, without presupposing that love of mischief which helped to make him the most fascinating of companions. He liked to

puzzle, to startle, and to shock. When he adopted, or went far to adopt, Lord Melbourne's paradox that Henry VIII was the greatest man who ever lived; when he attacked Elizabeth for not setting the prejudices of Protestantism above reasons of state; when, in his exaltation of Luther, he constantly hints at the mental superiority of Erasmus; when he magnifies the foibles of his second master, Carlyle, and carefully records that sage's remark that his first master, Newman, had the intellect of a rabbit, he was amusing himself at the expense of the literal public and doubtless wondering what they would say. Froude's great adversary, Freeman, who had not a spark of humour, was infuriated by these vagaries. Stephen was quite capable of appreciating them. But his estimate of the man would have been more complete if he had said something of the freakish spirit who never ceased to attend upon Froude.

Although Stephen was apt to be too apologetic for intruding his opinions upon readers who were anxious to hear them, it is proper that every man should apologise for writing about Shakespeare. Nine tenths of what has been written about him are dead, and of the remaining tenth not one half deserves to survive. It is a good rule to take up any book or any article on Shakespeare and read only the quotations. But it would have been a great loss to all lovers of good literature if Stephen had not, at the close of his life, overcome his diffidence and given us his forty-four pages on 'Shakespeare as a Man.' Mr Lee, in his standard biography, contends and proves that more facts are known about Shakespeare's outward life than previous compilers had been willing to admit. But these are external circumstances only, and throw no light upon the question—of which Tennyson said he could form no idea—how Shakespeare came to write his plays. If we attempt to infer from the dramas anything definite about their author, we are always met with the objection that a dramatic character is not necessarily speaking the opinions of his creator. Stephen does not impugn Mr Lee's conclusion that the sonnets are purely imaginative; and he is far from taking up the strange theories of Brandes, who seems to think that Shakespeare had no imagination at all. We may say, of course, that Shakespeare knew what love was or he could not have written

'Romeo and Juliet.' To the wild notion that he must have been a lawyer because he wrote the 'Merchant of Venice'—which proves, if it proves anything, that he could not have been one—the proper reply was given by a lady, who said that, in her opinion, he must have been a woman. How he came to know human nature as nobody else knew it we cannot tell. But when adepts profess, in dealing with a doubtful play such as 'Henry VIII' or 'Timon of Athens,' to distinguish by internal evidence between what is Shakespeare and what is not, they implicitly assert that they know more of a poet's mind than would be possible if a playwright always concealed himself. There are things which even Shakespeare could not have said if he had not felt them; and there is knowledge which can only be acquired by miracle or experience. The search for the true Shakespeare is not the less fascinating because it can never be entirely successful; and Stephen may always be trusted to err, if at all, on the side of caution. He comes near the conclusion of the whole matter when he writes:—

'If you admit that Shakespeare was a humorist—intensely sensitive to natural beauty, a scorner of the pedantry whether of scholars or of theologians, endowed with an amazingly wide and tolerant view of human nature, radically opposed to Puritanism or any kind of fanaticism, capable of hearty sympathy with the popular instincts and yet with a strong persuasion of the depth of popular folly—you thereby know at least some negative propositions about the man himself.'

It is good to leave a man of letters with Shakespeare, and here we may leave Stephen. Few among his contemporaries excelled him in knowledge or in the art of using what he knew. He was educated in a rigid, somewhat matter-of-fact school, which scorned all pretence and discouraged enthusiasm as the sign of an unregulated mind. That a man who wrote so much should have felt no impulse to write is incredible. But Stephen certainly had no passion for seeing himself in print; he had none of the raw haste which has been called half-sister to delay. He seemed to labour, according to Goethe's ideal, without haste and without rest. In his essay on Gibbon he describes the historian as a singular instance of a man who did exactly what

he meant to do. With Gibbon's immense achievement the work of few modern scholars can be compared. Stephen wrote no book to which the hackneyed phrase *magnum opus* can well be applied. Yet if he had had the mapping out of his own life, and could have chosen, when he was young, what he would accomplish before he was old, it is probable that the forecast would have differed little from the actual result. He made his favourite century far better known to the reading public than it had ever been before, and he gave the world a lucid and concise account of his ethical creed, which was to him religion and philosophy in one. He put together by far the best account of the English Utilitarians, whose influence is not to be judged so much by what they added to speculative thought as by what they accomplished for legislative reform. He enriched the literature of his country with a series of vivid portraits, literary and personal, which, in compass and variety, could be matched by Sainte-Beuve alone. His own reminiscences, written within a few months of his death, might easily have been expanded into two or three volumes. But their conciseness is not the least of their merits. His dryness, like the dryness of champagne, is a virtue not a vice; it came from hatred of bombast and exaggeration, not from any want of interest either in the man he was describing or in the books upon which he was passing judgment.

Upon his style, except as regards lucidity, he does not seem to have bestowed much conscious labour. His father, Sir James Stephen, Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office, and afterwards Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, was a master of sonorous rhetorical periods which, though a little out of fashion at the present time, are full of genuine eloquence not unmingled with a strange sort of pious humour. It can hardly be said that Leslie Stephen inherited from him any literary gift except the gift of literature. His aim, especially after he became the editor of the Dictionary, was condensation, which always seemed to be furthest from Sir James's mind. It was part of the Cambridge training in Leslie Stephen's time, especially among mathematical men, to rate facility of expression very low, and to judge books by their substance rather than by their style. How curiously academic Stephen's mind, in some things, remained after long

absence from Cambridge and many years in London may be gathered from the fact that he never wrote better than when he was writing a lecture. The idea of the audience seemed to exhilarate his fancy and to give more outlets for his humour. It is the highest merit of some styles, as, for instance, of Swift's, that we seldom think about them at all, except when we try, and try in vain, to discover how the thought could be better put. Without likening Stephen to Swift or attributing to him the same impression of inevitable necessity in words, we may say that he never wrote an obscure sentence and never evaded a point because he did not understand it himself.

In conclusion we are naturally tempted to ask what was Stephen's relative position as compared with other great critics of his time. To one of them, Sainte-Beuve, whom he knew well, he would have been the first to admit his inferiority. In universality of learning he was unequal to the French critic. When Sainte-Beuve composed a 'Causerie' the whole field of literature seemed to lie before him. Not merely his knowledge of the subject, but his knowledge of all subjects, which was encyclopædic, helped him in the construction of everything he wrote for the 'Constitutionnel.' One of the best ideas in this book of Stephen's, the striking comparison of Cowper with Rousseau, is taken, with proper acknowledgment, from the great Frenchman to whom English literature was only less familiar than his own. It is, perhaps, easier, and it is certainly more instructive, to compare or contrast Stephen with men who wrote in English, such as Matthew Arnold, Walter Bagehot, and James Russell Lowell. There is no book of his which can be set beside 'Essays in Criticism' as an intellectual event. Upon Matthew Arnold's best work, in prose as well as in poetry, there is the stamp of originality or genius. He was a born critic rather than a born poet; and his instinct often taught him conclusions at which men of wider knowledge but less wit would never have arrived. As Leslie Stephen says in his 'Studies of a Biographer,'

'His judgments show greater skill in seizing characteristic aspects than in giving a logical analysis or a convincing proof. He goes by intuition, not by roundabout logical approaches. No recent English critic, I think, has approached him in the art of giving delicate portraits of literary leaders; he has



spoken, for example, precisely the right word about Byron and Wordsworth. Many of us who cannot rival him, may gain from Arnold's writings a higher conception of what will be our true function if we could discharge it.' ('Studies,' ii, 92.)

But Arnold had some disqualifications from which Stephen is free. Although he wrote that the critic ought to keep out of the reach of immediate practice, he was by nature didactic, and was often more interested in enforcing his own views than in explaining his author. He was, moreover, addicted to what Professor Saintsbury calls will-worship, and was liable to capricious admiration. An Englishman and a lover of literature will get more pleasure from 'Essays in Criticism' than from 'Hours in a Library'; but to a foreign reader, or even to an English student, Stephen will be far more useful than Arnold, because he merges himself in his subject, and because he prefers giving information to putting out opinions.

Stephen, indeed, was so reluctant to decide anything without the amplest materials and the fullest thought that he constantly postpones or sets aside answers to inevitable questions. His method was, in fact, rather scientific than literary; and he neither knew nor cared much about the classical models which Arnold adopted as a standard of taste. Although he had, perhaps, as much real humour as Arnold, Bagehot, or Lowell, he was much less lavish in the display of it. With Bagehot it was deliciously irrepressible, and we are in danger of forgetting what a good critic he was in the amusement of his quaintness or delight in his personal touches. Stephen's inclination was to write about a man whom he knew as if he had never seen him: his article on Lowell in the 'Quarterly Review' (July, 1902) is a striking instance of this peculiarity. Bagehot, on the other hand, would describe a man he had never seen as if he knew him. Stephen had quite as strong personal feeling as most of his contemporaries, and stronger than many; but in criticism he strove to be judicial, to follow the evidence, and to know nothing except what was before him.

With Lowell he had more affinity than with either of the two other critics whom we have named. There was a strong mutual affection between them; and none of Stephen's addresses have more depth of sentiment or beauty of style than the words which he spoke when the

memorial to Lowell was unveiled. On the other hand, nothing could be better said or closer to the truth than a sentence in Lowell's letter to Stephen about 'English Thought in the Eighteenth Century.' 'Whatever your belief,' he wrote, 'and whatever proof you ask for believing, you show much tenderness for whatever is high-minded and sincere, even where you think it mistaken,' Lowell had a wider acquaintance than Stephen with the literature of foreign countries; and the circumstances of his life had made him a better citizen of the world. It was much the same to him whether a book was written in French or German or Italian or Spanish. He was also a sensitively patriotic American. But he was of pure English descent, and resented the suggestion that he was not an Englishman; certainly no Englishman loved English literature better, or was more thoroughly at home in it. He had the faculty, in which Stephen was somewhat lacking, of suggestiveness, of dropping a hint which excited the reader to follow it up. A great political satirist before he was otherwise known as a man of letters, Lowell had a keener interest than Stephen in public affairs; and books were not the sole or perhaps the main interest of his life. If there is in Stephen a little too much of the professional critic, there is in Lowell a little too much of the amateur. But, taken altogether, with his sanity, his lucidity, his thoroughness, his tolerance, his singular fairness of mind, Leslie Stephen is sure to rank among the best critics of his generation.

No judge who has ever sat upon the literary bench has held the moral standard higher or shown more reverence for goodness, whatever the outward form it assumed. If we may try him by the rule which he himself laid down and infer what he was from what he wrote, we may say with perfect confidence that it is impossible to rise from a perusal of his books without reverence for the fidelity of the artist and affection for the personality of the man

---

## Art. VII.—THE NOVELS OF THOMAS HARDY.

*Desperate Remedies* (1871); *Under the Greenwood Tree* (1872); *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (1873); *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874); *The Hand of Ethelberta* (1876); *The Return of the Native* (1878); *The Trumpet-Major* (1880); *A Laodicean* (1881); *Two on a Tower* (1882); *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886); *The Woodlanders* (1887); *Wessex Tales* (1888); *A Group of Noble Dames* (1891); *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891); *Life's Little Ironies* (1894); *Jude the Obscure* (1895); *The Well-beloved* (1897). Collected edition. Seventeen vols. London: Macmillan, 1903.

ON a review of the works of the earlier Greek poets Aristotle concluded that dramatists were able sooner to arrive at excellence in diction and characterisation than in the construction of the fable; and English literature, modern as well as ancient, is, by its main defect in narrative art, a lamentable proof of his assertion. From Spenser to Browning and George Eliot, the weak point with us has been the structure of the plot. Dramatic design, like sculpture, is an art not easily to be naturalised in this country. Ben Jonson was one of the first English writers to compose plays with all the incidents regularly interwoven and all the parts interdependent; and for this reason he was considered by some critics, from the Jacobean age to the Restoration period, to be a better dramatist than Shakespeare. Being, however, vastly inferior to several of his contemporaries in the creation and development of character and the genius for dramatic poetry, he failed to excite a general feeling for form and so establish it as a tradition binding upon later writers. Happily, the sense of literary form was, to some extent, popularised in England during the eighteenth century, when the art of painting was also founded in this country; and, on the rise of the novel, there was a possibility of the art of construction being acquired by the English mind, with the splendid examples set before it, first, by the author of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and then by the author of 'The Bride of Lammermuir.'

Vainly, however. The loss of the sense of literary form was part of the price we had to pay for the magnificent

results of the romantic movement. Coleridge, Hazlitt, and other critics of the romantic school, English and German, must be said to have been collaborators in innumerable badly constructed works of the last century, in that they either exalted the superstition of Shakespeare's consummate skill as a playwright into a sort of literary religion, or brought the inferior plays of other Elizabethan dramatists into fashion by dwelling on detached passages of exceptionally poetic quality and lightly passing over structural defects which should have been treated as intolerable. Owing in no small measure to the influence of these critics, our drama, in an age when great poets were attempting to write for the stage, became, in Beddoes' phrase, 'a haunted ruin,' and soon decayed utterly; while many volumes of fiction, remarkable and, at times, excellent in characterisation, feeling, and philosophy, remained second-rate productions in regard to proportion, compactness, correlation of parts, and general design.

Thackeray, in the first portion of 'Vanity Fair,' and in some later works, effected a marked improvement in the art of novel-writing in England, in construction as well as in style; but to have definitely raised the standard of workmanship in this respect is one of the fine achievements of the author of 'The Return of the Native.' We think it is well to insist upon this, primarily, in attempting even a brief estimate of Mr Hardy's work as a novelist. For although the best writers of the younger generation have followed him in studying conciseness, arrangement, dramatic point, and, in a few instances, purity and expressiveness of style, yet, unfortunately, the average English work remains, not only pitifully inferior to the French, but inferior also in constructive art and vividness to the average American novel of the present day. Hence, as Mr Hardy complained some sixteen years ago, in a valuable essay on the reading of fiction, probably few general readers consider that to a masterpiece in story, no less than to a masterpiece in painting or sculpture, there appertains a beauty of shape capable of giving to the trained mind an equal pleasure.

Yet, no doubt, many persons, who did not care whether or not the English novel in Mr Hardy's hands had become a well-knit drama instead of the string of episodes which

once it was, appreciated other splendid qualities in his rustic stories. First of all, he revealed to them the true romance of country life. He painted for them the woods, downs, meads, and heaths, where the Wessex labourer toiled, in a new and most impressive light. In that happy compromise between an essay in criticism and an anthology, 'Landscape in Poetry,' the late Professor Palgrave remarked in the literary treatment of natural scenery a general development. There was first a simple pleasure in describing single familiar objects; scenes were next lightly drawn as a background in the representation of human actions and manners. Then, as men gathered into cities for the business of life, and repaired to the country for pleasure and refreshment, a form of literature arose in which the loveliness and the benignity of the green earth were extolled. This idea of nature as a fair, beneficent power obtained in Wordsworth's poetry its grandest and most complete expression; and, in an era of extraordinary industrial expansion, it has become one of the commonplaces of European letters.

It implies, however, a conception of the conditions of rustic existence which is not borne out by the experiences of the peasant himself. Not by residing in a thatched cottage, amid verdant fields circled by soft blue hills, does he become a poetic figure. The poetry of his mode of life consists in his having to work for his living in a dependence on the moods of sky, air, and earth, almost as absolute as is the dependence on the moods of sky, air, and water, of mariners in a lone sailing vessel on the high seas. Dawn and darkness, rain, wind, mist, and snow, the frost in winter, the summer drought—these, for him, are personal obstructors or assistants; and every hour of the day he must study and prepare for them. He does not always see in a sunset the beauty which Turner and Shelley have taught us to appreciate; he usually glances at it for another purpose, which Mr Hardy illustrates in the scene in 'The Woodlanders,' where the peasant girl Marty South is planting fir trees.

'She looked towards the western sky, which was now aglow like some vast foundry wherein new worlds were being cast. Across it the bare boughs of a tree stretched horizontally, revealing every twig against the evening fire, and showing in

dark profile every beck and movement of three pheasants that were settling themselves down on it in a row to roost.

"It will be fine to-morrow," said Marty, observing them with the vermilion light of the sun in the pupils of her eyes, "for they are a-croupled down nearly at the end of the bough. If it were going to be stormy they'd squeeze close to the trunk."

This is excellent writing, inspired by knowledge and instinct with poetry; but a still finer and more complete revelation of the countryman's point of view is found in 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' where the shepherd, tending his lambing ewes on a winter's night upon the downs, pauses to glance at the sky.

'To persons standing alone on a hill during a clear midnight such as this, the roll of the world eastward is almost a palpable movement. The sensation may be caused by the panoramic glide of the stars past earthly objects, which is perceptible in a few minutes of stillness, or by the better outlook upon space that a hill affords, or by the wind, or by the solitude; but whatever be its origin, the impression of riding along is vivid and abiding. . . . The Dog-star and Aldebaran, pointing to the restless Pleiades, were half-way up the Southern sky, and between them hung Orion, which gorgeous constellation never burnt more vividly than now, as it swung itself forth above the rim of the landscape. Castor and Pollux, with their quiet shine, were almost on the meridian; the barren and gloomy Square of Pegasus was creeping round to the north-west; far away through the plantation, Vega sparkled like a lamp suspended amid the leafless trees, and Cassiopeia's chair stood daintily poised on the uppermost boughs.

"One o'clock," said Gabriel.

'Being a man not without a frequent consciousness that there was some charm in this life he led, he stood still after looking at the sky as a useful instrument, and regarded it in an appreciative spirit, as a work of art superlatively beautiful.'

This shepherd is a type of the countryman described by Mr Hardy with the greatest sympathy. Mr Hardy's conception of the English peasant is somewhat partial, but most striking; and we fancy that such characters as Gabriel are depicted with the greatest sympathy because they clearly reflect a main idiosyncrasy of their author in noble conjunction with a higher quality of soul. They are supposed to unite the enervating



fatalism that distinguishes Mr Hardy with a power of silent, grand endurance in adversity that a Roman Stoic would have admired. For instance, the scene in 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' from which we have just cited a passage, closes with a spectacle of disaster. The flock of ewes, representing Gabriel's savings after years of toil and thrift, and his prospect of acquiring a position of independence and comfort, are worried by a young dog into a chalk-pit, at the bottom of which he discovers them stretched all dying or dead. Misfortunes accumulate, as they often do in Mr Hardy's novels. Gabriel finds himself rejected by the woman he loves, poverty-stricken, and unable to obtain any sort of employment. Then, with that healthy disinclination to grieve over past sorrows, which amounts almost to temperamental cheerfulness in the generality of the English labouring classes, the shepherd goes in search of work.

'He had sunk from his modest elevation as pastoral king into the very slime-pits of Siddim ; but there was left to him . . . that indifference to fate which, though it often makes a villain of a man, is the basis of his sublimity when it does not.'

Mr Hardy's heroes are all drawn on the same model. Gabriel Oak in 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' John Loveday in 'The Trumpet-Major,' Giles Winterborne in 'The Woodlanders,' are men of a similar nature. 'Michael Henchard' in 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' though lacking their inexpressible tenderness and purity of heart, is related to them in passive fortitude ; and Clym Yeobright in 'The Return of the Native,' joins their family. A student and a sojourner in cities, he has, at first, a facility of expression, a radiant activity, and a resilience of mind, which exclude him from the company of Mr Hardy's heroes ; but when he turns again for peace of soul to the rugged heath where he was born, he at last becomes as subdued in spirit as the strong rustic men who have been taught to go softly all their days, and to whom the sad art of renunciation is almost an instinct. Here, at least, Mr Hardy's poetic exaggeration of nature's utter sternness, as opposed to Wordsworth's equally poetic exaggeration of her benignity, leads to the conception of a fine type of character.

The disciplinary influence of country life supplies

indeed, one of those grandly constructive ideas which give to the Wessex novels their singular unity and consistency. It underlies the whole of the characterisation. While Mr Hardy's heroes are countrymen in whom the dumb passiveness of the peasantry under affliction rises into a moral grandeur of resignation, his men of the meaner sort are either townsmen or persons of urban culture. Manson, Sergeant Troy, Wildeve, Fitzpiers, D'Urberville, and some characters in the shorter tales, have many traits in common; and, through not having been chastened by a life of labour under natural conditions, they strangely resemble those women in Mr Hardy's novels who, belonging to the yeoman or better class, lead a sheltered, pleasant existence. Men and women, their characteristics can be given almost in the same words. They have somewhat of the moral poverty of children in that their reason and their propensities have no reciprocating influence; so they live on present emotions, and regard neither the past with understanding nor the future with circumspection. Though possessing as little real energy of resistance to fate as Mr Hardy's peasants, they have a buoyancy of spirit arising from the unrestrained sensibility which is the moving force of their lives; and, stimulated by whatever pleasing object chance places in their way, they are full of dangerous activity. The effect is that the men are refined sensualists and the women light-hearted coquets, who, in a search for personal admiration or fine shades of feeling, often become the victims of an overwhelming passion. Irresponsible, fascinating creatures, these 'children of a larger growth' are sometimes transfigured into incarnations of the tragic power of love, blind, disastrous, and ineluctable in its working. As wayward as fate itself, they invade, for some light whim, the settled lives of men whose calmness is but the equilibrium of great powers, and leave them terribly disordered. They are singularly apt to make the first advances; yet with all their eagerness for admiration they remain indifferent to the deep inarticulate devotion which they are at pains to excite. The tumult and not the depth of soul they approve, and thus they are won lightly by the voluble inconstant men whose failings they more innocently and weakly reflect.

If Mr Hardy is often ungenerous, sometimes cruel, and

occasionally unpleasant in his characterisation of women, yet there are to be found in his works heroines nobly conceived. Marty South in 'The Woodlanders,' Elizabeth-Jane in 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' and Tess of the D'Urbervilles, are tenderly drawn. They are girls who have had to work in the woods and fields, instead of living comfortably indoors. Sharing the hard conditions and rough experiences of such men as Winterborne and Gabriel Oak, they, too, have learnt to suffer greatly in silence, and to regard happiness, in accordance with their author's sad philosophy, as 'but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain.' They accept misfortunes with the same fatalism, with the same passivity, rising often in moments of trial to similar stoic greatness. Of these women, Marty South is the most typical; for Elizabeth-Jane, that 'dumb, deep-feeling, great-eyed creature,' is rescued from her lot by adoption and marriage, while Tess, with her beauty and her strange career, appears a queen of tragedy rather than a peasant girl. In outward seeming Marty South, dressed in her working clothes, illiterate, poor, and unlovely, is merely a pitiable figure; yet Mr Hardy makes her one of the most exquisite and touching characters in the Wessex novels. Personally, we are moved more by her story than by that of Tess; it is related more simply and naturally, from the time when first we meet her, toiling wearily at a man's work all the day and most of the night, and selling, for her sick father's sake, the long beautiful hair that redeemed her from plainness, until at last we leave her, standing above the grave of the man whom she loved, but who had given her no word of love in return. How finely, for instance, are her feelings revealed as she talks to him, when they are planting fir trees, and he, absent in mind, is anxiously devising how to win another woman. Marty holds up the little trees while he spreads the roots towards the south-west in order, as he explains, to give them a strong hold-fast against the great gales from that quarter.

"How they sigh directly we put 'em upright, though while they are lying down they don't sigh at all," said Marty.

"Do they?" said Giles. "I've never noticed it."

"She erected one of the young pines into its hole, and held up her finger. The soft musical breathing instantly set in, which was not to cease night or day till the grown tree should

be felled—probably long after the two planters had been felled themselves.

“It seems to me,” the girl continued, “as if they sigh because they are very sorry to begin life in earnest—just as we be.”

“Just as we be?” He looked critically at her. “You ought not to feel like that, Marty.”

The thought is, indeed, a sad one; but Mr Hardy is a true enough observer to depict many a charming group of rustics with that *joie de vivre* which, whatever may be said to the contrary, is still to be found in this country. Interpreting everything in the terms of his own profound melancholy, he tries to explain that the more humble classes are alone sufficiently ignorant of the real conditions of life to be persistently cheerful; but, though his philosophy is false, he is loyal to facts. The truth is that ‘Merry England’ is a land that still exists, though hidden for some centuries in obscurity. The English are a spirited people, sentimental and yet humorous at heart; the aristocratic *morgue* of the uppermost social strata, the puritanic rigour which still keeps many of the middle and lower-middle classes somewhat sour of mind, are alike foreign to the genius of the race. It is naturally of a light-hearted and rather improvident nature, living for the day, and trusting to its strength to provide for the morrow when the morrow comes. The fatalism which Mr Hardy exaggerates as a trait of our rural population is simply an inveterate cheerfulness of soul, which causes them to accept a misfortune as a thing that was to be, in order to avoid constant anxiety for the future and vain regret for the past. Doubtless, this disposition to escape from worry makes at times more for serenity of mind than for strength of character; and Mr Hardy, besides ascribing it, as we have remarked, to some of his worst personages, notices it as a weakness in Joan Durbeyfield. Yet, after all, such a disposition is not wholly bad.

There was a time, we fancy, when the Wessex peasantry infected Mr Hardy himself with somewhat of its gaiety. Among his types of character there is one occurring so frequently as to be remarkable. Sometimes it is a rustic lad, Clym Yeobright or Edward Springrove, sometimes it is a rustic maid, Fancy Day or Grace Melbury, who

returns home with urban manners and habits of thought; but in all cases these acquirements yield at last to an instinctive delight in country life, and the reversion brings with it happiness. Happiness Mr Hardy must in some measure have attained when, leaving London, he rediscovered Wessex, and found to his hand materials of such value as no writer since Scott had possessed. Here was a land untouched by modern unrest, the land of an ancient, youthful-hearted people, where the passions were frank and simple, where the outlook on all things was natural and wholesome, and life ran still calmly in the channels of instinct and custom.

That charming pastoral, 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' the earliest of the Wessex novels, must have been composed by a man who was moved to joy in escaping from the smoke and business of the city, and in discerning the true field for displaying the great powers within him. What knowledge does a town-bred child in playtime acquire like the knowledge of wild life which a rustic lad obtains almost unwittingly? On what fund of picturesque tradition can a citizen draw like the tales of courtships at maypole dances, of midsummer-eve rites, and other immemorial usages, of sorcerers and witches, smugglers, press-gangs, and preparations along the English shore against Napoleon's armies, which one Dorsetshire man tells us he heard, some fifty years since, from a gentle old dame born ere England went to war with her American colonies? And if few writers of the present day have gathered such material for their works, none other has cultivated so carefully gifts naturally so fine. A relish for old rustic ways and forms of speech of genuine Saxon idiom, a turn for story-telling, a rare perception of the character of a landscape as well as of a person, a quick sense of humour, and that intensity of imagination and feeling that stamps the real poet, these were the foundations of a genius which has been developed by study. One of the most dramatic of novelists—except on the rare occasions when he is melodramatic—Mr Hardy has endued with life and colour all that a student of antiquities, history, architecture, and folk-lore could discover relating to his native county; and with wonderful accuracy, lightness, and charm he has revealed the poetry with which the ways of the woodman and the farmer, the

neatherd, the shepherd, and other rural figures, are still surrounded.

Surprising, indeed, is Mr Hardy's achievement as a whole. In an age when, to very refined people, England appeared to be a vast manufactory, with a population that had lost the poetry of tradition without acquiring the feelings of true culture, when Spain and Italy were cherished as the sole countries of Europe untouched by the general vulgarity of material progress, he found in the daily occupations of the peasantry of a neglected agricultural province the matter for a series of idylls and tragedies which, for their qualities of romantic emotion and poetic charm, can almost be compared with the *Waverley Novels*. The popularity of Scott Mr Hardy can never dream of attaining, by reason of the unwholesomeness of his view of life; but on no English novelist of modern times, except perhaps Mr George Meredith, were the gifts necessary for greatness more abundantly bestowed.

Mr Hardy's dramatic skill is especially displayed in 'The Return of the Native,' which, in construction, is his best work. The informing idea of this novel consists of a subtle study of the influence which a vast stretch of rugged heath exercises over the minds of its inhabitants. The feelings, now of passionate attachment, now of blank weariness, which it provokes in the principal characters in the story give rise to the conjuncture of events involving the catastrophe. The tale opens, therefore, with an impressive picture of Egdon Heath. So impressive is it that many a reader will forget sooner the conduct of the action itself than the scene of the action—a swarthy wilderness extending between

'the distant rims of the world,' like the 'original of those wild regions of obscurity which are vaguely felt to be compassing us about in midnight dreams of flight and disaster.'

Interest in the bleak expanse centres at last on its crowning point, a hill surmounted by a tumulus, whereon, in the twilight, is seen the figure of a stately woman standing black and solitary against the pale wintry horizon like the very genius of Egdon Heath. Thus strikingly is the heroine of the tragedy presented. She



hastens away, leaving the scene clear for a company of rustics who ascend and prepare a November bonfire. While it burns, and flames answer it from the heights encircling the heath, the chorus of peasants, with slow roundabout ways of expression and a homely ignorance as delightful as the racy shrewdness and humour which it serves to enhance, discuss things generally and their neighbours in particular, and so, like the two servants in the opening scene of a modern play, introduce the chief characters and explain the action.

The heroine, Eustacia Vye, is a sombre, passionate woman, distantly related, perhaps, to Flaubert's Emma Bovary, but with a nature of a larger and more imperious cast. She is a personification of romantic revolt, not of romantic sentimentality. The native of a gay, busy seaside town, she languishes in the solitude and monotony of the great heath, where circumstances compel her to abide; and to interrupt the tediousness of life she lightly fascinates the innkeeper, Wildeve, in the absence of a man of a finer nature on whom she might exercise her power. For she holds 'that love is a doleful joy; yet she desires it as one in a desert would be thankful for brackish water.'

The hero, Clym Yeobright, is a man after Mr Hardy's own heart. Born and bred on Egdon Heath, he leaves his home to see the cities of the world and win a competency if not a fortune; but soon, discontented with town life, he returns with an intellectual relish and affirmed affection for his native wilds such as Thoreau scarcely felt for Walden. In his views he anticipates in some measure the resurgence of Rousseauism, now associated with Tolstoy's name. The retrogression to the austerity and wholesomeness of peasant life, enforced by such culture as should help men, not to rise in the world, but to glorify a life of rustic toil with knowledge and imagination, is now his ruling idea.

Eustacia, aware of his return, and prompt for any mad prank that will disperse the tedium of existence, calls upon him disguised as one of the mummers who perform at his mother's house the old miracle-play of St George. Yeobright penetrates her disguise, and is affected by her unconventional conduct, as perhaps she wishes him to be. In the event the lady wins the hermit, and marries

him. Egdon Heath thereupon begins, like some dark spirit of tragedy working in secret behind the scene, to govern their destinies. Passion subsides into domestic love; and in Eustacia there revives the longing for the distractions of a life in town. It was partly for this purpose that she married; and she employs all her charms in order to prevail upon her husband to take her away from the dreary waste. Yeobright, however, is reluctant. Stronger almost than his affection for his wife is this idealist's hatred of the town and love of the country. He wants nothing save to live and die with her on Egdon Heath, passing his days in the delight of study, and teaching the labouring men around him to appreciate intelligently their happy state. Eustacia at first cannot but respect his sincerity and ardour; still, the weariness frets her. At length her husband, having strained his eyes by study, puts into practice his professions in the matter of rustic toil, and, dressed in peasant's clothes, cuts furze all day on the waste, returning home at evening too tired for anything but sleep. His wife is divided between revolt and despair. This antagonism of temperaments, which threatens to end in an elopement, is brought to a sadder conclusion by the suicide of Eustacia.

The two ideas in 'The Return of the Native,' the disturbance created in a little sequestered community by the arrival of some educated child of the soil, and the influence exercised upon the mood of the inhabitants by the nature of their surroundings, occur in different forms in other novels of Mr Hardy. By means of the first idea he exhibits the contrast between the older generation of country people and the younger. The second idea enables him to trace, in the course of the narrative, the gradual eradication of the new views of life and the new restlessness by the old pervasive influences, and so to bring the story, when he will, to a pleasant close, as in the first and gayest of the Wessex tales, 'Under the Greenwood Tree.' This work, and the much later novel, 'The Woodlanders,' are variations on the same theme, the one idyllic, the other tragical. Even the heroines resemble each other more than the generality of sisters. Both are the heiresses of countrymen of the old school, both are educated in town, the stories opening with their return to the little knot of cottages in sylvan

surroundings where they were born, the typical scene of Mr Hardy's novels, a spot

'outside the gates of the world, where may usually be found more meditation than action, and more listlessness than meditation; where reasoning proceeds on narrow premisses, and results in inferences wildly imaginative; yet where, from time to time, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely-knit interdependence of the lives therein.'

Soon after their arrival, Fancy Day, in 'Under the Greenwood Tree,' and Grace Melbury, in 'The Woodlanders,' find awaiting them a pair of lovers, a rustic lad and a man of the higher class. Were they acquainted with the principles underlying Mr Hardy's system of characterisation, they would not, of course, hesitate in their choice. However, Fancy, a light-hearted girl, touched by the spirit of spring moving in the woods around her, chooses the villager, Dick Dewy, a sprightly son of nature; and the idyll ends with a nightingale singing their epithalamium. Grace, with a temperament more slowly and more deeply moved, allows herself to be chosen by Dr Fitzpiers. On her marriage, misfortunes quickly follow. Their house stands in a region of woodlands and apple-orchards; and close by are the homes of Grace's rustic lover, the cider-maker Giles Winterborne, of Marty South, Giles's affectionate companion, and of Mrs Charmond, a wealthy young widow acquainted with Fitzpiers.

Mrs Charmond and Fitzpiers are society representatives of Eustacia Vye and Wildeve, but they look somewhat unreal in comparison when they emerge into the bright clear air of Wessex. There, owing to a common feeling of lassitude which affects those who dwell in the country without knowing an oak from a beech, they drift from coquetry into passion. The elopement which threatened in 'The Return of the Native' now takes place; in the sequel the man grows weary and returns home. Mr Hardy, however, cannot tell this sort of story half as well as some foreign writers; nor does he show his real power in any kind of society novel, of which he has written several that are, for him, rather successful essays in the art of sinking. Of course, one estimates a

man by his best works; and these careful, studied, but somewhat uninspired tales serve merely to show that Mr Hardy, like most writers, has his limits. But when, as in 'The Woodlanders,' he combines a matchless story of rustic life with this inferior work, the result is irritating. It produces the effect of a Millet inserting into the foreground of a masterpiece, such as 'Les Glaneuses,' the figures of an actress and a physician, painted in some fashionable style of portraiture. The required contrast between the primitive ways of the woodlanders and the manners of the modern world might surely have been obtained by more simple means.

Indeed, this is done in the character of Grace Melbury. Her husband's desertion moved her but little. Having made love to her merely as the most striking figure in a dull landscape before Mrs Charmond appeared, he had wooed but the artificial lady in her, touching her heart even less than she had touched his. Left to herself, a deep change comes over her; and the spirit of her native place enters her soul. The sylvan life about her rouses that in her nature which is stronger than her acquired sense of refinement; and, craving for the homely existence of her own people, even in its roughness and defects, she turns on her father crying:—

"I wish you had never, never thought of educating me. I wish I worked in the woods like Marty South! I hate genteel life, and I want to be no better than she."

"Why?" said her amazed father.

"Because cultivation has only brought me inconveniences and troubles. . . . If I had stayed at home I should have married——."

For Winterborne, whom she had forsaken just as he was reduced to poverty—Gabriel Oak was treated in the same manner—now appeared to her, as he stood by his cider-presses, clothed in the poetry of nature.

'He looked and smelt like Autumn's very brother, his face being sunburnt to wheat-colour, his eyes blue as cornflowers, his sleeves and leggings dyed with fruit-stains, his hands clammy with the sweet juice of apples, his hat sprinkled with pips, and everywhere about him that atmosphere of cider which, at its first return each season, has such an indescribable fascination for those who have been born and bred among the

orchards. Her heart rose from its late sadness like a released bough; her senses revelled in the sudden lapse back to nature unadorned . . . and she became the crude country girl of her latent early instincts.'

After a meeting, in which, by an accident, Grace's new feelings for Giles are displayed, they determine to keep apart from one another. Winterborne, more profoundly saddened by the untoward disclosure which increases Grace's unhappiness than by his own suffering, past and present, falls ill; and the story deepens into tragedy as Grace, driven to seek his aid in a moment of trouble, unwittingly brings about his death. Her husband has returned; and, in trying to take refuge with a distant friend, she finds herself homeless on a rainy night. She resorts to Giles in her dismay; and he, rising up from a sick-bed, surrenders his house to her, and, sleeping outside under a damp shelter of hurdles, is brought back dying. The tale closes with a reconciliation between Fitzpiers and his wife, which is not very convincing. Yet Mr Hardy more than redeems this defect by the description, on the last page, of Marty South mourning over the grave which Grace and she, in companionship of grief, used to dress every week with flowers, and which now she remains to tend alone. The girl's words have much of the music and all of the pathos of Sir Ector's lament over Launcelot in 'Le Morte d'Arthur.'

'She entered the churchyard, going to a secluded corner behind the bushes, where rose the unadorned stone that marked the last bed of Giles Winterborne. As this solitary and silent girl stood there in the moonlight, a straight slim figure, clothed in a plaitless gown, the contours of womanhood so undeveloped as to be scarcely perceptible, the marks of poverty and toil effaced by the misty hour, she touched sublimity at points, and looked almost like a being who had rejected with indifference the attribute of sex for the loftier quality of abstract humanism. She stooped down and cleared away the withered flowers that Grace and herself had laid there the previous week, and put her fresh ones in their place.

"Now, my own, own love," she whispered, "you are mine, and on'y mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died. But I—whenever I get up I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted ;:

and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name, let me forget home and heaven! . . . But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!'

Yes, Marty South and Winterborne are truly heroine and hero in 'The Woodlanders'; even the situation of Grace Melbury and Fitzpiers is presented, we think, with more dramatic force in an earlier work, 'Far from the Madding Crowd.' The analogous characters in this book, being nearer to the rustic life, are drawn with greater vividness. Of all the educated women in the Wessex novels who move among the peasantry with unrest and sorrow in their wake, Bathsheba Everdene, the mistress of Weatherbury farm, is the most mischievous and fascinating. With finer intellectual powers than Mr Hardy commonly allows to women, and with a wild disposition that prevents her from obtaining the position of governess, which Fancy Day and Grace Melbury demurely fill, she is armed with an authority denied to Eustacia Vye. The disasters which must hence ensue are adumbrated on the appearance at Weatherbury farm of the brilliant Sergeant Troy, a man who, more infected with urban ideas than Bathsheba, matches her in his failings, even to a touch of masterful brutality answering to her capriciousness. Mr Hardy's favourite crisis is then reached. It is that which occurs when Fancy Day and Maybold, Eustacia and Wildeve, Grace Melbury and Fitzpiers, encounter one another. In each case the position is worked out in an astonishingly different manner, but never with such power as in 'Far from the Madding Crowd.' Like Grace Melbury and Fitzpiers, Bathsheba and Troy, with but little in common save their weaknesses, marry. Then in their path the menacing figure of Boldwood, Bathsheba's rejected wooer, and the pathetic form of Fanny Robin, Troy's old love, stand like ministers of fate. The catastrophe—Troy's desertion of his wife, and Boldwood's murder of Troy—though effected in a manner rather roundabout, is a natural consequence and a finely tragical one.

By way of contrast the story is lightened with a series of beautiful pictures representing the varied business of



farming in Wessex at a period when the continuity with the past remained in all things unbroken.

'Between the mother, with her fast-perishing lumber of superstitions, folk-lore, dialect, and orally transmitted ballads, and the daughter, with her trained National teachings and Standard knowledge under an infinitely Revised Code, there was a gap of two hundred years as ordinarily understood. When they were together the Jacobean and the Victorian ages were juxtaposed.'

The difference between Joan Durbeyfield and her child Tess represents the difference in social atmosphere between 'Far from the Madding Crowd' and 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.' There are other works of Mr Hardy, equally fine, but upon the excellences of which we cannot, in this brief estimate, enlarge, such as 'The Trumpet-Major,' 'The Mayor of Casterbridge,' and the 'Wessex Tales,' in which the same conditions prevail as in 'Far from the Madding Crowd.' They are pictures of rustic life prior to 1851, when newspapers and modern thought, railways and industrialism began to effect in the minds and the mode of living of the peasantry a change, hastened by the result of the Education Act of 1870.

Mr Hardy seems to be divided in opinion with regard to the alteration. The poet and lover of nature contend in him with the equalitarian. The fruits of even legitimate ambition have been purchased at the price of contentment and simple pleasures. In gaining by agitation better wages and a position of greater independence, the peasants have forfeited something more than picturesqueness of appearance. In 'Far from the Madding Crowd' the memorable Joseph Poorgrass and his companions had certain intimate and kindly relations with the land upon which they laboured, not possessed by their less dependent successors. Living and dying on the spot where their forefathers had lived and died, they lost the character of hirelings in that of natural guardians; and, although none of them would have been so terribly bold as the new man, Andrew Candle, who lost a place by telling the squire that his soul was his own, they acquired, by way of compensation, that sympathy with their surroundings, that sense of long local participation, which are not least among the pleasures of life.

In the period described in 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' Wessex is a different world. The revolution is not entirely the result of that superficial instruction obtained at school, which, as Mr Hardy has shown, is often counteracted by natural influences. New economic conditions have perturbed the character of the working classes. The migrations of Tess, of Car Darch and her companions, of Marian and other milkmaids, from Trant-ridge to Talbothays, from Talbothays to Port Bredy and other places, and their frequent changes of occupation, denote these altered conditions. The agricultural labourers now remove almost yearly from farm to farm; and they are acquiring some of the virtues and many of the defects of a nomadic race. The women are relinquishing their modest grace for the rollicking airs of factory hands; and the men are cultivating urban vulgarities in place of that humorous simplicity which makes Mr Hardy's rustics of the older generation so akin to Shakespeare's. Moreover, domestic stability having an immense influence on conduct, uncertainty of residence is resulting in laxer morality and more cynical views of the duties of life. The gradual erosion of local feeling and local peculiarities, the disappearance of small tradesmen like John Durbeyfield, who were the main force in village life, have now obliterated so much of the old romance of Wessex that one can partly understand how it was that Mr Hardy, in the prime of his genius, brought to a conclusion his novels of country life with 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles.'

Before 'Tess' was written there seemed scarcely a rustic employment which Mr Hardy had not described. The multitude of countrymen who peopled the Wessex of his novels were distinguished from one another almost as much by their different occupations as by their characters. Happily, he had not dealt with the one pastoral scene which in a century of utilitarian change had lost little of its natural picturesqueness. It may be that for a long time Mr Hardy delayed to depict a rural dairy in order to avoid direct comparison with the author of 'Adam Bede.' Truly, no little courage was required to intrude upon a scene over which the indomitable Mrs Poyser reigned. The creator of such a rival to that lady as Joseph Poorgrass need not, perhaps, have hesitated overmuch; but Mr Hardy had grown too melan-

choly to retain in all its fulness the genius for richly humorous work which informed his earlier stories. He was now so deeply immersed in philosophy that cheerfulness was quite excluded.

When at last he elected to be measured against his predecessor in the novel of country life, it was surprising how much his tale had in common with hers, and yet how superficial were the points of resemblance. It might be thought that they had been designed merely to bring out the more profound dissimilarity in treatment. The coincidence of 'The Chase,' as the spot where Tess and Hetty Sorrel, girls of about the same age, were wronged by the young squires, may not, for instance, have been unintentional; while Alec D'Urberville's combination of the parts of the seducer and the preacher appears almost to be a travesty of the characterisation of the older writer. But instead of inviting us to study 'the psychology of a canary bird,' as George Eliot says of Hetty Sorrel, Mr Hardy asks us, in what may be an indignant rehandling of the theme, to follow a more harrowing tale, whose pathos is enhanced by the nobility and patience of the chief sufferer. It must be admitted that in pathetic effect 'Tess' is superior to 'Adam Bede.' Mr Hardy, in his sympathy with his heroine, exhibits at times an intensity of emotion not surpassed by either of the Brontës. In concluding the tale, not by the murder of the child and the transportation of the mother, but by the death of the seducer at the hand of the wronged woman, he wrought it into a more tragic narrative, evolving the tremendous conception of fate.

On the other hand, George Eliot's story is more simple, more natural, and far more probable. If her fault is want of art, Mr Hardy's defect is artificiality. Too much machinery is employed in 'Tess' to bring about the catastrophe; and, in the latter part of the tale especially, disaster follows disaster in so close and yet so disconnected a manner that all sense of verisimilitude is destroyed. There is an analogous defect in his characterisation. Keeping to the general law of human nature, George Eliot traced in Hetty Sorrel and Arthur Donnithorne a common weakness of character which, without the machinations of a third person, would result in a terrible calamity. Believing, as Mr Hardy in his

earlier works appears to have been inclined to believe, that

‘In tragic life, God wot,  
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot;  
We are betrayed by what is false within,’

she was able to spare even Donnithorne some traits of nobility, and so to surround the miserable couple in their career of sin and crime with natures, such as Dinah Morris, Adam Bede, and Mrs Poyser, so sweet, strong, and sane that Mrs Carlyle, who was no easy critic of humanity, said she felt herself in charity with the whole human race after reading the book. Mr Hardy, having chosen to illustrate an exception to the law in question, and an exception so extraordinary as to be almost incredible, was unable, in creating his characters, to preserve the balance and the general truth to nature which is found in ‘Adam Bede.’ Having conceived a strangely immaculate heroine, who, from no impulse of her own, proceeded from fornication to adultery, and ended in murder, he had first to make her life such a succession of unmerited troubles, misfortunes, and disasters, as dispels the credulity of the most sympathetic reader; and next to encompass her about with so many persons of nefarious or brutal, vicious, weak, or scornful natures—Alec D’Urberville, Farmer Groby, Car Darch and her companions, the Durbeyfields and their landlord, Angel Clare’s brothers and Angel Clare himself—that verisimilitude in the characterisation, as well as verisimilitude in the fable, is sacrificed to pathetic effect.

Yet, with all its deficiencies, its lack of balance, and its sophistical irrelevancies, ‘Tess of the D’Urbervilles’ remains a melodramatic novel excelling in wild pathos and poetic beauty. This poetic beauty is not a little due to the fact that the work is one which reveals most completely Mr Hardy’s unrivalled genius in the description of country life and natural scenery. Possessing one of the soundest and most expressive of styles in modern prose, Mr Hardy is singularly felicitous in purely descriptive passages. As in his diction he combines plainness and concreteness of statement with great imaginative force, so in depicting natural scenery he unites keen, fresh observation of characteristic details with a broad

poetic interpretation of the general aspect. Intimate knowledge, clearness of outline, variety and novelty in points of view, are some of his secondary qualities. He has little in common with the writers of the profusely picturesque order. He prefers images which convey emotions to images which create pictures in the mind; yet he can, when he will, excel a naturalist like Richard Jefferies, and equal Ruskin in the grandeur of his thought. To illustrate this let us quote two descriptions of snowstorms in 'Far from the Madding Crowd' and 'Tess.'

'Winter, in coming to the country hereabout, advanced in well-marked stages, wherein might have been successively observed the retreat of the snakes, the transformation of the ferns, the filling of the pools, a rising of fogs, the embrowning by frost, the collapse of the fungi, and an obliteration by snow. This climax of the series had been reached to-night on the aforesaid moor, and for the first time in the season its irregularities were forms without features; suggestive of anything, proclaiming nothing, and without more character than that of being the limit of something else—the lowest layer of a firmament of snow. From this chaotic skyful of crowding flakes the mead and moor momentarily received additional clothing, only to appear momentarily more naked thereby. The vast dome of cloud above was strangely low, and formed, as it were, the roof of a large dark cavern, gradually sinking in upon its floor; for the instinctive thought was that the snow lining the heavens and that encrusting the earth would soon unite into one mass without any intervening stratum of air at all.'

The scene of the snowstorm in 'Tess' is also another Wessex upland, where the heroine worked in the winter:—

'After this season of congealed dampness came a spell of dry frost, when strange birds from behind the North Pole began to arrive silently on the upland of Flintcomb-Ash; gaunt spectral creatures with tragical eyes—eyes which had witnessed scenes of cataclysmal horror in inaccessible polar regions of a magnitude such as no human being had ever conceived, in curdling temperatures that no man could endure; which had beheld the crash of icebergs, and the slide of snow-hills by the shooting light of the Aurora; been half blinded by the whirl of colossal storms and terraqueous distortions; and retained the expression of feature that such scenes had engendered. . . . Then one day a peculiar quality invaded

the air of this open country. There came a moisture which was not of rain, and a cold which was not of frost. It chilled the eyeballs of the twain (Tess and her fellow-labourer, Marian), made their brows ache, penetrated to their skeletons, affecting the surface of the body less than its core. They knew that it meant snow, and in the night the snow came. . . . The snow had followed the birds from the polar basin as a white pillar of a cloud, and individual flakes could not be seen. The blast smelt of icebergs, arctic seas, whales, and white bears, carrying the snow so that it licked the land, but did not deepen on it. . . . The air, afflicted to pallor with the hoary multitudes that infested it, twisted and spun them eccentrically, suggesting an achromatic chaos of things.'

Since writing 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' Mr Hardy has averted his eyes from the spectacle of the world, and devoted himself to the study of Schopenhauer and von Hartmann. In the 'Well-beloved' the elements of idealistic philosophy, and not the facts of life, are his theme. When a man loves a woman it is not the woman herself whom he loves, but the image of her in his own mind. To Mr Hardy this subjective notion is the veritable Well-beloved. The various women by whom his metaphysical hero is attracted are merely blank forms which the glorious ideal animates for a moment and then reduces into insignificance as she passes into another shape, carrying along with her the affections of the constant-inconstant lover. There is, of course, no probability either in characterisation or plot; in the track of this hypothesis we pass into that misty region beyond space and time where, in Doudan's phrase, we hear the choir of ideas celebrating the impossible on the ruins of reality.

'Jude the Obscure,' that much discussed work, is another of Mr Hardy's essays in metaphysics. It is a wild attempt to realise in narrative form some current pessimistic theories, by imagining a world where all women will have an innate aversion against marrying and bearing children; and where, even when children are born, they will resort to suicide out of an instinctive desire not to live. These ideas are embodied in Sue Bridehead, and the son of Jude. Mr Hardy would have us believe that Jude Fawley came from Mellstock where lived that more amiable idiot Tommy Leaf, and the



gallant Dick Dewy. As a matter of fact, Jude is a native of that part of the Utopia of the philosophers over which the author of 'The Metaphysics of Love' dismally reigns. He is Schopenhauer's perfidious lover 'seeking to perpetuate all this misery and turmoil which otherwise would come to a timely end.' Lest the shade of the great hypochondriac should thereby be offended, Jude is also intended to personify the more gratifying idea of the rapid extinction of the human race by degeneration. Some very unpleasant details are introduced in order to make the account of this ghastly hallucination resemble a novel of misery, but vainly; the principal characters and the main events, as described, are as far removed from the realities of this world as are those in the 'Well-beloved.' What is but too real and apparent is the frame of mind of which the work is an expression. One sees that the professed humanitarian in our day can excel Swift himself in appalling misanthropy.

Besides revealing Mr Hardy's impressions of his fellow-creatures and the universe generally, 'Jude the Obscure' is significant in regard to his relation to contemporary thought. The author represents the younger and more febrile generation who inherited the ideas of the rationalists by whom George Eliot was disciplined in thought. The world, in their view, was not under divine governance; men, instead of being immortal souls, were mere animals, which would at last yield up their place on earth to some lower type better fitted to survive in more degrading conditions; in the meantime, they said, let us promote righteousness and do our best to make the lot of the survivors of our race as pleasant as possible. From their peculiar standpoint they were illogical but human; Mr Hardy is inhuman but logical. They denied the evidence of the religious instincts because these were something that could not be measured by the utilitarian standard of immediate pleasure and immediate pain; he applied the same test of rationalistic enquiry to the ethical code to which George Eliot, for example, had adhered amid all her doubts. 'Jude the Obscure' is his answer to his teachers. He replies, in effect, that since, as you say, the travail of the whole human race, of the whole world, leads in the end to nothing, duty, morality, and life itself to me are nothing: 'What is it all but a

trouble of ants?' as Tennyson said, speculating on the same idea only to reject it vehemently.

‘Then bitter self-reproaches as I stood  
I dealt me silently,  
As one perverse—misrepresenting Good,  
In graceless mutiny.’

So Mr Hardy writes in one of his poems. And in this passage he shows, at least, that, despite the inordinate power which a sensibility so quick, delicate, and acute as not to be entirely healthy, exerts over his imagination, he can at times perceive something else than a soul of evil in things that the rest of men account to be good. Yet we must admit that, even from the verses in question, it is evident how completely his judgment is swayed by feeling, for it was only in the æsthetic rapture of gazing at a lean black stretch of moorland, transfigured in the light of a setting sun, that he was moved to accuse himself so sternly.

It seems to be a difficult matter to avoid extravagance of statement in attempting a comparison between a modern novelist, however brilliant, and a great poetic dramatist. Jane Austen and Shakespeare—how often, since Macaulay, have these disparate names been coupled together! And now, after reading in the letters of the late Lord Acton that if Sophocles had lived in the light of our culture George Eliot might have had an equal, we really hesitate to mention a grand poet of such ancient and universal fame as Euripides in conjunction with a modern prose-writer like Mr Hardy. Yet we think that some curious points of resemblance in temper of mind and general outlook on life might be discovered in the novels of the author of ‘Jude the Obscure’ and the plays of the dramatist whose ‘Hippolytus the Veiled’ was resented on moral and artistic grounds by the Athenians.

In their work an intense love of natural beauty, a dislike to town life and a warm regard for the honest home-keeping countryman, are alike observable; and in their women of strange, passionate, and irresponsible temperament, they display a similar type of heroine. Each of them, one would say, was a man of vehement but partial sympathies and brooding imagination, with

an intellect of a high but receptive order, given to cloudy speculation based more upon emotions than upon ideas. In happier circumstances, with their genius for expressing romantic feelings with exquisite realistic art, they might both have clothed the most commonplace truths of life with fresh beauty and significance, as Mr Hardy, indeed, has done in his first and best novels; but, children of an age of scepticism, their religious instincts were soon sophisticated, and their works then reflected, in a want of nobility and balance, the continual inward struggle between the wild idealism of their hearts and the despondency of their minds. Yet the Greek poet never went so far as Mr Hardy goes in blind revolt. Like most thinking men, he found that man by logic alone cannot discover for what end he was born, with a soul in which goodness was mingled with evil, into a world where suffering was inseparable from joy. Instead, however, of finding in this inability of our understanding to explore the unsearchable ways of Providence a cause for excessive disparagement of the worth and the purpose of life, Euripides, the rationalist, in his last and strangest drama, wrote, in a passage splendidly paraphrased by Mr Gilbert Murray:

' Knowledge, we are not foes!  
 I seek thee diligently;  
 But the world with a great wind blows,  
 Shining, and not from thee;  
 Blowing to beautiful things,  
 On, amid dark and light,  
 Till Life, through the trammellings  
 Of Laws that are not the Right,  
 Breaks, clean and pure, and sings,  
 Glorifying to God in the height!'

Mr Hardy's philosophic creed is that of a sentimental materialist; he is a mighty yet restless and woeful spirit, a prince of modern English literature by reason of his earlier works, but in certain of his later works a mis-directed force.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

Art. VIII.—THE PENINSULAR WAR: BAYLEN AND CORUNNA.

1. *A History of the Peninsular War.* By Charles Oman. Vols I and II. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1902-3.
2. *The Diary of Sir John Moore.* Edited by Major-General Sir J. F. Maurice. Two vols. London: Arnold, 1904.
3. *Correspondance de Joachim Murat.* Par A. Lumbroso. Turin: Roux Frassati, 1899.
4. *Campagne de l'Empereur Napoléon en Espagne.* Par le Commandant Balagny. Vols I and II. Paris: Berger Levrault, 1902-3.
5. *Les Guerres d'Espagne sous Napoléon.* Par E. Guillon. Paris: Plon, 1902.
6. *La Capitulation de Baylen.* Par Lieut.-Colonel Clerc. Paris: Fontemoing, 1903.
7. *The Life of John Colborne, Field-marshal Lord Seaton.* By G. C. Moore Smith. London: Murray, 1903.

SINCE Napier, more than sixty years ago, published the last volume of his famous history of the Peninsular War, great additions have been made to our knowledge of the events which he therein narrated. The correspondence of Castlereagh, Wellington, and Napoleon has been given to the world; in the case of Napoleon, even the letters suppressed by the famous commission that sat in the days of the Second Empire to edit the correspondence have now, for the most part, seen the light; while step by step the correspondence of Napoleon's relatives and subordinates is making its appearance. To this stream of documents of the first importance must be added numerous memoirs and autobiographies of famous soldiers and statesmen of the period which have recently become accessible. We have had ordered histories in the great work of the Spanish General Arce, the standpoint of which is altogether different from that of Napier; in Commandant Balagny's admirable summary of Napoleon's campaign in Spain, which is now complete as far as December 1808, and is of peculiar value in that it prints the original documents and orders, collected painfully from the archives of the three Powers that took part in the war; and finally, in Professor Oman's two

volumes—the first instalment of what promises to be a great work—which deal in the fullest detail with the progress of the struggle as far as the retreat from Talavera. Last, but not least, are monographs such as that of Colonel Clerc, treating of the events of Baylen in the light of the French and Spanish records. It would have been strange indeed if all this mass of information had not modified the conclusions arrived at by such historians as Napier and Foy, who were too near to the events which they described to be free from prejudice or always correctly informed.

No reader of Napier can fail to notice the curious party bias which marks his work whenever it touches upon questions of policy. He was a strong Whig; and it was the whole duty of the Whig during the Napoleonic era to exalt the beneficent intentions and applaud the character of Napoleon, while overwhelming with abuse the names of Castlereagh and Perceval. Professor Oman has pointed out that Napier nowhere renders homage to the insight and tenacity of Castlereagh, who first discerned the merits of Wellington as a general, and then supported him steadily in the teeth of the bitterest abuse from the Whig party in England. It is as though some eminent soldier who held strongly the view which we of this generation have learnt to know as pro-Boer were to write the history of the South African war. Such a work might be trustworthy on matters of purely military interest; yet, as war and policy go hand in hand, every conclusion would be coloured with prejudice, and the result would, in such respects, be unsatisfactory.

At the very outset Napier ignores the plain signs of Napoleon's hostility to Spain before the court intrigues of October 1807, and ascribes the Emperor's intervention mainly to these intrigues. Mr Oman rightly draws attention to Napoleon's casual remark to Jourdan in 1805, that, 'whether for the consolidation of my dynasty or for the safety of France, a Bourbon on the throne of Spain is too dangerous a neighbour.' But two years before this, in 1803, when Spain showed some sign of withdrawing from the disastrous alliance forced upon her by France, he had threatened that the first insult to his fleet at Corunna should be followed by the fall of the Spanish monarchy; and a month later he had demanded

the dismissal of the King of Spain's favourite, Godoy. It is to be observed that both Napier and Mr Oman regard Godoy as a miserable character, though the fact that he was the object of Napoleon's personal hostility suggests that he was not quite so bad a Spaniard as has been represented. Napoleon, as he said himself, only attacked people whom he thought formidable; and his libels have been swallowed with excessive credulity. More than once Godoy had thought of resistance to France, and he was the author and inspirer of the famous proclamation of 1806, which finally determined Napoleon—as Metternich thought, and as Mr Oman shows conclusively—to annex Spain when the convenient moment should arrive.

Hence Mr Oman is almost certainly right and Napier as certainly wrong in the view taken of the motives of the treaty concluded between Godoy and Duroc in 1807 for the dismemberment of Portugal. It was intended by Napoleon to give the excuse for the military occupation of Spain by his armies. That he anticipated no serious fighting is the only possible conclusion from the quality of the troops that formed this army of invasion. With the exception of Junot's corps, which was composed of seasoned soldiers, the French divisions were made up of raw recruits in provisional regiments. Murat, in his correspondence with the Emperor, points out that many regiments wanted officers; nearly all the divisions were without staffs or chiefs of the staff; there were few engineers. 'Our young fellows' (says Murat) 'are in very poor condition, and generally badly commanded; that is to say, the character of the officers is generally bad'; 'there is a great want of coats and shakos'; 'the corps of Marshal Moncey is in a very bad state; there are not 2000 men in it who are not suffering from scurvy'; 'the corps is a bear-garden; every one gives orders.' Troops such as these were not fit for a serious war; and no one knew this better than Napoleon. The conclusion is irresistible that he never expected a serious war, though months later, in a letter to his brother Joseph, he pretended with his usual assumption of infallibility that nothing that had happened had surprised him. 'He thought that he could accomplish his purpose without striking a blow,' wrote Metternich in 1809.

The irruption of the French armies did not at first



It provoke any resistance; it is even possible that they might have taken possession of the greater part of the country without much friction, had Napoleon's orders to treat the Spanish people as allies been properly observed. But, as a matter of fact, the Spaniards were treated by the French much as the Prussians had been in 1806-7. Even Murat—and he was not easily shocked—seems to have been startled at the state of affairs, since he writes to the Emperor from Vittoria: 'The people suffer extraordinarily under the billeting arrangements; whole families have to sleep on the floor, having given up their beds and mattresses to accommodate our soldiers.' It was the extortion and violence of the French armies, left by Napoleon without money and supplies to shift for themselves in a country which Murat describes as a desert, that paved the way for the outbreak of armed insurrection.

On the whole, the 'guet-apens' of Bayonne turned out to the profit of Spain. It removed from the theatre of action the King, Charles IV, who had no will of his own, but was entirely under Godoy's influence; Godoy and the Queen, who were detested by every Spaniard; the Infant Ferdinand, who, as the Spaniards said, combined 'the heart of a tiger with the head of a mule'; and left the people to themselves, to their own fanaticism, national and religious, in a state of bitter exasperation against Napoleon. The Bourbons disappeared, and with them a grave source of weakness, since they were such poor characters that they always yielded to threats, and, had they remained, might have been used by Napoleon to induce the Spaniards to submit to the French yoke. It is characteristic that Napier gives scarcely a word to the 'guet-apens'; yet it and the conduct of the French troops at Madrid were the incidents which provoked the famous 'Dos de Mayo.'

It was Napoleon's habit to strike one or two initial blows with extreme vigour; and Murat had not been many weeks in Madrid before the Emperor is found upbraiding him for his want of energy. Count Lumbroso's admirable edition of Murat's correspondence proves that the letter from the Emperor, dated April 26, was received by Murat on April 30 or May 1. This letter, which, for obvious reasons, makes no appearance in the

'Correspondance,' was not known to Napier, but is duly given by Mr Oman. It asserts that the hour has come to show the 'requisite energy,' expresses amazement that a general with 50,000 men under his orders does not act for himself instead of consulting the Spanish Junta, and directs Murat to assume power and, if the mob stirs, to shoot it down. In a letter of May 1 Murat replies that if he has shot down no mobs it was because there were none to shoot, and adds: 'Let your Majesty be well assured that I am ready to give a good lesson to the first that appears.' On the following day Murat ordered the arrest of the other members of the Spanish royal family; a mob duly appeared; and the events of the 2nd of May—the 'Dos de Mayo'—occurred.

Napier's account would lead us to suppose that the attack made upon the French by the people of Madrid was absolutely unprovoked. The documents given above show how the performance was staged and prepared, and entirely support Girardin's conjecture that Murat was the author of it because 'it was thought necessary, in order that we might make ourselves masters of Spain, to spread extreme terror in the capital and thus to stifle all germs of discontent.' 'I regard it as a piece of luck that I was obliged to begin the affair yesterday morning (May 2),' wrote Murat to the Emperor. He complacently remarks that 1200 Spaniards have been killed. In a later letter he contradicts the reports that the French Imperial Guard had suffered heavy loss, and puts their killed at only two. This upsets Napier's theory that the losses of the Guard were so heavy as to dispose of any idea of premeditation on Murat's part.

It is curious that, in spite of this evidence, able French critics who show an extreme regard for the truth, such as Colonel Clerc, should tell us that Murat in this affair disobeyed his instructions, which were 'to avoid all conflicts' with the Spaniards. The apathy with which they had at first yielded seems to have led Napoleon to suppose that they were like the Germans or the Italians, and only needed one or two 'good lessons.' There could not have been a more fatal error of judgment. In the short interval before the feeling of hostility in Madrid spread to the provinces, the French did their best to alienate Spanish sympathy. Murat was left without

money and was obliged to borrow on his own personal credit 120,000*l.* from the Madrid bankers—money which they certainly lost; while, according to his letters, even French generals and the officers of the Guard were perishing of hunger, or compelled to live upon pork because they could afford nothing better. They took to helping themselves from the Spaniards; and their example was generally followed in the French army, with the result that every Spanish village through which the French troops marched was robbed and plundered. An economic motive for resisting the French reinforced the political and religious motives already existing.

The general insurrection which followed the 'Dos de Mayo' did not awaken Napoleon to the serious nature of his task. On May 15 he wrote to Cambacérès that 'peace is re-established everywhere, and it would seem that it will not again be disturbed'; and so confident was he that he sent orders to Murat to occupy Cadiz and take possession of the Spanish fleet, which had from the first been one of the main objects of his seizure of the country. An expedition to Cadiz, it would seem, was regarded as a simple promenade. Dupont, a young general with a brilliant record of service under the Emperor's eye, was charged with this mission. He had under his orders only a small part of his corps, which was of the most heterogeneous composition. Mr Oman says—though the particulars which he gives differ in important respects from those in Colonel Clere's volume (p. 88)—

'There was one veteran French battalion—that of the Marines of the Guard—six of raw recruits of the Legions of Reserve, two of Paris Municipal Guards (strangely distracted from their usual duties), one of the contingent of the Helvetic Confederation, and four of Swiss mercenaries in the Spanish service, who had just been compelled to transfer their allegiance to Napoleon. The cavalry consisted of four "provisional regiments" of conscripts. . . . It was a military crime of the first order to send 13,000 troops of this quality on an important expedition' (i, 126).

It was a crime, however, for which Napoleon and no one else was responsible. He himself had determined the units which were to compose Dupont's force, and again and again in his correspondence he called Murat and Savary

at Madrid to order for not executing his instructions to the letter. They were absolutely forbidden to exercise their own judgment. Yet if there was ever an occasion upon which Napoleon ought to have resorted to his habitual procedure and employed a powerful force, this was one, as there were known to be 31,000 regular Spanish troops in the south of Spain, whose attitude was quite uncertain. But, as Colonel Clerc remarks,

‘while Napoleon, wherever he commands and directs in person, operates with great masses, he is elsewhere so frugal of his troops that he seems to be jealous of his generals’ successes; or else he is persuaded that no serious difficulties exist at any point at which he is not present.’

Colonel Clerc goes too far in this passage; but the amazing fact remains that Napoleon, with all his knowledge and experience, finally gave the order for Dupont to advance with a single division. Repeated success had blinded his judgment and led him to believe that ‘nothing was impossible.’ Thus, in the end, Dupont was launched on his perilous mission with about 8500 French soldiers, almost to a man young conscripts.

He started from Toledo on May 23—not the 24th, as Mr Oman states; and so absurdly had the French staff at Madrid miscalculated distances that the itinerary supplied to him supposed him to be able to make marches of fifty-four miles in a day. On June 2—not June 5, as Mr Oman says in his history—Dupont was at Andujar, where he learnt that the whole of Andalusia was rising. He was now 180 miles from Madrid, in an enemy’s country, with a mere handful of men; the detachments to his rear were cut to bits, and his despatches were almost uniformly intercepted. The people vociferated ‘Death to the French’ with a hatred which was veritably ferocious, and impressed the troops the more as it was the first time that they had encountered such hostility. To crown all, his supplies were exhausted, and he had to live on the country. Nevertheless, he attempted to advance; on June 7 he stormed the bridge of Alcolea, and forced his way into Cordova. What happened after the capture of that city is uncertain; strong evidence can be produced on one side to show that the city was ruthlessly pillaged, and on the other side to show that it was not.

Napier declares that 'when the disorders necessarily attendant on a street fight ceased, the town was protected.' On the other hand, Mr Oman asserts that

'the city was sacked from cellar to garret. Dupont's undisciplined conscripts broke their ranks and ran amuck through the streets, firing into windows and battering down doors . . . All the scenes of horror that afterwards occurred at Badajoz or San Sebastian were rehearsed for the first time at Cordova.'

The depositions of the French generals prove that Dupont did his best to stop the disorder, but failed because he did not show the energy of Wellington, who, under such circumstances, hanged and flogged mercilessly. The evidence is examined in detail in Colonel Clerc's work on Baylen; on the whole, it supports Mr Oman's view, and suggests that here, as on other occasions, Napier was biassed in favour of the French and against the Spaniards.

After the capture of Cordova, Dupont, according to Napier, had nothing to do but advance.

'Andalusia was lost [to Spain] if Dupont had advanced. Instead of pushing his victory, he wrote to Savary for reinforcements. . . . Dupont's despatches still magnifying his danger and pressing urgently for reinforcements,' etc.

Napier, when penning this extraordinary judgment, either forgot or was ignorant of the fact that Dupont had intended to advance, and only abandoned this intention on June 9, when he learnt that his communications with Madrid were interrupted, and received from Seville intelligence that a large force of Spanish regulars was about to move against him. Had he advanced under these conditions with his 8500 French soldiers he must have been destroyed. No one can blame him for falling back and calling for reinforcements; the disastrous error was that he did not fall back far enough, but halted at Andujar in the hope of resuming the offensive, when more troops should have come up.

Meantime, at Madrid, Napoleon's henchmen, taught always to interpret strictly and 'literally the Emperor's orders,' took no immediate action of their own initiative to recall the general. A fortnight passed during which no one knew what had befallen him or where he was; and not till June 15 was a weak division, 5000 strong, under

General Vedel, ordered to re-open communications with him by advancing from Toledo. This movement was directed by Savary in opposition to Napoleon's own instructions; and for so unusual and bold a display of initiative Savary deserves great credit. Meantime Dupont had called not only for Vedel's division, but also for a third division under General Frère, which had been promised him. On July 2 Savary took upon himself to send instead of Frère a very weak division under General Gobert, but with instructions not to detach more than one battalion and one squadron to Dupont; the rest of the division was to be échelonné along the road between Manzanares and Baylen, over a distance of sixty miles, though, if Dupont called urgently for reinforcements, it was to join him. Finally, on July 9, Savary despatched an order to Dupont 'on no account to leave the position at Andujar unless driven from it.' This order contributed in no small measure to the catastrophe, since Dupont obeyed it literally, instead of in the spirit, and clung to Andujar as a drowning man clings to a life-belt. Neither Napier nor Mr Oman allude to this missive; and in his memoirs Savary was very careful to say nothing about it. It has been disinterred from the archives of the French War Office by Colonel Clerc. Napoleon did not view with any favour the steps taken by Savary to reinforce Dupont. He kept repeating that Madrid 'must not be stripped of men. Dupont has more men than he wants.'

The sequel is well known. Owing in part to his own blunders, in part to the inconceivable slackness of his subordinate, Vedel, Dupont was surrounded, compelled to fight at great disadvantage, and driven to capitulate at Baylen. Both Napier and Mr Oman state or suggest that one cause of his defeat was the size of his baggage train, containing the spoil of Cordova; and Napoleon certainly believed this to be the case, as his conversation with General Legendre, Dupont's chief of the staff, at Valladolid proved. Thiébauld's memoirs contain a long discussion of the Baylen affair, which repeats the old charges, made, as Thiébauld alleges, on the strength of direct evidence obtained from actors and eye-witnesses in this great catastrophe. No allusion is made to Thiébauld's account of the affair by either Mr Oman or Colonel Clerc.



The latter, however, has produced documentary evidence to the effect that the number of carriages with Dupont's force was only 202; not an 'interminable file of 500 vehicles . . . laden with stolen goods,' as Mr Oman states on Spanish authority, and certainly not 800 vehicles, as French writers, hostile to Dupont, have pretended. The surplus carriages, if they ever existed, were burnt on the eve of the evacuation of Andujar and had no effect whatever on the military operations.

The tale which Napier tells, and which French historians have repeated—that Dupont surrendered to save the plunder in his personal baggage—finds no support in the narrative which Mr Oman and Colonel Clerc give us. Dupont surrendered because he and his army were in a desperate position, defeated, without water, surrounded by enemies. He was guilty of great mismanagement; but before the tribunal of history he must be acquitted of the gross treachery and corruption with which he has too readily been charged. The report that he left at Cordova four hundred French sick, because he preferred to load his carts and waggons with plate and pictures rather than with his own disabled soldiers, is equally malicious and equally untrue. Colonel Clerc points out that the soldiers left in the hospitals were in all probability men whose condition was such that they could not be moved without danger. Thus, on a close examination of the story, all the more scandalous details disappear; and we are left with an example of military incapacity—nothing more. But Colonel Clerc is right in declaring, after a minute examination of the facts, that Napoleon was primarily responsible for the disaster.

The Emperor's wrath with Dupont grew as he perceived more and more clearly the lamentable consequences of the defeat. His power had sustained a mortal blow. Death was not indeed to come at once. It was the fate of France, who had 'bled Spain white,' now herself in turn to suffer in the same way. The Spanish insurrectionary movement gained strength in all directions at the news of this amazing success. King Joseph fled from Madrid with a haste which, according to an eye-witness, Girardin, 'resembled a flight rather than a retreat. No one thought except for himself. . . . Each instant the soldiers feared to see themselves sur-

prised by Castanos.' Junot was left isolated in Portugal with a vast breadth of hostile country in his rear and in his front a British army.

This force had sailed some weeks before Baylen, thus opening one of the most glorious epochs in British military history. From this point onwards to the close of the Corunna campaign we have in the diary of General Sir John Moore—which has now at last been recovered and ably edited by Sir J. F. Maurice—a fresh historical document of the first order. The diary was used, but unintelligently, by Moore's brother and biographer, James Carrick Moore, who published a life of the general in 1833; long passages appear in both works which agree almost word for word. It was also employed by Napier; and from a copy made by Napier's wife the present text has been printed. So far as is known, the original has vanished; but there is no reason whatever to doubt the authenticity of the Napier copy, as there is overwhelming internal evidence of its genuineness. Mr Oman did not see it or use it, and hence he has fallen into certain errors, natural enough in the circumstances, for which he is taken to task by Sir Frederick Maurice with somewhat unnecessary severity.

By the unanimous judgment of his contemporaries in the army, Sir John Moore was the soldier best qualified to command the British expedition to Portugal. There are few great generals who have been more beloved by their subordinates. As Lord Seaton writes:—

'He had firmness, resolution, activity, courage, and prudence; and from a long service with his troops, and his being the principal in the operations of the landings in Holland and Egypt, he was perfectly acquainted with the superiority of the British soldier to any other.' ('Life,' p. 107.)

He had all Wellington's judgment, energy, and force of character, combined with that winning warmth of disposition which Nelson possessed and which the Iron Duke so gloriously lacked.

The British expedition as sent out to Portugal was composed, like South American armies, very largely of commanders-in-chief and generals.\* Moore was not

---

\* To 30,000 men there were 1 commander-in-chief, 1 second in command, 5 lieut.-generals, 6 major-generals, 8 brigadier-generals—21 generals in all.

selected to command; when the expedition was planned he was absent in Sweden, where he had had the misfortune to come into conflict with the mad King, a monarch, whom, for obvious reasons, the British ministry did not wish to alienate. Had he immediately after his return been appointed to the command of the most important expedition which had ever left the shores of England, the Swedish King would undoubtedly have seen in this a deliberate insult to his own outraged majesty. General Maurice considers that this was only a pretext urged by the ministry to avoid employing Moore, and that the real reason was that they distrusted him; but Castlereagh was never afraid of his colleagues, and afterwards steadily upheld Moore, so that it does not appear to us that Moore's editor is altogether convincing on this head. Moreover, Castlereagh had chosen, or attempted to choose, Sir A. Wellesley, then only a young lieutenant-general, for the work, and, as subsequent history proves, had chosen aright. He cannot be blamed for not altering all his arrangements when Moore unexpectedly came back from Sweden. If any one was to blame for the muddle which happened in the command it was the Duke of York, who was undoubtedly Moore's warm friend, and insisted on appointing over Wellesley's head Sir Hew Dalrymple, a lethargic guardsman, good for nothing but office work, and Sir H. Burrard, another guardsman, about as well fitted as Dalrymple for service in the field. We may take it as certain that Castlereagh, if left to himself, would never have sent either of these two men; and Moore, though in his diary he ascribes the selection of Burrard and Dalrymple to a ministerial intrigue, owns that, when he talked to the Duke of York about the expedition, the Duke appeared embarrassed—as well, indeed, he might. There is reason to think that H.R.H. was jealous of Wellesley, not the ministry of Moore; and that the appointment of the two guardsmen was his doing.

Finally, Moore was sent out as third in command. No one can feel surprise at his bitterness of soul. In the general estimation head and shoulders above his contemporaries—Wellesley's brilliant Indian campaigns and excellent work in Denmark being almost unknown to the great majority of his countrymen—thoroughly popular in

the army and country, an accomplished and successful soldier, he had been treated most unkindly. And knowing, as he did, something of Burrard and Dalrymple, it is no cause for wonder that in his final interview with Castlereagh he used the phrase which has been distorted from its natural meaning to the injury of his fame. According to the common story, which is retailed in Stapleton's 'Life of Canning,' and in half a dozen subsequent histories or biographies, Moore, after parting with Castlereagh, opened the door again and said, 'Remember, my lord, I protest against the expedition, and foretell its failure.' This has been twisted to mean that he foretold the failure of the Corunna campaign (which at that time had not even been projected), and to prove that he was constitutionally of a desponding temperament, when not a shred of other evidence can be produced to support such a charge, and when the phrase evidently referred to the prospect of failure with commanders such as Dalrymple and Burrard.

That his language was unnecessarily bitter in his last interview with Castlereagh, was regrettable; but it was only what we should expect from a man of his blunt and vehement character, who felt that he had been unjustly used. Castlereagh was clearly annoyed at it, and informed Moore by letter after the interview that if there had been time the ministry would have called upon him to resign his command. Moore replied with the retort that, as his remarks, with the ministry's comment on them, had been submitted to the King, he felt perfect confidence in his Majesty's justice. Through all this painful passage of arms it must be remembered that Castlereagh had displayed judgment and discernment by selecting the right man for the command, and that he cannot altogether be blamed if, when the choice was between two soldiers of high capacity, he chose that one whose disposition gave him most reason to hope for an absence of friction, and whose appointment would not cause trouble with Sweden. He showed no ill-will afterwards. Sir Frederick Maurice is scarcely just to Castlereagh in this matter, and forgets that, as Lord North once said of himself, the minister 'was fighting with a halter round his neck,' under a running fire of furious criticism from opponents, and vitriolic attacks from the

pen of such journalists as Cobbett. He does, however, remind his readers that Moore had repeatedly protested against expeditions too hastily planned; so that, while Moore, no doubt, was perfectly right, the ministry may have misunderstood his attitude and come to regard him as an impracticable man.

No one in England appears to have expected much of the expedition. For England to challenge the strength of France on land seemed then almost as foolish as for France to challenge the might of England at sea. A long series of ineffective expeditions was on record, with only two real successes, in Egypt and in Sicily, unless the Copenhagen expedition of 1807 be counted; and this was generally regarded as a somewhat inglorious exploit, though forced upon the nation by necessity. The army was under a cloud, and was thought to be ill-equipped for a great struggle with Napoleon's tried legions and irresistible generals. Moore's diary, Colborne's letters, and Wellington's correspondence, prove that there was some truth in this view. The commissariat and transport departments, without which no army can take the field, can scarcely be said to have existed. 'The people who manage it' (the commissariat department), wrote Wellesley to Castlereagh a few weeks after his landing in Portugal, 'are incapable of managing anything out of a counting-house'; and it was thoroughly characteristic of the want of foresight at headquarters in London, that the army, with the exception of Wellesley's division, was shipped to the Peninsula without horses for its waggons and guns. It had too hastily been assumed that horses or mules could be procured in the Peninsula. As for the officers, Wellington repeatedly complained of them, and, so late as 1812, in a general order spoke of their 'habitual inattention to their duty,' while their inexperience and their disobedience to orders were the theme of many letters. Colborne also speaks of the 'inattention of inexperienced officers.'

Mr Oman, animadverting, not without good reason, on Wellington's harsh orders and complaints, and declaring that 'his notions of discipline were worthy of one of the drill-sergeants of Frederick the Great,' is taken to task by General Maurice, and here with some reason.

'Wellington dealt with the facts as he saw them. He did not, as Fortescue and Bunbury have done, point out the causes of them, and he took no trouble to do away with them.\* It is a fatal and a dangerous thing to disguise from a nation, or from the statesmen and writers who lead and guide it, that an army is not made effective by sweeping in men from the gutters and prisons, clothing them and calling them soldiers, and then putting in command of them officers chosen for no merit, and selected on no principle, offering them no inducement for exertion, giving them no training.' ('Diary of Sir J. Moore,' ii, 98.)

To the indiscipline of the soldiers and the inferior quality of so many of the officers, the peculiar horror and extreme suffering of the retreats from Sahagun and Burgos must be in no small measure ascribed. Even Moore, who was of a far kindlier temperament than Wellington, found it necessary on one occasion to issue a peremptory order, reminding his army that patience and constancy were military virtues just as requisite in the soldier as bravery, and censuring the habit of criticism in the officers. Moore also had to remove several officers who were quite unfit for their work; and Colborne alludes to his disgust 'at the infamous conduct of the soldiers.'†

The outlook before the British generals was thus by no means brilliant. The British force under their orders was insignificant, merely 30,000 or 40,000 men; and, small though it was, it represented, as Mr Oman has remarked, in Canning's words, 'not a British army, but *the* British army'—the one efficient force that the United Kingdom could put into the field. The soldiers who were charged with its direction bore upon their shoulders a weight of responsibility comparable with that of the Roman general when he set out to join his colleague on the Metaurus. But commanders less like Nero and Livius than were Burrard and Dalrymple could not well be conceived.

With the initial stage of the British campaign in the Peninsula it is unnecessary to deal here; except on unimportant details, Mr Oman generally agrees with Napier, though, as he points out, Napier, after his custom, has

\* He did point out one cause in the despatch to Lord Wellesley of January 26, 1811, where he declares that if the British army is to equal the French, it must be composed of all classes and not only of the bad.

† 'Life of Lord Seaton,' 108.



minimised the excesses and depredations committed by Junot and his army in Portugal. Wellesley gained two victories at Roliça and Vimiero, but saw the fruit of his efforts lost by Dalrymple and Burrard, who refused to press the French, and concluded the discreditable Convention of Cintra. Moore's diary, under date October 2, contains an interesting discussion whether a vigorous pursuit after Vimiero would have been advisable.

'Every one understands that a victorious army knows no difficulties, and that against a beaten army much may be risked; but by following at that moment we removed from our ships and our supplies; the enemy had a superior cavalry unbroken, and we had a difficult country ahead, known to the enemy, unknown to us. The least check would have proved fatal to us, though the pursuit might, if unchecked, have led at once to Lisbon.' ('Diary,' ii, 208.)

Yet he thinks that an advance ought to have been made, and would have been made had an officer of 'talents and decision' been in command of the army instead of Sir Hew Dalrymple, who 'was confused and incapable beyond any man that I ever saw head an army.' An earlier entry in the diary is in substantial accord with one of his private letters, which declares that, had Wellesley been permitted by Burrard to pursue, 'I have not a doubt, from everything I have heard, that the French never could have reached Lisbon, but must have surrendered to him in the field.'

There was a surprising outburst of indignation in England at the news of the Convention of Cintra, in which Wellesley, along with his incapable superiors, became an object of popular criticism. It was characteristic of the factious attitude assumed by the Whigs, and of their hostility to Wellesley, as the general of the Tory party, that they attempted to vote the thanks of Parliament to Burrard on account of 'his judicious conduct' in throwing away the fruits of Vimiero; and Whitbread, one of the most violent of Whig partisans, attempted to cover Wellesley with the odium which more properly belonged to the two nominees of the Duke of York. But in our own recent history it has been seen that generals may be popular with a certain faction in exact proportion to their want of success in the field. This incident is noticed

neither in Mr Oman's history nor in General Maurice's edition of Moore's diary, nor does Napier make any reference to it.

Dr Reich, in his recent and interesting study of modern European history, maintains with General Arceche that the part played by Spain in the Peninsular War has been altogether underestimated. So far as Napier's history is concerned, this criticism is justified. Napier, whose prejudice against the Spaniards was very strong, makes insufficient allowance for the enormous service which they rendered to the British army by perpetually worrying the French columns, by intercepting couriers, cutting off small detachments, furnishing information to the British generals, and occupying the attention of three fourths of the French army. Yet, with the sole exception of Baylen, the Spanish regular armies performed indifferently in the field. Mr Oman, however, shows no tendency to minimise the work of the Spaniards.

'Few Englishmen' (he writes) 'had the chance of watching a defence like that of Saragossa or Gerona. Very few observers from our side saw anything of the heroically obstinate resistance of the Catalonian *miqueletes* and *somatenes*. . . . It is more just to admire the constancy with which a nation so handicapped [as the Spaniards were by the maladministration of Charles IV and Godoy] persisted in the hopeless struggle, than to condemn it for the incapacity of its generals, the ignorance of its officers, the unsteadiness of its raw levies. If Spain had been a first-rate military power, there would have been comparatively little merit in the six years' struggle which she waged against Bonaparte' (i, 101).

Colborne, unlike Napier, was always just to the Spaniards.

'The privations and misery endured by a large mass of the people of Spain from their patriotism and hatred to their oppressors' (he writes) 'were seldom equalled. . . . The Central Junta, and the presumption and obstinacy of most of the men placed at the head of the armies rendered their perseverance and courage useless.' ('Life of Lord Seaton,' 135.)

Yet it is to be observed that the Emperor always regarded the British force in the Peninsula as the main objective of the French armies; and that, on the eve of setting out for his Spanish campaign, it is upon his determination to punish the English, to drive the 'hideous leopard' from

the Peninsula, that he chiefly dwells. Commandant Balagny has drawn fresh attention to the manner in which Napoleon ignored the Spanish insurgents; and throughout his correspondence a note of utter contempt for their military capacity is perceptible.\* It appears, then, that the Emperor's judgment hardly bears out Dr Reich's view of the situation.

The recall or return to England of the three generals who had held high command during the Vimiero campaign brought Moore at last to the coveted command-in-chief of the British army, the bulk of which the ministry had now decided to employ in Spain. 10,000 men were to be left in Portugal; 22,000 were to be turned over to Moore for an advance into Spain; while 12,000 more were to be landed at Corunna, and were to form part of his force. He was given complete freedom to decide whether he would re-embark the force already landed in Portugal, and go by sea to Corunna, there to complete his concentration, or move by land to some point where the two columns might conveniently effect their junction. He decided, for excellent reasons, to follow the second course, which involved a movement towards Valladolid, on which place Baird was to advance. In so deciding he was under the impression that the Spanish forces could be counted upon to cover his initial movements; and, as they were then in great force upon the line of the Ebro, some 125 miles from Valladolid, and were even talking of invading France in the first flush of success after the victory of Baylen, he cannot be justly blamed for his decision. Mr Oman considers that he and Baird, who commanded the Corunna force, were slow in moving, and ought to have been able to give the Spaniards earlier support; but, as General Maurice reminds us, they had not only to move their columns, they had also to provide them with transport and horses, an undertaking of extreme difficulty, all the more troublesome because the British were short of silver dollars, which were only procurable in small amounts in England.

As a matter of fact, Moore displayed the most commendable energy at every turn, and from the moment he

\* 'Napoléon dans cette guerre ne prend au sérieux que les Anglais,' is M. Sorel's conclusion ('L'Europe et la Révolution Française,' vii, 330); and he is a disinterested witness on this head.

assumed command showed the utmost anxiety to get his troops out of Portugal before the rains began. Mr Oman ascribes the supposed delay in opening operations mainly to what he considers an error of judgment on the general's part, in sending his artillery and cavalry by a long and circuitous route, from Lisbon through Badajoz, Talavera, and the Escorial, instead of by the two direct routes (Abrantes-Castello Branco and Coimbra-Celorico) which lead from Lisbon through Ciudad Rodrigo to Salamanca. One reason for this action was that Moore was informed by the Portuguese as well as by General Hope, an officer whom he could thoroughly trust, that the direct roads were impracticable for artillery. But, says Mr Oman,

'He [Moore] ought, on first principles, to have refused to believe the strange news that was brought to him. It might have occurred to him to ask how heavy guns of position had found their way to the ramparts of Almeida, the second fortress of Portugal, if there was no practicable road leading to it. A few minutes spent in consulting any book dealing with Portuguese history would have shown that in the great wars of the Spanish Succession, and again in that of 1762, forces of all arms had moved freely up and down the Spanish frontier. . . . A glance at Dumouriez's "Account of the Kingdom of Portugal," the one modern military book on the subject then available, would have enabled Moore to correct the ignorant reports of the natives. Strangest of all, there seems to have been no one to tell him that only four months before, Loison, in his campaign against the insurgents of Beira, had taken guns first from Lisbon to Almeida' (i, 495).

He goes on to state that, after traversing the Abrantes-Castello Branco road,

'Moore . . . in a fortnight was bitterly regretting his credulity. "If anything adverse happens," he wrote to his subordinate, Hope, "I have not necessity to plead; the road we are now travelling is practicable for artillery. . . . As far as I have already seen the road presents few obstacles and those easily surmounted"' (ibid).

The distance by the Badajoz road from Lisbon to Salamanca was 380 miles, says Mr Oman, though Valladolid and not Salamanca was to be the point of concentration; by the shorter lines through Ciudad Rodrigo the distance was only 250, Therefore Mr Oman contends that the

artillery and cavalry of the force were given an unnecessary march of 130 miles, and blames Moore for the 'unmilitary act' of parting thus with two of the most important elements in his army, as well as for the delay which the detour involved. Much to the same effect writes Commandant Balagny, a good military critic:—

'Clearly he [Moore] cannot be rendered responsible for his separation from the corps under David Baird, since it was the British ministry which had sent this force to Corunna; but he certainly committed a grave military blunder when he determined to execute with his cavalry and artillery an immense detour of 300 miles . . . and thus separated himself from these arms for a period which might be more than a month, when, if the French were to take the offensive, they might in this same time reach the Guadarrama range or Salamanca, and thus render impossible the concentration of the British army, and assure its loss' (i, 106).

He adds that Soult, in the following year, took one of the roads which Moore had pronounced impracticable.

Mr Oman is attacked by General Maurice for his criticism of this movement. The general is perhaps here, as elsewhere, a little too severe; it is the function of the military historian to point out errors committed, but it does not follow that by so doing he makes any arrogant claim that, if placed in the position, with the same knowledge, he would have done better himself; it is not a case of Mr Oman teaching Sir John Moore his business, but only of a capable and careful writer showing what, in the light of subsequent events and of full information, he thinks would have been the best course to follow. The general has to decide nine times out of ten on imperfect information; and that he should make mistakes under such conditions is only natural; but it is important for the instruction of posterity that the mistakes should be pointed out. The intelligent reader will make full allowance for the difficulties of war.

Mr Oman's criticism, however, appears to be too sweeping, and to be based upon a misapprehension of the facts. Moore's statement that the Abrantes-Castello Branco road, which he himself used, was practicable for artillery, was made before the rains had come on, and before he had reached the mountainous part of it. With

fuller knowledge he wrote: 'I am now convinced that no other practicable road (for artillery) exists on any other line.' He seems never even to have thought of using the third, or Coimbra-Celorico road. General Maurice explains this—at first sight—puzzling fact by showing that the position of Hope's column with the guns when Moore took over the command rendered the choice of the Coimbra road out of the question. Hope was far to the east of the Tagus, across which there was then no convenient bridge; the Coimbra road ran to the west of the river, at right angles with the Badajoz road. Hope must have been brought back several days' march, and his force ferried over the river, which would have involved great delay; and delay was something not to be thought of, as the rainy season was at hand, when all roads, good and bad alike, would become almost impassable. Moore, in fact, was racing against the advent of bad weather, and had no time to lose; which no doubt explains why so careful a soldier did not effect reconnaissances of the country through which the various routes passed before deciding on his plan. But the staff of the army, and General Dalrymple, Moore's predecessor in the command, must unquestionably be blamed for not taking care that proper reconnaissances were effected during the prolonged halt of the army at Lisbon.

That Moore viewed with anxiety the separation of his cavalry and artillery from the rest of the army is shown by facts which General Maurice produces. No able soldier could feel otherwise. The solution he adopted was the one forced upon him by events; he could not move his infantry back when they had already started for Ciudad Rodrigo, and march in one huge column along the Badajoz road. His original dispositions had been made on the assumption that the artillery would be able to join him at Ciudad Rodrigo; and the question of supplies precluded marching in a mass. After all, the information which he received from England led him to suppose that the Spanish armies on the Ebro would be able at all events to hold their own; indeed, he was given to understand that the real risk would be that the British army might arrive too late to participate in their triumph. Though he, with his cautious temperament and insight into the Spanish character, did not altogether share this view, he



was determined not to risk contact with the enemy till his army was thoroughly equipped; and for that some halt would be necessary when it had reached Spain. A detour on the part of the artillery was therefore not of vital importance; and, as a matter of fact, Hope effected his junction with Moore before Baird had arrived from Corunna, having succeeded in equipping his force on the march. On December 3 Moore and Hope were in close touch; and the concentration of the army of Portugal may be said to have been completed at Salamanca.

Thus the first charge against Moore falls to the ground. The second charge preferred by Mr Oman is that, when Moore received at Salamanca in November the news of the complete defeat of the Spaniards at Gamonal and Espinosa, and learnt that no screen of troops lay between his scattered columns and the French armies, but that strong and victorious French forces were close to him at Carrion and Valladolid, he thought of a retreat to Portugal, and, on receipt of the further news of the Spanish defeat at Tudela, actually ordered a retirement on the 28th. On this Mr Oman observes:—

‘To Moore . . . this resolve to retreat seemed reasonable and even inevitable. But it was clearly wrong; when he gave the order he was overwrought by irritation and despondency. He was sent to aid the Spaniards; and till he was sure that he could do absolutely nothing in their behalf, it was his duty not to abandon them’ (i, 509).

But it is difficult to see how the complete defeat and destruction of the British army would have served the cause of Spain; and it was complete defeat and destruction that Moore risked by advancing, or even remaining where he was; his information placed the strength of the French armies in the north of Spain at 80,000—more than double his strength—though actually they were nearer 200,000. Against this enormous host he had some 15,000 men at Salamanca; 7000 men marching along the French front, with Hope; and Baird’s column of 12,000 on its way from Corunna. The French might, and probably would, so far as Moore knew, strike in between these scattered columns if he delayed and tried to form his junction at Salamanca or in the neighbourhood. In planning a campaign the wise general will

always assume that his enemy will make the correct moves; and Moore's decision to retire and effect his concentration in Portugal was merely common-sense.

Mr Oman seems to imagine that Moore thought of 'throwing up the sponge' and leaving the Spaniards to shift for themselves. It is safe to say that so ignominious an idea never entered that heroic mind. When he wrote to Hope of 'giving the whole thing up' he meant, as General Maurice points out, the concentration of the army at Valladolid. His letter to Castlereagh of December 5 proves that he intended to support the Spaniards and to continue the war. Before overwhelming numbers, with his mere handfuls of men, no other policy was open to him but retreat; and he ought rather to be praised than blamed for his cautious, scientific generalship, and for his refusal to commit the one and only British army to a desperate and quixotic enterprise. If the Spaniards had not been able to offer any serious resistance to the French, 'it would only be sacrificing this army,' so he wrote to Hope, 'without doing any good to Spain, to oppose it to such numbers as must now be brought against us. A junction with Baird is out of the question, and with you perhaps problematical.' It was not a sacrifice that he objected to, but a purposeless sacrifice.

That his order provoked bitter criticism in his army was only to be expected. His subordinates did not possess his knowledge or judgment; and no one appears to have had any idea of the overwhelming strength of the French, who were acting, be it remembered, under the command-in-chief of Napoleon, which is as much as to say that they were doubly formidable. The personal jealousies of the French generals, which, in the previous and subsequent campaigns, had played, and were to play, into the hands of the British and Spaniards, were forgotten before that dominating presence. Instinctively Moore felt that Napoleon would turn against him, and that he would be pitted against 'the master of Europe, the greatest of all organisers of armies, the supreme genius of war,' whose prestige was all the greater as in the previous three years he had vanquished in quick succession Austria at Ulm and Austerlitz, Prussia at Jena, and Russia at Friedland. Against such an adversary no mistakes must be made. Then and subsequently French

critics have professed to view Moore as a foolishly rash commander because he ventured within the reach of Napoleon's arm; they have not taken Mr Oman's view that he was timid and faint-hearted.

On forming the decision to retreat, he began the despatch of his stores and sick to Almeida, but waited, before moving his fighting force, to obtain clearer information, and also to effect his junction with Hope. While thus waiting he received, on December 5, misleading news from Madrid to the effect that the Spaniards in that place were determined upon offering a desperate resistance; at the same time the reports of his cavalry showed that the French were moving upon Madrid and not against himself. The situation had changed once more; and instantly he determined to run the risk of trying a diversion in the interest of the Spaniards at Madrid. The direction of the French advance had shown him where he could strike with most result; he would move swiftly upon the French line of communications; but the movement should be made with caution, 'bridle in hand,' ready, 'if the bubble bursts,' as it did very speedily burst, 'to run for it.'

Once more this was good generalship, when we consider his position, the smallness of the army which he commanded, and the complete uncertainty in which he had been left as to the numbers of the French and the Spanish power of resistance. As for the latter, the British minister accredited to the Junta, Mr Frere, though eager and patriotic, was singularly lacking in judgment, and had given Moore just grounds for complaint by his erroneous information and want of tact. From the Spaniards Moore could gain little or no information; they left him in complete ignorance of their own and the French movements, and did not trouble to inform him of their defeats. He was groping in the dark with only such knowledge as his cavalry, admirably employed, gave him of the proceedings of the French in his immediate vicinity; but at every turn his judgment was sound. He put his force in motion for Valladolid with the intention to advance thence, if he could do so with safety, to Burgos, where he would be on the main road between Madrid and Bayonne. If the French force were really only 80,000 this plan might well involve complete

disaster to Napoleon; if they were stronger its risks would not be excessive, provided he moved 'bridle in hand.' On December 11 he learnt that he had been right in his view of the capacity of Madrid to resist; the place had tamely capitulated.

On the road to Valladolid a stroke of good fortune befell him. A French despatch was intercepted which disclosed to him the intended movements of the French and an outline of their position. From this he saw that Soult, with 16,000 men, was isolated and near at hand; at once he determined to strike at him, and turned the direction of the British march towards Sahagun. The despatch showed that Napoleon was under the belief that the British had retreated to Portugal and were out of the field. The chance of snatching an important victory was therefore great, while the moral effect of such a blow would be incalculable.

The fact that they were acting on the offensive immediately restored the confidence of Moore's troops; and they marched well and eagerly. On reaching Sahagun, where he expected to come into contact with Soult, a halt of forty-eight hours was ordered, for which Moore is blamed by Mr Oman. The diary, however, states that the halt was necessitated by the want of provisions and the condition of the troops after the hard marching of the last four days through snow. It was during this halt that, on the early morning of December 24, he received startling news, for which he had, however, been looking from the first. The French columns to the south were everywhere turning north, which meant that they were moving to attack him. Napoleon was aiming a blow against his communications, with the intention of surrounding and destroying the British army. It was the great opportunity which the Emperor had long been seeking—'the thunder-stroke' to close the Spanish war; and, just as Moore with lightning swiftness had decided to advance on Sahagun, so speedily the Emperor, on learning the whereabouts of the British, determined to abandon his whole plan of campaign and to turn on them with every available man and gun. For some days he seems to have supposed that Moore would prove another Mack, and allow himself to be out-manceuvred. On December 27

he ordered King Joseph to publish the news that 36,000 English were surrounded, adding that positive intelligence of a great success would speedily arrive.

The northward march of the French troops was conducted in terrible weather and amidst excessive suffering, Napoleon himself urging on his men to the utmost. In twelve days the enormous distance of two hundred miles, over bad roads, through mountain ranges, from Madrid to Astorga, was compassed; but by that time Napoleon discovered that his enemy was gone. Moore had at once retreated, making forced marches—the only possible course open to him—and had gained such a start that it was practically certain he could not be destroyed. It was his plain duty to run—we can see this from a study of Napoleon's correspondence—and he had run, without caring what the army or the people at home might say of him. Wellington had to do the same after Talavera and Burgos, and was not less bitterly criticised than was Moore at the time; yet Wellington was right in his action, as was Moore. Realising at Astorga that he had been foiled, and that 'the thunderstroke' was now out of the question, Napoleon turned back. He alleged, as the reason for his return, the risk of his absence in a distant corner of Spain when Austria was threatening war; while others have explained it by the intrigues of Fouché and Talleyrand, which undoubtedly caused him great uneasiness. M. Guillon, however, comes nearer to the truth when he writes:—

'The fact is that Napoleon was disconcerted by this new kind of war which he encountered in the Peninsula. It irritated his military genius, made as this was for vast spaces and armies deployed upon a large scale. . . . Spain was another Vendée, stirred by the same fanaticism, covered with the same ambuscades, defended in the same manner. He had had enough of the country, of the people, of the task he had undertaken.' (*Les Guerres d'Espagne*, 104.)

M. Guillon goes on to declare that this departure of Napoleon's was one of the gravest errors he ever committed: 'with him in command the English were ruined, with Soult they were saved.' This is incorrect, for Napoleon could have done nothing that Soult left undone; and the despatch to Soult of January 1, which is not

printed in the 'Correspondance,' anticipates the escape of the British and gives orders in view of that probability. It was, indeed, the clear perception that no great success could be anticipated which led Napoleon to withdraw, as he admitted to Foy quite frankly in 1810. It would not do for him to have his name associated with a resultless pursuit, an indecisive battle, a *coup manqué*. For once Lanfrey, in his 'Life of Napoleon,' has read the motives of the Emperor aright; and the proof of it is that Napoleon did not return to Spain. At Marrac, near Bayonne, an imperial carriage awaited his advent for years, but he never came.

The horrors of the British retreat are ably recounted in Mr Oman's history, though he blames Moore unjustly for them. Here General Maurice offers a successful vindication of the British general, which is confirmed by the evidence of Colborne's letters. It was not Moore's fault that food was lacking, discipline in the army slack, and subordinates negligent. Nor did those divisions and units which were well commanded and kept carefully in hand show heavy losses through straggling. The ill-treatment of the Spaniards by the British troops was a lamentable incident in the retreat; but in his efforts to stop it Moore was ill supported by his officers; and the army was in a state of exasperation against our allies because of their failure to co-operate or even to afford the requisite supplies. All that can be said on this passage is that Wellington's army, according to his own evidence, suffered almost as much, and behaved almost as badly, in its retreat from Burgos in 1812, with far less excuse. In fact, the British armies of that period—and, indeed, of others—showed a tendency to fall to pieces in retreat, while Wellington was emphatic in declaring that they could not support success. They were magnificent in battle; at other times their discipline was of the worst.

The closing episodes in Moore's life are well told by Mr Oman; but Napier has the advantage of being able to describe, with all the vigour of an eye-witness, the turning of the army upon Soult, and the final blow, which failed in being deadly only because, as General Maurice shows, the directing brain of Moore was paralysed at the critical moment. Like Nelson, he lived to know that victory had been won, though the vast results of his

effort  
have  
spoke  
he be  
of his  
fortit  
"And  
way.  
I hop  
T  
tion  
analy  
us.  
takes  
stand  
sugg  
Well  
the  
army  
Well  
unde  
whil  
force  
meth  
gene  
T  
and  
histo  
strat  
littl  
'He  
woul  
west  
tions  
engu  
for  
thre  
army  
the v  
Sir  
not  
'It v  
trea



efforts and self-sacrifice he could not in those last hours have foreseen. Colborne, his military secretary, has spoken of the perfect serenity and composure with which he bore the agony of his wound. His last thoughts were of his country and his service to her. 'With unsubdued fortitude,' relates Colonel Anderson, 'he said at intervals. "Anderson, you know I have always wished to die this way. I hope the people of England will be satisfied. I hope my country will do me justice."'

That justice has finally been rendered by the publication of his diary and important papers, and by the analysis of his plans which General Maurice has given us. The mistakes detected by Mr Oman were not mistakes at all, but measures forced upon him by circumstances. The closest possible study of his campaign suggests that he was the equal, if not the superior, of Wellington himself; for he had all Wellington's skill in the conduct of a battle and the management of an army, and he understood and could use cavalry, which Wellington could not. The handling of the British cavalry under his command is a model for later generations; while Wellington could do nothing with his mounted force but abuse it. Moore, too, had sounder ideas on the method of command, and did not reduce his subordinate generals to mere puppets.

The results of Moore's diversion were far-reaching; and it remains one of the very few examples in military history of a really great effect having been wrought by strategy of the geometrical kind, with comparatively little fighting or loss of life. In Mr Oman's words:—

'He [Moore] drew the Emperor, with the 70,000 men who would otherwise have marched on Lisbon, up into the north-west of the Peninsula, quite out of the main centre of operations. . . . 45,000 men marched on after the British and were engulfed in the mountains of Galicia, where they were useless for the main operations of the war. Spain, in short, gained three months of respite, because the main disposable field-army of her invaders had been drawn off into a corner by the unexpected march of the British on Sahagun' (i, 548).

Sir J. F. Maurice goes even further, though his view is not altogether borne out by the latest evidence:—

'It was the effect of this triumphant escape of Moore's, after treading on the giant's tail, that Napoleon dared not face in

Paris or Vienna. This was what had to be washed out in Austrian blood. Because of this he brought on the war of 1809. ('Diary,' ii, 298.)

Yet it is quite true that without this stroke of Moore's there would have been no Spanish example to show the way of salvation to Europe. Spain would have collapsed, so far as we can see, despite Baylen and Saragossa; and Napoleon would have had 200,000 men more to turn against Austria and Central Europe.

The fact that Mr Oman is occasionally wrong in his views does not impair the general value of a most painstaking and useful piece of work. We have given examples which prove that his history is, in many respects, a noteworthy improvement upon Napier's. He is fair to the Spaniards, and that is much to say, for hitherto British historians have been too prone to belittle the value of their assistance. His work has also the advantage of being illustrated by excellent maps, and supplied with an index to each volume. It is thus well designed to supplement, though it can never supersede, Napier; and it must rank among the most important military studies which have been published in recent years in England. Comparison with the French Staff histories of the Napoleonic campaigns will prove that it is quite worthy to take its place as their equal; and this is bestowing high praise, as those will know who have followed the work of such officers as Colin, Alombert, Desbrière, de la Jonquière, and Balagny.

Art.

1. T

Co

He

2. T

Ve

3. C

Lo

4. T

Lo

5. J

D

6. S

L

7. A

(

(

IN

Cer

It is

to

cou

oth

geo

the

ma

inc

Af

Pe

on

an

on

we

gr

Ar

he

Ce

Pa

ha

w

fo

Art. IX.—MARCO POLO AND HIS FOLLOWERS IN  
CENTRAL ASIA.

1. *The Book of Ser Marco Polo, translated and edited by Colonel Sir Henry Yule.* Third edition, revised by Henri Cordier. Two volumes. London: Murray, 1903.
2. *The World's History.* Edited by Dr H. F. Helmolt. Vol. II. London: William Heinemann, 1904.
3. *Central Asia and Tibet.* By Sven Hedin. Two volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett, 1903.
4. *The Middle Eastern Question.* By Valentine Chirol. London: Murray, 1903.
5. *Journey to Lhasa and Central Tibet.* By Sarat Chandra Das. London: Murray, 1903.
6. *Sand-buried Cities of Khotan.* By Dr M. A. Stein. London, 1904.
7. *Papers relating to Tibet.* London: Spottiswoode, 1904. (Cd. 1920.)

IN attempting an estimate of the present conditions of Central Asia one is met at the outset by many difficulties. It is obviously necessary to consider the region as a whole, to take a bird's-eye view of all the Central Asiatic countries, in order to appreciate their relations with each other; and it is difficult, in the absence of any clear geographical, racial, or political demarcation, to decide the exact area to which the expression 'Central Asiatic' may be applied. For the purposes of this article we have included Russian Turkestan, Chinese Turkestan, Tibet, Afghanistan, the Pamirs, and a portion of northern Persia. This region is bounded by the Siberian lowlands on the north, and the mountain regions of Afghanistan and the Himalaya on the south; by the Chinese empire on the east; by the Caspian and Persian empire on the west. It is traversed by a desert region, part of that great Sahara which stretches through North Africa, Arabia, Persia, and Turkestan, to Mongolia, rising to great heights in its north-eastern development. The heart of Central Asia is that lofty plateau region known as the Pamirs, in reality a group of mountains, whose valleys have to a great extent been filled up. This 'roof of the world' is in many ways the 'heart' of the great continent, forming the water-shed for rivers flowing east, west, and

south, and gathering together in a sort of knot the three great mountain ranges of Asia—the Tian-shan, Kuen Lun, and Himalayas.

It is in the physical conditions of this region that our first difficulty arises. Nature framed this portion of the globe in one of her grand moods. Mountains of extraordinary altitude, plateau regions inaccessible save by a few passes, sandy deserts, vast, arid, and impenetrable, with a climate varying from intense heat to the most rigorous cold—all these superlative difficulties beset the traveller and explorer who attempts to penetrate the heart of Asia, and are equally distracting to the student of geography. The extent of the region as we have defined it (about the same size as Europe) is in itself hard to realise when taken in conjunction with the scantiness of population in most parts, and the absence of water communication, and even, in a large area, of water at all.

When we turn to the historical side of our subject, difficulties increase. Central Asia has, from time immemorial, been the home of nomad peoples, and became a highway between east and west, over which passed successive waves of invasion by Turkic and Mongolic hordes. The theory that Central Asia, if not the original home of the human race, was at all events the cradle of civilisation, has hitherto lacked the support of positive evidence; but the part in the world's history played by this region, and more especially by the two great routes crossing it from west to east, suggests to us a vista of fascinating study in a country as yet far from exhausted from the archæological point of view. The reader cannot do better than follow the history of Central Asia through the pages of the second volume of 'The World's History,' edited by Dr Helmolt.

'Around this citadel of the world [Central Asia] lay clustered in a wide semicircle the ancient countries of civilisation, Babylonia, China, and India; and even the beginnings of Egyptian culture point to Asia. All who believe in a common fountain-head of these higher civilisations must look for it in Middle Asia, or must assume that the germs of higher forms of life were carried through that region in consequence of migrations or of trading expeditions.'

Which was the route followed by these migrations?

Certainly one of the two, marked out by fertile oases, which run through the basin of the Tarim. These routes meet in the west at Kashgar, while the Chinese gate to Central Asia is at Hami in Siu-Kiang.

Despite the early rise of civilisations on the borders of Central Asia, and the fact that independent alphabets were invented by several races (as shown by the inscriptions in six different scripts on the gate of Kiu-yung Kwan, 1345 A.D.), there is little historical material on which to reconstruct a picture of ancient Asia. The Chinese accounts are the most trustworthy, but are narrow in their scope. Owing to the peculiarities of Chinese writing and language they are difficult to decipher, but may yet yield to some master-student material of great value. The earliest Western account, upon which Herodotus founded his own description, was written about the seventh century B.C., and is probably based on an actual journey made by the author along the famous trade route as far as the Tarim basin; and in the first century A.D. we are able to fix the stations on the East Asiatic route by the descriptions of a Macedonian merchant. It is from such scattered narratives of travellers and traders that the early history of Central Asia must be reconstructed; but, in an age when the scientific excavation of buried cities is revealing more and more the secrets of an inconceivably ancient past, we may still hope that fresh light will be thrown on this most interesting region.

In 1900 a modest scheme of exploration, lasting twelve months and accomplished at the cost of only 600*l.*, was carried through by Dr M. A. Stein, of the Indian Educational Department, in that portion of Turkestan through which the route, rendered famous by many travellers, used to pass. Owing to the encroachment of the desert, due to increasing desiccation, on the fertile oases which formerly studded this great commercial highway, it has now fallen into disuse. Dr Stein's purpose was chiefly archæological and antiquarian, and in this he differs from Dr Sven Hedin and others whose paths he crossed at times. The results of his expedition are, from the point of view of historical importance, so much out of proportion to the time and money expended, as to afford great encouragement for a more systematic examination of the sites of early civilisation in Central

Asia. If it be true that Babylon, as well as China, drew early inspiration from some common and as yet undiscovered source, it is far from impossible that the great preservative agency of sand, which has embalmed so many mighty cities, may yet yield up secrets of surpassing interest to the student of human development in Central Asia.

An even more interesting phase of Central Asiatic history is the rise and decay of nomad tribes. The earliest of whom we have records apparently succeeded a period of agricultural civilisation, and were in some cases absorbed into it. Later tribes seem to have vanished almost as rapidly as they appeared. Central Asia sent many conquerors to Europe, none more dreaded than the Huns, who had their origin in the high plateau of Mongolia, and, being driven from China, rolled westwards and eventually overran Europe. The rise of Turkish nomads, Mongolian in origin, but far more advanced in civilisation than the Huns (of which race they were probably descendants), began to roll the tide of conquest in a different direction, from west to east, through the Khanates and the Tarim basin, and so to the gates of China. A remarkable feature in the history of Central Asia is the resistance offered by the Celestial empire to encroachments and invasions which left Europe devastated and swept down to the richly cultivated plains of India. The Chinese policy was to sow dissensions among the various tribes which assailed their ancient and settled civilisation, and to push on from their frontiers colonies and settlements of traders, whose influence gradually transformed the nomads into a more settled population.

The invasion of Asia by Alexander in the fourth century B.C., was the one brilliant, if transitory, period of early European conquest in Asia. His kingdom was split up and became Asiatic in every respect; but traces of Hellenic culture survive to this day, and have become incorporated with the religion and art of more than one Central Asiatic country. To quote Dr Stein's preface:—

‘The remarkable diversity of the cultural influences which met and mingled at Khotan during the third century A.D. is forcibly brought home to us by these records from a remote Central Asian settlement, inscribed on wooden tablets in an Indian language and writing, and issued by officials with



strangely un-Indian titles whose seals carry us to the classical world far away in the west.'

A still more remarkable relic of the Hellenic conquest was found by Sven Hedin in his excavations of the buried towns of Lou-lan, near that inland lake whose shifting waters have given rise to so much geographical controversy. This relic was a gem on which the figure of Hermes was cut; and as internal evidence shows that Lou-lan was destroyed by a desert storm or inundation, or perhaps by both, at the beginning of the fourth century, A.D., it is clear that at that date Hellenic influence had spread eastward to the confines of the Gobi desert.

The influence of religious missionaries has, to a great extent, decided the fate of Central Asia. Buddhism said to have been first introduced into Tibet from India by a princess who became the wife of a Tibetan king, was probably extended by slow degrees from the Indian frontier; but the foundation in Khotan of a Buddhist kingdom by a son of the great Asoka, about the second century B.C., which is amply attested by the dates of the extensive Buddhist relics excavated by Dr Stein, shows that once more the Tarim basin played an important part in Central Asiatic history. The later phases of Buddhism were of a peculiar character. No religion is less suited to a nomad or warlike people. The Chinese, perceiving this, did all in their power to propagate it, and were justified by the results. In the history of Mongolia and Tibet this policy has been extraordinarily exemplified. Monasticism, which was the outcome of Gautama's idealistic teaching, as it was of Christ's, at a period of history when the world was cruelly materialistic, was seized upon by the Chinese as a means to an end. The political and social advantages enjoyed by a more or less cloistered priesthood were similar in Asia and Europe; but in the former there was neither Renaissance nor Reformation, in the true sense of the word; and the system of lamaism, carried to an extreme, devitalised and debased the people.

The religion of Mohammed, which came to India by way of the Afghan passes, appeared late in Central Asia. Zoroastrian and Christian missionaries were already contending with the ancient forms of Shamanism, the original

belief of the Central Asiatic. The conflict resolved itself at last into a struggle between Mohammedanism and Buddhism, the former becoming entirely triumphant in the west, and pushing its conquests as far as the Tarim basin. Even China did not escape the Mohammedan invasion; and to this day the western borderlands contain a considerable proportion of followers of the prophet. It was at this time, probably, that Tibet, on account of its comparative inaccessibility, began to assume that position as the stronghold of Buddhism which it has ever since retained. Tibetan Buddhism, however, diverged widely from the pure doctrine taught by the Indian Gautama, being influenced by the Chinese and debased by the incorporation of ancient Shamanistic beliefs. While Buddhism died out in India, the hold which it had obtained over the Mongol peoples remained; and with the rise of the Mongol empire we see the leaders of that nation, both before and after their elevation to the throne of China, confirming the prestige of Tibet as the centre of the Buddhist world.

Political expediency no doubt dictated this policy. When the theocratic government was firmly established at Lhasa it became evident that no other agency could so well control the wild nomad tribes. Once it had become famed for its priests and monasteries, Lhasa was soon elevated into a sacred city; and, when the growth of priestly influence had placed both spiritual and temporal power in the same hands, it was but a step to proclaim the supernatural attributes of the ruler. This claim on the part of the Dalai Lama to be the reincarnation of the living Buddha was only made by the third in the pontificate; and it was followed by a journey through Mongolia to Peking (about 1653), in which every mark of honour and veneration was paid to the Dalai Lama as the most sacred personage in the Buddhist hierarchy as well as the ruler (under Chinese protection) of Tibet. The combined spiritual and temporal power of the Asiatic popes was less durable than that of their European prototypes. China contrived that the real head of the nation should always be a regent or guardian, nominated by Peking; and few Dalai Lamas attained age and influence enough to throw off the yoke. The practice of discovering the incarnate Buddha

in an infant of tender years was a feature in this scheme.

The evolution of mediæval Central Asia is too vast a subject to be treated in a single article. It is only possible to indicate some of the principal factors which shaped its history, so far as these can be ascertained from the scanty historical material at our disposal. In the fourteenth century we get a glimpse, through European eyes, of some of the cities and countries of a region then almost unknown to Western nations. At this period the wild nomadic character of Central Asia had almost entirely passed away, thanks to the spread of the Buddhist faith and the steady encroachments of Chinese civilisation on the east, and, on the west, to the settlement of Mohammedan conquerors and the adoption of an agricultural life. Nomadism survived, as it does to-day, in a restricted and ordered form in Turkestan and northern Persia; and the former had still to give birth to the greatest of nomad conquerors—Timur. But it seems certain, from the descriptions of Marco Polo, that from east to west Central Asia had assumed the character of a region under civilised influence. It was partitioned into kingdoms, each of which possessed cities, many of considerable size. Agriculture was commonly practised; and, though irrigation was already on the wane, and many tracts of cultivated land had been swallowed by the sands, still the whole region presented a less inhospitable aspect than to-day.

It is doubtful whether we should have enjoyed this insight into mediæval Asia save for the enthusiasm and industry of Colonel Yule, who, fascinated by the scope of the Venetian traveller's wanderings, devoted the best years of his life to the task of ascertaining and illustrating Marco Polo's itinerary. The thirteenth century merchant-adventurer does not appear to have possessed any peculiar qualifications for the task of description; but upon his brief, tangled, and sometimes inaccurate narratives Colonel Yule hung a mass of erudite commentary, drawn from a wide range of study and personal knowledge. The latest issue of this great classic will long remain the standard edition. It is annotated by M. Henri Cordier, the distinguished orientalist, in the light of the explorations and researches of the last thirty years.

Yule would have rejoiced to see so much of his work amplified or confirmed by evidence which the knowledge of his own time was unable to afford. The advances made in the equipment of exploration and research parties have given great advantages to the modern traveller; and M. Cordier had a mass of material of all sorts on which to draw. The last edition of Marco Polo appeared in 1875. Since that date we have had the later and more important journeys of Prejevalsky, the travels of Pyetsoff, Kosloff, and Roborovsky, the various boundary commissions under Holdich and others, and the explorations of Younghusband, Sven Hedin, and Stein. In Tibet, the most inaccessible of Central Asiatic states, we have had the travels of Prince Henri d'Orléans, Bonvalot, Rockhill, Bower, Dutreuil le Rhins, Bonin, Littledale, and Sven Hedin, and, last but not least, the 'journey' of Sarat Chandra Das. Among the notable recent contributions to the literature which has grown up round the narrative of the old Venetian is that contained in Major Sykes's book on Persia, already noticed in this Review. There are many other names worthy of inscription in this roll; but the list is already long enough to show that the pioneer efforts of Yule have not been wasted. Besides the actual descriptions of explorers, M. Cordier has had a great number of illuminating monographs on which to draw, especially those of General Houtum-Schindler, Curzon, Bretschneider, Hirth, Devéria, Palladius, and Prince Roland Bonaparte.

In arranging his notes and commentaries M. Cordier, who was singularly well equipped for his task, has, of course, been slightly handicapped by a natural reverence for the text originally supplied by Yule. Hence the reader is at times bewildered by the number of notes, the commentaries on them, and the notes on commentaries; and a simplification of these in some future edition would be advisable in the interests of the general reader. No criticism, however, can mar the appreciation of a reader who has once fallen under the spell of historical travel; for in these two handsome volumes he will find condensed and compared, and strung like pearls on the chain of Marco Polo's narrative, the experiences, descriptions, historical deductions and speculations, not only of that profound and brilliant student, Henry Yule, but of

every traveller of note, every historian, however obscure, who could contribute to build up the picture of Asia as Polo saw it in the thirteenth century. Here is Yule's summary of what Marco Polo saw and did:—

‘He was the first traveller to trace a route across the whole longitude of Asia, naming and describing kingdom after kingdom which he had seen with his own eyes; the deserts of Persia, the flowering plateaux and wild gorges of Badakhshan, the jade-bearing rivers of Khotan, the Mongolian steppes—cradle of the power that had so lately threatened to swallow up Christendom—the new and brilliant court that had been established at Cambaluc; the first traveller to reveal China in all its wealth and vastness, its mighty rivers, its huge cities, its rich manufactures, its swarming population, the inconceivably vast fleets that quickened its seas and its inland waters; to tell us of the nations on its borders with all their eccentricities of manners and worship; of Tibet with its sordid devotees; of Burma with its golden pagodas and their tinkling crowns; of Laos, of Siam, of Cochin China, of Japan, the eastern Thule, with its rosy pearls and golden-roofed palaces; the first to speak of that museum of beauty and wonder, still so imperfectly ransacked, the Indian Archipelago, source of those aromatics then so highly prized and whose origin was so dark; of Java, the pearl of islands, of Sumatra with its many kings, its strange costly products, and its cannibal races; of the naked savages of Nicobar and Andaman; of Ceylon, the isle of gems, with its sacred mountain and its tomb of Adam; of India the Great, not as a dream-land of Alexandrian fables, but as a country seen and partially explored, with its virtuous Brahmans, its obscene ascetics, its diamonds and the strange tales of their acquisition, its sea-beds of pearl and its powerful sun; the first in mediæval times to give any distinct account of the secluded Christian empire of Abyssinia and the semi-Christian island of Socotra; to speak, though indeed dimly, of Zanzibar, with its negroes and its ivory, and of the vast and distant Madagascar bordering on the Dark Ocean of the south with its Rue and other monstrosities, and, in a remotely opposite region, of Siberia and the Arctic Ocean, of dog-sledges, white bears, and reindeer-riding Tunguses.’

When Marco Polo made his two journeys to and from China, a change was already taking place in the economic conditions of Asia. The Venetian traveller returned from Karakorum the second time by sea; and, though the voyage

took two or more years, and proved fatal to most of his companions, it was the precursor of a new state of world-conditions. The golden age of Portuguese and Spanish discovery had arrived; every nation, including that great commercial state to which Polo belonged, was developing its maritime resources; and very soon the seas were covered with the slow and stately argosies of the Western world seeking the treasures of the East. The encroaching sands, the drain of irrigation, and the consequent vagaries of the lakes and rivers of Central Asia, had already destroyed some of the oldest cities which marked the old trade routes. Stein believes the exodus from the buried cities of Khotan to have been complete about the seventh century A.D.; while the excavations of Sven Hedin on the sites of the ruined cities of Lou-lan prove that this interesting ancient kingdom, once powerful and independent, had not only lost its prestige early in the Christian era, but at the beginning of the fourth century suffered the destruction of its capital by earthquake or inundation, a fate which also seems to have overtaken the next city built by the Lou-lans. The rise of the quasi-nomad empire of Timur, which began shortly after Polo's travels, changed many of the landmarks described by him, and materially altered the position of the Chinese sovereign—the great Khan, descendant of an earlier race of Mongol nomads—towards Central Asia. The military despotism of Timur was held together by his personality, and fell to pieces with his death; but a descendant of his, Babar, invaded India from the mountains of Afghanistan, and was the founder of the great Mogul empire in the sixteenth century.

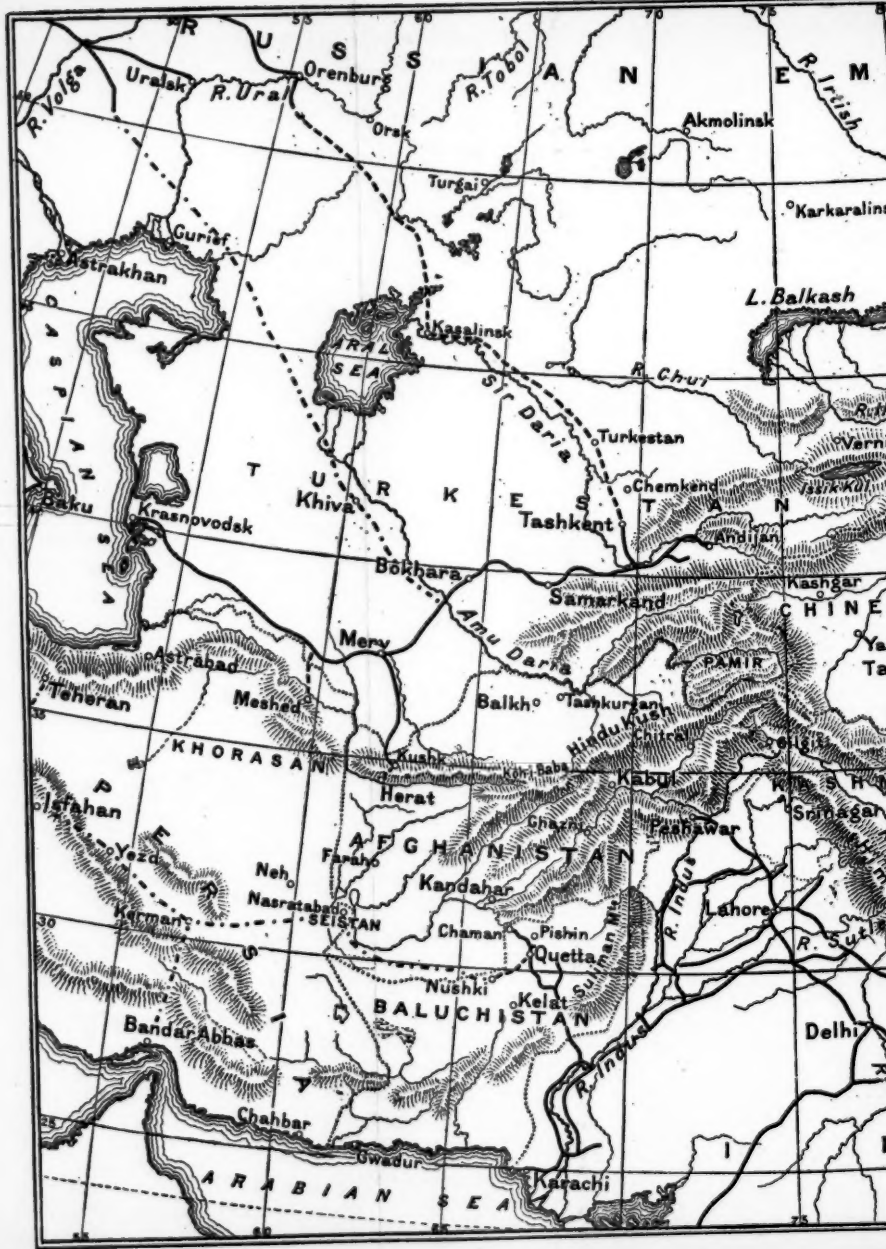
This political upheaval, the importance acquired by the Khanates of Eastern Central Asia, as the heart of Timur's empire, and the fact that his attention was ever turned towards the west and south—all this combined with various natural causes to work a great change in Central Asia. The diminution of the volume of trade and traffic to and fro, the development of communications by sea, the influence of conservative China on such portions of the Mongol empire as she retained—all these began to make themselves felt; and, in contrast with the constant waves of change or conquest, we see each section crystallising in a certain mould, aided very greatly by



4  
 7  
 1  
 1  
 1  
 3  
 2  
 1  
 1  
 3  
 7  
 3  
 3  
 7  
 ,  
 ,  
 ,  
 ,  
 3  
 7  
 y  
 f  
 r  
 h  
 n  
 e  
 -  
 n  
 e  
 e  
 n  
 y

This is a detailed black and white map of Central Asia and surrounding regions. The map shows the following features:

- Geographical Features:** The Caspian Sea is on the left, the Aral Sea is in the center, and the Arabian Sea is at the bottom. The Pamir Knot is shown in the east. Major rivers include the Volga, Ural, Tobol, Chu, Amu Darya, and Indus.
- Political Regions:** The Russian Empire (RUSSIA) is at the top, Persia (IRAN) is on the left, Afghanistan is in the center, and British India (BRITISH INDIA) is on the right.
- Cities and Towns:** Numerous cities are labeled, including Astrakhan, Krasnovodsk, Astrabad, Meshed, Tehran, Herat, Kabul, Kandahar, Chaman, Nushki, Kelat, Karachi, Lahore, and Delhi. Other locations include Orenburg, Orsk, Turgai, Kaskalinsk, Turkestan, Tashkent, Samarkand, Balkh, Tashkurgan, Chirchik, Bokohera, Khiva, Gurief, and Karkaralinsk.
- Coastal Features:** The map shows the coastlines of the Caspian, Aral, and Arabian Seas, as well as the Persian Gulf and the Bay of Bengal.
- Topography:** Mountain ranges and highlands are indicated by hachured lines, including the Pamirs, Hindu Kush, and the Sulaiman Range.



SIA. Railways ———, in construction - - - - -, proposed - - - - -



the  
crac  
was  
scat  
from  
rest  
of I  
The  
ate  
stri  
war  
hist  
ful  
mo  
Iran  
was  
mo  
of C

fact  
Chi  
van  
of  
the  
reg  
lan  
tur  
gre  
Eur  
rap  
the  
The  
sho  
obs  
abl  
the  
a s  
wit  
Tin  
the  
Gro  
eas  
pos  
V

the dominant form of religion. Tibet developed its theocracy ; and Mongolia, knit to her by bonds of superstition, was also kept by Chinese domination, as well as by the scattered nature of its population and physical conditions, from producing any more complex civilisation than a restricted and ordered nomadism. The deserts and oases of East Turkestan relapsed into isolation and desolation. The Khanates, divided among fierce though often effeminate Mohammedan rulers, kept up a constant internecine strife ; and Afghanistan saw the gradual collection of warlike tribes round a central authority in Kabul. The history of Afghanistan is, however, too stormy and eventful to be summarised so briefly. It has been the cradle of more than one dynasty whose powers stretched from Iran to the southern limits of India ; but its greatness was subsequent to the journeys of the Venetian, and is more bound up with the history of India than with that of Central Asia.

Turning to modern times, we find the most important facts of Central Asiatic history to be the stagnation of China, the rise of British power in India, and the advance of Russia on the west and north. The beginnings of Russian advance in Central Asia date from Peter the Great. Repelled at first in the more promising regions, the Russians pushed on across the Siberian lowlands, subdued Caucasia, and from these vantage-grounds turned their attention to the Khanates, once seats of great Mongolian empires. It is probable that no purely European nation could have accomplished, with equal rapidity and success, the task of subduing and pacifying the warlike Turkoman tribes and the ancient Khanates. The Russian method was thorough, and did not stop short of extermination, where the resistance offered was obstinate. Afterwards, the conquerors displayed considerable tolerance for the racial and religious peculiarities of the vanquished peoples. The next step was to complete a system of communication ; and a modern railway-line, with several branches, now runs through the heart of Timur's empire and links it to Europe. With Russia on the west and north pressing down to the heart, with Great Britain to the south, and a distracted China on the east, Central Asia to-day occupies a unique and anomalous position. Despite these rival influences, despite its his-

torical importance as the cradle of one of the most ancient civilisations, this region is remarkable for the fact that, so far, it has in most sections escaped the tide of modern Western progress, and remains primitive and Oriental, exclusive and mysterious.

Nevertheless, the *lacunæ* in our geographical knowledge of Central Asia have been almost filled up by the explorations and surveys of the last thirty years. Surveys have been steadily pushed on from both the British and Russian frontiers; and the work done by boundary commissions has been of great scientific interest. Of all independent travellers Dr Sven Hedin has been, perhaps, the greatest contributor to our geographical knowledge of the little-known region lying between the Pamirs and the Gobi desert. His patient and accurate method is well exemplified in his mapping, yard by yard, of the Tarim River. Except for a few gaps in the mountain ranges, whose inaccessibility and climate render exploration difficult, we have now a fairly complete knowledge of the geography of Central Asia; and in a short time it is to be hoped that a carefully-revised map will be at the service of the general reader.

Despite the political exclusiveness of Tibetans as regards their sacred city, and the province of U in which it stands, their country has been carefully surveyed, from the Russian side by Buriats, and from India by native surveyors; while many European travellers have crossed it from east to west, and, though few were as well equipped for scientific observation as Dr Hedin, yet each has added his quota to the sum of our knowledge. Lhasa, the sacred, the unattainable, the mysterious, is even revealed in a London 'weekly' through the medium of excellent photographs taken by some semi-Asiatic Russian subject.

It is well known that the embargo on foreign visitors to Lhasa has been strictly enforced only in modern times. Foreign visitors were always rare, because the country was not on the trade routes of Central Asia. The principal trade of the country was with China, and in a smaller degree with India; but relations with the latter were intimate down to the time of Anglo-Saxon domination. Accordingly, several travellers, Jesuit missionaries and others, made the journey between India and China by way of Tibet. Even so late as 1844-46 the Jesuits



Huc and Gabet were well received and entertained, and were allowed to arrange a chapel for Christian worship; while the eccentric Englishman Manning, who, in 1811, stayed five months in the sacred city, was unmolested although he behaved in a way which would have roused the wrath of a less mild-mannered people.

Notwithstanding the occupation by British troops of the valley of Chumbi in 1888, as a consequence of the troubles in Sikkim, no Englishman has set foot in Lhasa since Manning's time, but Indian surveyors have visited the sacred city in the guise of Lamas; and in 1882 Lhasa received a visit from one highly educated and capable of intelligent observation, in the person of Sarat Chandra Das, of the Indian Educational Department. His explanation of Tibetan exclusiveness, though no longer adequate, is of great interest.

'Throughout the nineteenth century' (he says) 'the Tibetans have followed the Chinese policy of exclusiveness, not from fear of annexation, but because they had been shortly before nearly conquered, and were entirely under Chinese influence. This fear has been sedulously encouraged by an ex-minister of the Rajah of Sikkim, the Dewan Namgyal, who was expelled from that country for his treatment of Doctors Hooker and Campbell, and subsequently obtained from the Grand Lama the post of frontier officer, to watch the "encroachments" of the Indian Government. . . . The exclusiveness of the Tibetan Government is to be chiefly attributed to the hostile and intriguing attitude of the frontier officials towards the British Government. Next to it is the fear of introducing small-pox and other dangerous diseases into Tibet, where the people, being ignorant of the treatment of this disease, die from it in great numbers. Death from small-pox is the most dreaded, since the victim is believed to be immediately sent to hell. Not the least important cause, however, is the fear of the extinction of Buddhism by the foreigners—a feeling which prevails among the dominant class, the clergy.'

Sarat Chandra Das dwells on the advantages offered by the British in the matter of trade with India, and says that the Tibetans thoroughly appreciate these facilities; whereas the Chinese Government naturally fears that, with the opening of free intercourse between India and Tibet, China will be a great loser so far as her commercial

interests are concerned. It is little understood that Lhasa, far from being remote or inaccessible, is only about eight to fourteen days' journey along a frequented highway from the Indian frontier.\* The explanations of their exclusiveness which the Tibetans have from time to time vouchsafed, for instance to Sven Hedin, leave no doubt on the subject. It is a purely political measure, though, doubtless, the spiritual weapon is used to induce the co-operation of the more ignorant people. The situation was briefly put by Dr Sven Hedin, in an outburst of candour which will hardly earn him the thanks of fellow explorers. 'You are right,' he said in effect to the Tibetan officials. 'Europe is closing in round your country, and if you let her get in the thin end of the wedge she will soon overrun Tibet also.'

While this is the broad outline of Tibetan views, there are political subtleties which are more difficult to grasp. China, to whom Tibet has long paid fealty, no doubt encouraged, and even enjoined, the policy of exclusion for her own purposes. She trusted to the devitalising effects of a religion, by which so large a proportion of the population (one third to one sixth, according to various accounts) became monks, to prevent Tibet in her seclusion from becoming independently powerful; and by excluding foreigners she hoped to secure her vassal from the baneful influence of Europe and from the possibility of coming under the wing of either Russia or Britain. A significant feature in the situation, however, is the relations subsisting between China and Russia. We have seen the Celestial empire pass through a phase in which she yielded more and more to Muscovite persuasions. That period will not be safely passed so long as the Empress-Dowager, the quondam pupil and mistress of Li Hung Chang, is on the throne. There should be no mistake as to the nature of the Chino-Russian *entente*. It was purely a refuge on the part of China, distrustful of the Powers who clamoured at her gates, seeing in her semi-Asiatic neighbour at least a strong Power who would keep the others at bay, and who might perhaps be 'squared.' The diplomatic successes of Russia were for a time complete, for she

---

\* Colonel Sir J. H. Holdich, 'Royal Geogr. Soc. Journal,'

retained the confidence of the Manchu Government while she deprived it of territory; but the recent Manchurian phase of Muscovite insincerity, added to a vigorous propaganda by Japan, has wrought a change in China's attitude, and even in that of the Manchu Government. She now goes as far as she dares in antagonism to Russia, and is receiving more and more eagerly the assurances of Japan that the Far East need not come under the domination of any Western nation if only the yellow races combine.

In this Far Eastern drama Tibet plays a part. The reader must have noted that the Chinese officials in Tibet appear to be falling between two stools. They are afraid to abet Russia for fear of vexing Britain, and still more afraid to provoke the former. We hear, moreover, that the Tibetans now express the greatest contempt for Chinese authority; that the *ambans*, who, in Sarat Chandra Das's narrative, appear as tyrants and autocrats, are now merely ambassadors; and that it is the express refusal of the Dalai Lama and his Tibetan advisers to admit the British commissioners, or to give them any satisfaction, which is the real obstacle. It is more than probable that this is the true aspect of the situation; nor is it wonderful that Chinese authority has waned, in view of the chaotic condition of that country and the frequent humiliations she has recently sustained. It is possible that she would use her influence, if it were strong enough, to pacify Britain, though she would prefer to do it in a manner which would not offend Russia. This equivocal attitude is not, however, that of Tibet. No one can study the course of the negotiations which have been going on for the last two years between the Indian Government and Tibet without being struck by the uncompromising attitude of the latter. In this we may see the ignorant arrogance of an isolated oriental theocracy; but it is impossible not to see something more. The Tibetans are not without a certain astuteness characteristic of their race; while their close association with the Chinese must have taught them some of the arts of diplomacy.

Many qualified observers have convinced themselves, and the conviction has, so far, been justified by events, that there is a connexion between the three facts—the waning of the Russo-Chinese friendship; the arrogant

attitude of Tibet as regards both China and ourselves; and the apparent growth of a 'friendly feeling' between Russia and Tibet. It must be remembered that a close connexion exists between Mongolia and Tibet. Each possesses a sacred city; and in the Buddhist hierarchy Urga is only second in importance to Lhasa. The dividing line between Siberia and Mongolia is extremely indefinite; and no one who knows that home of iniquity—the great, ancient, evil city of Urga—can fail to have been struck with the russification which a few years of intercourse have produced. Mongolia is honeycombed with Russian agencies; and steps have been taken to spread the Russian tongue by means of Chinese teachers, educated in Siberia. The importance of Lhasa to an empire containing half a million of Buddhists is greater than it seems at first sight. It is neither the intrinsic value of the country which makes Russia cast covetous eyes on it, nor is it merely her insatiable land-hunger. China, whose placability in 1901 stopped short of ratifying the clauses relating to Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan, even while she practically surrendered a much more desirable territory in Manchuria, is equally aware of the peculiar advantages possessed by the dominating influence at Lhasa. The possibilities of the case are well explained by Mr Chirol in a book made up of interesting and well-informed studies.

'What it would be impossible to view without some concern would be the ascendancy of a foreign (other than Chinese) and possibly hostile power at Lhasa, controlling the policy of a great politico-religious organisation whose influence can and does make itself appreciably felt all along the north-eastern borderland of India. Lhasa is the stronghold of Lamaistic Buddhism, a debased form of Buddhism largely overgrown with tantric philosophy. Of the five great Avatari Lamas, in whose successive reincarnations its spiritual authority is vested, the Dalai Lama, who resides at Lhasa, is the chief. Two others live in Tibet. There is one in Bhutan, and I have already referred to the Taranath Lama of Urga in Mongolia. But they all derive their sanction from Lhasa. Lhasa is, in fact, the Rome of Central Asian Buddhism; and the many-storied Po-ta-la on the hill to the west of the city is its Vatican, whence its influence radiates through innumerable lamaseries or Buddhist monasteries, not only into Turkestan

and Mongolia and Western China, but across the Himalayas into the frontier states of our Indian empire. . . . The spiritual authority of the Lhasa theocracy, in alliance with the Great White Tsar, would enjoy under Russian tutelage an amount of material support which it has ceased to derive from its allegiance to Peking.'

Mr Chirol points out that it is no longer possible to direct our Central Asian policy altogether on the hypothesis of the 'latent power' of China as a counterpoise to our northern neighbour. There is no doubt that, whatever the issue of the present struggle, the initial successes of Japan have done much to destroy the reputation for invincibility which was Russia's most potent weapon in dealing with China. An allegiance already wavering would be broken by any more serious defeats. It is not, therefore, only the inimical interests of China, or her oriental policy of exclusiveness, to which we must look for an explanation of the Tibetan attitude; it is another influence which has been brought to bear. Whence can that influence come?

It is in no spirit of discourtesy that we feel obliged to discount the absolute denial given by Russian authorities when this point was raised. The exigencies of diplomatic relations demand that some express grounds should be found for any question as regards the foreign diplomacy of a friendly Power. The Russian ambassador, after communicating with his Government, was in a position to deny most absolutely the existence of any treaty between Russia and Tibet; while Count Lamsdorff repeated the assurance that the policy of Russia '*ne viserait le Tibet en aucun cas*,' and ridiculed the idea of the missions from Tibet having any political character. The reception by the Emperor of Tibetan envoys was a purely social and unpolitical affair, in some hazy way connected with religious matters. One wonders whether, in the event of a similar mission to visit the Viceroy of India being arranged by an ingenious gentleman, half Buriat and half British, the Russian Government would accept so simple an explanation without comment. Nevertheless, Count Lamsdorff is no doubt technically correct; and the writer in a periodical who recently claimed to have first-hand information as to a Russo-Tibetan treaty, may also be correct in his picturesque details, but may have erred

in his terminology. The *format* of the agreement will not, however, affect its usefulness to Russia. The Russian assurance ended with the significant declaration that, notwithstanding the negative character of her relations with Tibet, Russia 'could not remain indifferent to any serious disturbance of the *status quo*,' which 'might render it necessary for them to safeguard their interests in Asia; not that, even in this case, they would desire to interfere in the affairs of Tibet . . . but they might be obliged to take measures elsewhere. They regarded Tibet as part of the Chinese empire, in the integrity of which they took an interest.'

The history of Russo-Tibetan intercourse, as publicly made known, is in itself sufficiently singular. That a Russian subject should have a place in the councils of the Dalai Lama; that a Russian professor, albeit of Buriat blood, should remain for twelve months in the sacred city; that two full-blown Tibetan missions should visit Russia, be received with high honours, and be escorted home by a Cossack guard of honour; and that the Dalai Lama should send an autograph letter to the Emperor—all this is singular enough; but the secret history of that intercourse would no doubt reveal a far more intimate relationship. It is well known that 'scientific' missions have been accorded special facilities, not only in the outer provinces of Tibet. Gold prospecting and mining are going on in the Tibetan highlands, which Prejevalsky once told the Tsar may one day become a second California. Thousands of Russian subjects go every year to Lhasa as pilgrims; many of the young men stay for a time in monasteries to pass their novitiate as lamas. It is impossible to view all this without a strong desire that Great Britain, as the Asiatic Power whose territory is closest to the heart of Tibet, should be admitted behind the scenes, and should be in a position to take a strong hand in the game, if necessary. As this country would on no account attempt territorial annexation in Tibet—a step which would at once destroy the advantages possessed by her Indian empire in the great northern rampart of the Himalayas—it is not clear what grounds Russia could have for objection to the present expedition; but it is certain that she is greatly dissatisfied, to put it mildly, at the action taken by the Indian Government; and



there are grounds for her belief that we have purposely seized an opportune moment for pressing our demands on Tibet.

There are indeed signs that Great Britain, thanks to an able and energetic Viceroy, has to a certain extent abandoned her traditional policy of dividing the world for diplomatic purposes into water-tight compartments. This new conception is well brought out by Mr Chirol, who, focussing his book mainly on the problem of the north-west frontier of India and its protection, makes very clear to us the part we are playing in Persia, and its bearing on Central Asia. For a long time Great Britain, relying on her position in the Persian Gulf, and believing the Near Eastern Question to have been finally settled under the walls of Sebastopol, was almost indifferent to the internal developments in Persia. The evolution of Russia as a great Asiatic Power, and her advance into Central Asia, brought her into a contact of over five hundred miles with Persian territory; but still Great Britain continued to rely on her influence on the seaboard. The construction of the trans-Caspian railway and its southern branches was a disquieting circumstance; but it was not until Russian designs on the Persian Gulf were actually disclosed that this country became fully alive to the issues involved. We found our influence at Teheran undermined; Khorassan, the richest province of Persia, entirely dominated by Russia; an embargo placed by Russian influence on railway extensions; trade routes of great antiquity between India and Persia interrupted by a 'quarantine' cordon drawn by Russian or Belgian officials; and many other signs that our whole position in Persia was in great jeopardy. The Indian Government, on whom responsibility chiefly rests in this matter, as the approach through Persia is an important frontier question, concentrated its energies on Seistan, the province lying midway between the Russo-Persian frontier and the ocean boundary. The commotion raised in Russia over an extension of the Indian railways to Nushki, to improve the line of communication on a trade route which had been increasing yearly in value under the supervision of Anglo-Indian officers, and to strengthen our position in an important region, was perhaps natural when it is remembered that this belt of British interest

cuts Russia off from the southern waters to which she desires an outlet.

The importance of Seistan is illustrated by its stormy history. 'The possession of Seistan' (says Mr Chirol), 'the land of the Scythians, the favourite haunt of Nimrod the mighty hunter, the legendary birthplace of the heroic Rustum' (and, it may be added, a great wheat-growing country in former days), 'has been at various periods a bone of sanguinary contention between Persians and Afghans.' He goes on to explain the part played by Britain in settling this vexed question, in which we failed to satisfy either claimant or to forward our own interests. Notwithstanding this and many other mistakes, there is no doubt that the proximity of the Indian empire, joined to British command of the sea, has given us in southern Persia advantages which only the most reckless folly can discount. Still, there is great need for vigilance, and especially for a concentration of our policy on certain well-defined objects, such as the development of trade and communications in southern Persia, where our prestige is as yet intact. Northern Persia, which comes within the scope of this article, is acknowledged by the most optimistic observers to have fallen commercially and politically under the domination of its great neighbour. When a great, expansive, and ambitious country has a frontier of five hundred miles coterminous with a weak and decadent one, this result is inevitable; and it must be taken into account that the present conflict in the Far East, should it result in the restriction of Russian ambitions in that region, may lead to an outbreak of activity in other quarters.

One of the cardinal points in British Asiatic policy is the preservation of Afghanistan as a buffer state. Although the theory of buffer states is now more or less exploded, Afghanistan certainly occupies a unique position in the cosmogony of Asia, which renders this policy reasonable. It is made up of a tangle of mountain spurs, inhabited by traditionally warlike and unruly tribes. On the borderland between Afghanistan and India we have a belt of semi-independent tribes, over which we exercise a sort of suzerainty. Our object is to leave them alone as much as possible; but our responsibility on their behalf has made necessary a series of small punitive expeditions, when

they have overstepped the limits we are obliged to set for their action. The Afridis, who inhabit the Khyber Pass, are perhaps the best known of these; and their habitat is both historically and practically of great importance. Through this pass came the ancient conquerors of India, either from Iran, settling for a time at Ghazni, and waxing strong and ambitious, or, in the case of the Mogul emperors, coming from Central Asia by this wild inhospitable route to the land of dreams—India, the great and magnificent. The method by which Britain now controls these borderland tribes is the simple one of enlisting them in irregular corps and turning their energies into a new and congenial channel; but it is a remarkable fact that, despite the proximity of British India, and the existence of this belt of country under direct British influence, no European has for many years crossed the actual frontier into Afghanistan, save the few engaged by the late Amir to fill certain posts.

‘Twice a week’ (says Mr Chirol) ‘a British escort receives at the frontier from an Afghan escort the trading caravan which brings down the produce of Afghanistan into the markets of India, and hands over to its charge the return caravan which supplies the demands of Kabul upon the industries of the West. The caravans pass up and down the road through the Khaibar with undisturbed regularity—hundreds of huge, ungainly, Central Asian camels, sure-footed and powerful, bellowing and gurgling under their heavy loads; big, broad-shouldered, bearded Afghans, shouting and blustering, but good-humoured and easy-going, though their bold erect carriage and the fierce gleam of their eyes show the mettle they are made of; and every year at the approach of winter hundreds of Pathan tribesmen . . . from the other side of the frontier, who troop down with their women and children, some of them blue-eyed and fair-haired like a northern race, with their herds and flocks, with their dogs and their cats and their hens, to seek work and to find pastures for a time in the milder climate of the Peshawur plain. But, when the caravans have passed, the Khaibar closes its gates and all intercourse ceases as absolutely as if there were a Great Wall of China between India and Afghanistan.’

Yet we know that this essentially cut-off region, inaccessible to railroads, telegraphs, and tourists, has not been altogether deaf to the voice of civilisation. From

Europeans employed by the Amir as doctors or engineers we learn something of what is going on behind the veil; and so much has the Afghan mind lent itself to modernity that Abdurrahman even entered the lists against Marie Bashkirtseff as a diarist. On one point we have certain information—as to the improvement made in the arming and organisation of the army; but whether it would enable the present Amir to quell internal strife, were it to break out again, as effectively as his father quelled it, it is impossible to say. Habibullah remains an unknown quantity; so far there has been no proof that he possesses the eminent qualities of his father; and every now and then we hear disquieting rumours of palace intrigues and jealousies—those fertile sources of trouble in Asiatic countries, which Abdurrahman probably discounted by a very unoriental contempt for the pleasures of the harem, at least if his diary is to be believed. His son is undoubtedly reaping the benefit of the real constructive statesmanship of the great Amir; but, so far as our own interests are concerned, we have as yet had no assurance that he intends to adopt his father's friendly attitude towards Great Britain.

The limits of this article will not allow a dissection of the delicate question of British-Afghan relations, which are, of course, involved chiefly in the still more delicate question of Russo-Afghan relations. It may, perhaps, surprise some people to know that Russia has gone to the lengths of ignoring our claim to be the intermediary of foreign negotiations with Afghanistan, and that there is more than one proof of attempts to open communication direct with Kabul. The approach of a Russian railway within a few miles of Herat is a circumstance which, significant in itself, derives more interest from the mystery in which it is enveloped. No Europeans, save Russians, have succeeded in examining this line. Sven Hedin, when he casually asked the suave official at Merv to uncouple the special coach (placed by Russian politeness at the disposal of the man who travelled under the special protection of the Tsar) and attach it to the train for Kushk, was shown a telegram from headquarters directing that, in case Dr Sven Hedin should express such a desire, he should be told that the line was closed to all save official traffic.

The extension of Russian influence in Afghanistan has been rather in the direction of a growth of prestige and of respect for a country which had swallowed up half Asia. Megalomania is a more common failing among peoples of primitive civilisation than is imagined; and Russia has impressed the imagination of the Afghan, who has been unable to appreciate the solid but less showy work of consolidation going on in British India. Despite the sternness of her government in many respects, religious tolerance of the widest sort has been the rule in her conquered territories; but in the Khanates she has won the allegiance of the religious world by a judicious method of putting a premium on the proper observance of rites which the Central Asiatic, a lax Mohammedan, is inclined to neglect. The most dangerous feature in the situation, and one that keeps Indian frontier officials forever on the alert, is the possibility that some fanatic in the mountains may at any time set alight the embers of a 'holy war,' and may raise the battle-cry of Mohammed, which in old times led so many conquering tribes down to the plains of India. Fortunately, the modern civilisation which comes with railway lines and electric light is creeping slowly through the ancient empire of Timur in the wake of Russian advance; and the commercial spirit of the Central Asiatic, stimulated by these agencies, will probably triumph over superstition and warlike tendencies, so that it may reach in time even the rugged mountaineers of Afghanistan.

With the future of Central Asia this article is not concerned. Its fate is bound up with that of great nations; and its peoples have no longer an independent existence. We have briefly traced some of the phases of its history, and indicated the relations between its several parts and their place in the problems of to-day. Our chief aim, however, has been to set before our readers the work done by travellers, explorers, and students in completing our knowledge of a region still fascinating because it is still mysterious.

ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

## Art. X.—RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

1. *Russian Affairs*. By Geoffrey Drage. London : Murray, 1904.
2. *Korea*. By Angus Hamilton. London : Heinemann, 1904.
3. *Manchuria and Korea*. By H. J. Whigham. London : Isbister, 1904.
4. *Li Hung Chang*. By Mrs Archibald Little. London : Cassell, 1904.
5. *The Expansion of Russia*. By F. H. Skrine. Second edition. Cambridge : University Press, 1903.
6. *Correspondence respecting China*. Presented to Parliament 1887-1904.

And other works.

THE late Mr David Urquhart's portentous picture of the Russian ogre pursuing a deliberate scheme of world-dominion with an aggressiveness and diplomatic subtlety alike miraculous, has long passed into one of those popular superstitions which acquire almost the force of a creed. For the average Western intelligence, accustomed to watch the prosaic workings of the political machine as they are presented day by day in parliamentary debates and blue-books, there is something uncanny in the hidden power which directs the onward movements of the Russian people. The personal element at the back of it, with its disenchanting routine, its cross purposes, its hesitations, its mistakes, is invisible. The same mysterious silence leaves neglected opportunities unarraigned and errors of action unavowed. All that is apparent is the net result of the expansive energy of a great nation, its natural impressiveness unimpaired by vulgar details of how that result is attained.

More or less consciously Mr Urquhart's convenient hypothesis is the starting-point of a very large body of English thought in its attitude towards the present crisis in the Far East. It seems, indeed, to find a triumphant justification in the imposing magnitude of the very task on which Russia is now engaged. If the postulate of the congenital and abnormal earth-gluttony of the Muscovite seemed requisite to explain the invasions of Turkey, the encroachments on Persia, and the successive annexations



of the Central Asian Khanates, how much more necessary is it to account for the menacing appearance of the legions of the Tsar on the far away Yalu, at the end of a colossal chain of colonies and dependencies which girdle the north of Asia and reach half-way across Europe! It is, however, a misfortune that this should be the case; for, although no doubt heavy blame attaches to Russia in respect of the conflagration that has been lighted in the Far East, the postulate in question involves a fundamental misconception, historically false and morally unjust, which is calculated to add seriously to the far-reaching perils of the crisis.

How superficial are the observations on which this assumption rests may be seen from the fact that those who hold it never dream of attributing to Japan an appetite comparable to that of Russia. The contrast of the immense expanse of Greater Russia with the relatively small acquisitions of Japan in the Eastern Sea is apparently enough to stamp such an idea as preposterous. And yet such contrasts are not so much a matter of appetite as of opportunity. There is a certain energy in almost all highly civilised races which, under favourable conditions, invariably makes for territorial expansion; and there is no reason for believing that the expansive energy of the Japanese is one whit less intense than that of the Russians. We have abundant proof to the contrary in the colonies founded in southern Korea at an early date, and in the many attempts to conquer that country with which Japanese mediæval history is filled. The expansive energy of the Japanese on its political side was not fully liberated until the revolution of 1868; and then it had to equip itself with Western appliances and methods before it could hope to take part in the scramble for Asia with any chance of success. Germany was not in a position to employ its expansive energies until three years later; and the record of the Japanese—the Kuriles, the Loo-Choo Islands, the Pescadores, and Formosa, together with the bold attempt to appropriate the Liao-tung peninsula after the great war with China—may well stand by the side of the colonial achievements of Prince Bismarck. There can be little doubt that, if the Japanese revolution had taken place a century earlier, it would not have been on the

Yalu but probably on the Yenisei that the struggle with Russia for the hegemony of Eastern Asia would have been fought out.

Not only is there no real difference between the earth-appetite of the Muscovite and that of other great colonising nations,<sup>1</sup> but there is also nothing in the policy which has enabled it to achieve such stupendous things that differentiates it in any essential way from the motives and methods of rival empire builders. The enormous expansion of the Russian dominion and the rapidity of its advance have been mainly due not so much to conscious statesmanship as to ethnological and geographical conditions. The vast scene of that expansion is a prolongation of the *mère patrie* generally analogous to it in physical features, and peopled with races with whom the Russian colonists easily establish terms of sociability if not of assimilation. In these circumstances Russian colonisation was a comparatively natural and rapid process, and the political consolidation of the conquests thus affected was correspondingly accelerated.

Nevertheless, the policy of the Government has been distinctly opportunist. For the most part Siberia, as far as Kamchatka, was conquered without plan, and at a time when the Tsars were preoccupied with Poland and the Near East. When the subjugation of Poland and the *impasse* of the Crimean War turned the political aspirations of the nation towards Central Asia, the aim of Russian statesmanship was less conquest than the discovery of a defensive frontier. As we have found in India and Africa, the establishment of such a frontier is a matter of reciprocity. Where the contracting parties are, on the one hand, a highly organised state and, on the other, weak Sultanates unable to guarantee the execution of their international obligations, there can be no real reciprocity; and consequently further conquest becomes inevitable unless established colonies are to be for ever abandoned. Nevertheless, the Government at St Petersburg frequently turned a deaf ear to the appeals of the commercial classes for energetic action; and not a few conquests were made by daring generals in defiance of orders to the contrary from headquarters. This was roughly the history of the Russian advance in Central Asia until about ten years ago.

In the Far East Russian policy has been still more strikingly opportunist. But for the Crimean War the Anglo-French campaigns against China in 1858-60, and the Afghan crisis of 1885, there can be little doubt that the Russians would not be to-day on the Yalu. In 1858, when China was at the mercy of the allies, Russia seized the opportunity to extort from her the Treaty of Aigun, by which she acquired the territories north of the Amur. So little, however, had this step been dreamed of ten years previously that when, in 1849, Admiral Nevelskoy proposed only to explore the mouth of the Amur, Count Nesselrode vetoed the scheme as likely to lead to political complications. A year later Count Muravieff's project for the annexation of the Amur was unanimously rejected by a committee of ministers which examined it under the presidency of the Tsar Nicholas. It was even resolved to dismantle the fort at Nikolaievsk, founded by Nevelskoy and destined to become the capital of the Amur province, together with other illegal settlements.\*

This timorous policy was reversed, not by any native jingoism, but by the exigencies of the Crimean War. Only a few of the Amur ports had been evacuated when the war broke out; and it became necessary to send supplies to the others as well as to the small Russian squadron in the Sea of Okhotsk, then threatened by an Anglo-French squadron under Admiral Price. The only feasible plan was to carry the provisions down the Amur; and this was done by Muravieff without the permission of China. The squadron was successfully victualled, and the settlements were effectively defended. The need of the Amur and also of a good port in the Far East having been thus demonstrated, the Treaty of Aigun was only a question of opportunity. It was, however, soon found that the Amur was not enough, that the fertility of the annexed territory had been exaggerated, that Castries Bay was not the ideal harbour it had been pictured, and that the whole colony was costing far more than it was worth.† Again there was talk of evacuation; but in the nick of time the Powers came once more to the aid of Russia. War had been resumed by the allies against

\* Vera Vend, 'L'Amiral Nevelskoy,' pp. 39-40, 65, 69-72, 83, 84, 88-89.

† *Ib.* pp. 212, 213, 217-220; Ravenstein, 'The Russians on the Amur,' pp. 117 et seq.

China owing to the treacherous affair of the Peiho; and the Son of Heaven for a second time was as wax in the hands of the barbarians. Russia seized her opportunity and made another demand; and this time China gave her all she had to give in the Sea of Japan, that is to say, the whole eastern coast-line of Manchuria down to the Korean frontier, with a magnificent series of bays and harbours, including the site of Vladivostok.

Thenceforward the Far Eastern dominions of the Tsar became year by year a more valuable possession. Owing, however, to the circumstance that the whole of the new seaboard was icebound in winter, its defence still gave rise to anxiety in St Petersburg. We have a further illustration of the opportunism of Russian expansive policy in the fact that for fifteen years no attempt whatever was made to find a remedy for this grave defect. If we may judge by the suspicious proceedings of the Russian corvette 'Possadnik' at Tsushima in 1861, Muravieff, with his bold grasp of the whole problem, had probably a scheme of his own not unlike that which was placed on paper in the famous Cassini Convention of 1896. But, if he had such a scheme, nothing came of it; and the Russians, with a precipitation strongly contrasting with their recent manœuvres in Manchuria, abandoned the island at the first growl of Admiral Sir James Hope.\* The crisis of 1885, however, rendered the solution of the problem urgent. The Penj-deh affair had brought Russia and Great Britain to the brink of war; and an ice-free port in the Pacific, in which the local squadron could rendezvous, became indispensable. The idea of the Russian Government was to obtain from Korea the facilities they required; and, through a German named Von Möllendorff, who occupied the post of adviser to the King of Korea, negotiations were secretly set on foot for a lease of Port Lazareff. Lord Granville got wind of the intrigue and promptly ordered the occupation of Port Hamilton, which was held until Russia gave a formal assurance never to occupy Korean territory 'under any circumstances whatsoever.' Of the ultimate consequences of this pledge we shall have something to say presently. For the moment the point to be borne in mind is that the imminent danger

\* Michie, 'The Englishman in China,' vol. ii, pp. 112-115.

of war with Great Britain in 1885, and not any fixed and long-standing design, first brought the need of an ice-free port in the Pacific into the forefront of Russian policy, just as the accidents of the Crimean War and the Anglo-French expeditions to China in 1858 and 1860 transformed a few miserable and grudgingly-held trading posts on the inhospitable shores of the sea of Okhotsk into the present imposing viceroyalty of the Far East.

While the gradual aggrandisement of Russia in the remote solitudes of Eastern Asia was for decades regarded in Europe with indifference—if, indeed, it was thought about at all—in Japan it gave rise to serious apprehensions at a very early date. Nearly a century before Nevelskoy circumnavigated Sakhalien, the Russian settlers in Kamchatka had begun to meddle with the Kurile Islands, which extend like so many stepping-stones southwards from Cape Lopatka to Yezo. At that time Japan had for over a hundred years rigorously excluded all intercourse with the rest of the world. Hence the approach of the white strangers from the north, whom the popular imagination pictured as giants twelve feet high, was at first superciliously ignored. Another Russian landing in 1798, however, aroused some misgivings; and a commission was sent north to fix a frontier between the Russian and Japanese possessions, and to study a plan for the colonisation of Yezo. The negotiations failed; and the Japanese took measures to strengthen their hold on the Kuriles and especially on Sakhalien—the northern key to the Sea of Japan—where they possessed fishing colonies. During the next few years collisions with the barbarians were frequent. Not only did the Russians seek to break down the seclusion of the Japanese by demanding trading rights, but they violently attacked the country itself. In 1806 Khvoslow plundered the settlements in Yezo; and in the following year there was serious fighting in the Kuriles, in which the clans of Nambu and Tsungaru suffered severely from the Russian cannon. Then for some years the irruptions ceased, owing to the Napoleonic struggle in Europe and the subsequent Russian campaigns in the Caucasus and Turkestan.

When next the Russian peril appeared in a serious form, it was in the midst of the great political upheaval, domestic and external, with which the name of Commo-

dore Perry is so conspicuously associated. Japan awoke to find all her earlier dread of the Russian justified and strengthened. The other barbarians had extorted their treaties of commerce and sailed away; but the Russian had remained on the threshold, a palpable menace to Japanese expansion, perhaps even to Japanese independence. The first opening of Japan to foreign intercourse synchronises with Muravieff's descent of the Amur, and the establishment of Russian authority in northern Sakhalien. The rapidity of the subsequent Russian advance could not fail to alarm the Japanese. Within three years the whole of the Amur became Russian. Two years more and the Sea of Japan itself was invaded, and Russia was firmly fixed on the northern boundary of Korea. Yet another year, and Russian sailors even attempted the annexation of Tsushima, the key to the Straits of Korea, but were happily warned off by the British. Japan's first experience in the higher diplomacy was the negotiation in 1867 of a 'condominium' with Russia on the island of Sakhalien, a vain attempt to save her tardily realised strategical position in the north.

It was in these circumstances of foreign policy that the new Japan was born of the revolution of 1868. The young nation drew Russophobia with its first breath; and subsequent reflection did not tend to diminish its justification. When the Iwakura embassy returned from its mission to Europe and America in 1873, Okubo Ichizo, the most eminent of the revolutionist statesmen, and a member of the embassy, drew up a memorandum on foreign relations in which he said: 'Russia, always pressing to the south, is the chief peril for us.\* And Okubo was not wrong. However weak and aimless Russian Far Eastern policy may have been down to 1860, it was acquiring a definite and aggressive purpose in 1873.

While the danger was fully realised in Japan, it was not so easy to think out a policy for averting it. Irresolution and incapacity, not unnatural in the circumstances, mark the first dealings of the new Japan with the Russian peril. It is to be borne in mind that, from the very beginning, it was the Russian peril, and not, as is generally imagined, the pretensions of China in Korea,

\* Maurice Courant, 'Okoubo' (Paris, 1904), p. 159, cf. p. 161.



which chiefly preoccupied Japanese statesmen. Of China herself they had little fear. Indeed, they had long taken an accurate measure of her strength, as their *sans gêne* in the Loo Choo and Formosan affairs amply showed. The danger to Japan from the Chinese side was not in the strength but the weakness of China. While the Power which had surrendered to Russia without a blow the whole of the eastern coast of Manchuria remained suzerain of Korea, there was no guarantee against an extension of Russian dominion southward. Nor did the problem wholly consist in the preservation of a great natural market and source of supplies for Japan, or of a possible outlet for her expansive energy. The encroachments of Russia threatened to create in the Sea of Japan a situation similar to that which existed in the Black Sea. Already the double eagle flew over the northern entrance and half the western coast. Another crisis like that of 1858-1860, and the Korean Balkans down to the Masampho Dardanelles would be at the mercy of the Tsar.

The first instinct of the Japanese, flushed with the contests of their civil war, was to fight. So early as 1868—a year after the condominium agreement in Sakhalien—they had fortified Tsushima in order to secure at least the south of the Sea of Japan. Five years later they made preparations for the conquest of Korea. A complete scheme was matured by Soyegima, then Minister for Foreign Affairs; and it would have been put into execution but for the interposition of Okubo, who, fresh from his political studies in Europe, perceived all its dangers. He pointed out that such an enterprise would only play into the hands of Russia, who, in the complications that might ensue, would certainly secure the opportunity for the aggrandisement she needed.\* This argument prevailed; and a policy of making Korea independent, and coaxing her into the path of reform, took the place of the scheme of conquest.

The reasoning which led to the adoption of this policy is not difficult to understand. A struggle with Russia at that period would probably have ruined Japan, while any war on a large scale would have been a serious misfortune

---

\* Lane-Poole, 'Life of Sir Harry Parkes,' vol. ii, p. 201; Courant, *op. cit.* pp. 159-161.

to her. The immediately essential thing was to eliminate the Chinese suzerainty and substitute for it Japanese influence. For this the political independence of Korea was necessary; and this the Japanese were sanguine enough to think was practicable without war. An independent Korea, with a vigilant Japanese representative at Seoul, would prove an effectual safeguard against all opportunity for the extension of Russia along the south-western shores of the Sea of Japan, while amply reserving Japanese ambitions in the future. Meanwhile, fresh and very disagreeable reminders of the reality of the Russian peril were not spared the Government at Tokyo. In 1869 a Russian force had been concentrated in the south of Sakhalien, with a view to the invasion of Yezo; and in 1875 Russian diplomacy secured possession of the whole of Sakhalien. The shame of this last surrender by Japan was deeply felt by the Samurai, and filled the whole nation with the dread of Russian aggression.\*

These were the circumstances in which the first important treaty between Japan and Korea was negotiated in 1876. The wisdom of Okubo's advice at first justified itself at every step. Korea afforded Japan all the opportunities for intervention she required, while China fully realised the low opinion of her powers of resistance formed in Tokyo. In 1868, when an envoy from the Mikado attempted to present a letter to the Korean Government, informing them of the revolution of Meiji, he was arrogantly dismissed. Two similar missions in 1873 and 1874, conducted respectively by Hanabusa and Moriyama, met with the same fate; and finally, in 1875, the Koreans, unaware that the old rough and ready methods of international intercourse were no longer countenanced by their eastern neighbours, fired upon a Japanese steamer, the 'Unyokan,' which was engaged in taking soundings for the purpose of assuring its position on the coast.

This outrage Japan resolved to deal with precisely in the same way as similar outrages perpetrated by her on the Barbarians in the fifties and sixties had been dealt with by them. In the first place, the inhospitable Koreans were promptly punished. Then China, as the suzerain of

---

\* Lane-Poole, *op. cit.* vol. ii, p. 239.

Korea, was asked for explanations. The Tsung-li-yamen fell into the trap with charming simplicity. Against a war of conquest in Korea they knew they were secure, owing to the position of Russia on the north-eastern frontier; and they never dreamt that Japan had an alternative policy—a policy of insidious moderation—which was even more deadly than invasion. Accordingly, they disavowed all responsibility. The obvious conclusion was that the Chinese suzerainty was a sham, and consequently Japan proceeded with her plan for establishing the independence of Korea on a firm and legal basis. Following the example of the Western Powers towards herself, she compelled the peninsular kingdom to sign a treaty of friendship and commerce, containing the usual stipulations with regard to diplomatic representation, trade facilities, open ports, and extraterritoriality. In one signal respect, however, this treaty differed from the Japanese conventions. Article I opened with the following statement: 'Chöseu (Korea), being an independent state, enjoys the same sovereign rights as does Japan.' Thus the initial step in Japanese policy for checkmating the advance of Russia was accomplished. Chinese suzerainty in Korea had been apparently exploded; Japanese interests had been firmly founded in the peninsula; and the Koreans had been taught that there was a new power in the Pacific with whom they must reckon in fashioning their political destiny.\*

The road now seemed clear for the establishment of that predominance of Japanese counsels in Seoul which was the next aim of the Mikado's policy. Here the statesmen of Tokyo encountered unexpected obstacles; and their notion that their object would be attained without war or other serious international complications was doomed to disappointment. China had no idea of giving up her suzerainty over Korea so easily as the Japanese imagined, and she soon resumed all her old pretensions in Seoul. The game of opening up Korea was one at which two could play. Japan had only concerned herself with her own interests in the treaty of

---

\* Parl. Pap., C. 1530; Lane-Poole, *op. cit.* vol. ii, pp. 201-205; Laguérie, 'La Corée Indépendante, Russe, ou Japonaise' (Paris, 1898), pp. 20-22, 30, 31.

1876; and this gave Li Hung Chang an opening for working on the fears of the Korean Government of which he deftly availed himself. His idea was to establish foreign interests in Korea analogous to those created for Japan in 1876, and to obtain the recognition of Chinese suzerainty in the treaties governing these new interests. The Korean court was easily won over to the scheme, as it was calculated to prevent Japan from gaining a monopoly of foreign trade which might easily lead to political interference. Li Hung Chang's policy, however, only partially succeeded. The foreign treaties were negotiated, but the suzerainty was not in all cases recognised; and China addressed a circular to the Powers insisting on her rights.\*

This was in 1881. In the following year an opportunity offered itself to Li Hung Chang for a more energetic *coup*. An attempt was made to assassinate the king and queen of Korea; and China at once offered to send a garrison to Seoul to protect the royal family. The offer was accepted; the troops were sent; and Chinese suzerainty was once more a reality. It was difficult for Japan to interfere, seeing that the king was independent, and that, if he chose to solicit the help of China, he was acting entirely within his rights. Japan, however, had not long to wait for her turn of the wheel. Before the year was out the anti-foreign party in Seoul, encouraged by the presence of the Chinese, rose against the Japanese and attacked their legation. Several members of the mission were killed, and the Japanese minister himself narrowly escaped death. The Tokyo Government promptly demanded reparation, and sent troops to Seoul. When, after the restoration of order, China requested that the troops should be withdrawn, Japan bluntly replied that she would recall them when the Chinese garrison were also sent home.

This situation lasted until April 1885. Meanwhile, the simultaneous presence of Chinese and Japanese soldiers in Seoul gave rise to further disorders and more than once threatened to precipitate war. Owing to the Chino-phil proclivities of the court, Chinese influence grew stronger day by day; and, in spite of the treaty of 1876,

\* Lane-Poole, *op. cit.* vol. ii, pp. 205, 206; Laguérie, *op. cit.* pp. 31-34.

the old suzerainty was tacitly acknowledged. Evidently nothing was gained by prolonging the abnormal situation in Seoul; and, if Japan could obtain some advantage by recalling her troops, she would do better than by merely waiting for a doubtful solution. Negotiations were accordingly opened; and in April 1885 a treaty was signed by the Marquis Ito and Li Hung Chang virtually establishing a 'condominium' in Korea. Both Governments agreed to withdraw their troops, to advise Korea in common, and to give previous notice to each other in the event of military intervention becoming necessary.

On the face of it this seemed to be an improvement in the position of the Japanese. They had secured the withdrawal of the Chinese garrison; and, although they had not formally abolished the suzerainty of Peking, they had established equal rights for themselves. Mere parchment, however, weighed little with the wily Li and his submissive henchmen at Seoul. From their point of view, all that had happened was that the Japanese had been got rid of. For the rest, nothing was changed. Towards the end of the year, when the Port Hamilton difficulty arose between Russia and Great Britain, so securely had the idea of the Chinese suzerainty over Korea been re-established that this question of a violation of Korean territory was exclusively settled by direct negotiations between Great Britain and the Tsung-li-yamen at Peking; and this notwithstanding that Great Britain, like Japan, had recognised the independence of Korea by treaty.

War was now only a question of time and opportunity. The eradication of Chinese influence in Korea had ceased to be merely a policy of the Tokyo Cabinet and had become a national obsession. In 1889 a campaign against Korea itself was nearly precipitated by the prohibition of the export of beans from two of the Korean provinces. The Japanese declared that this was a violation of their treaty rights, and demanded compensation for advances made by them to the cultivators. The Seoul exchequer was empty, and the king was disposed to resist; but Yuan-shi-kai, the Chinese resident, intervened and skilfully turned the crisis to the advantage of China by lending Korea the money and taking in exchange a charge on the customs. When in the following year the first Japanese

Parliament was convoked, the situation became still more menacing owing to the jingoism of the Japanese people. Parliamentary crises succeeded one another with demoralising rapidity; and the prospect of a war as a means of escape from domestic difficulties offered not a little temptation to the most prudent statesman. The crisis came in 1894. A rebellion broke out in the southern provinces of Korea, aimed partly at the growing influence of foreigners and partly at the scandalous maladministration of the provincial governors, which had brought unbearable sufferings on the peasantry. The royal troops were twice defeated by the rebels, and the king appealed for assistance to his suzerain. China responded by sending a force of 2000 men to Seoul, having previously notified the Japanese Government, in accordance with the condominium treaty of 1885.

There can be little doubt that, had the crisis been allowed to work itself out on these lines, a normal situation would soon have been restored. Japan, however, was in no mood for normal situations. Her patience was exhausted. Besides, she felt that the rebels, so far as they were actuated by a spirit of antagonism to the existing misgovernment, were justified in their action. Accordingly, she sent a large military force to Fusan and Chemulpo to 'watch her interests.' When the time came for the simultaneous withdrawal of the Chinese and Japanese forces, the Tokyo Government demanded as a condition of the evacuation that a scheme of reforms, to be carried out jointly by China and Japan, should first be accepted by Korea. This was haughtily resisted by China on the ground that she never interfered with the domestic affairs of her 'vassal states'; whereupon Japan occupied Seoul and took the question into her own hands. The long-expected war followed, with the results we all know; and in April 1895 Li Hung Chang signed the epoch-making treaty of Shimonoseki, by which the complete independence of Korea was recognised, and Formosa, the Pescadores, and the Liao-tung peninsula were ceded to Japan.

So far it has been necessary to narrate the story of Japanese relations with Russia in the Sea of Japan and with China in Korea in some detail, because the authentic



literature relating to it, especially the official documents, is neither plentiful nor easily accessible. The history of the Far Eastern question, previous to Shimonoseki, is very imperfectly known in Europe. The result is that the relative values of the forces which have brought about the present crisis, and, to a great extent, the real nature of the interests at stake, have not been accurately understood. From Shimonoseki to the Anglo-Japanese alliance, on the other hand, the sequence of events and their significance are better known; and consequently, in dealing with them, it is not necessary to do more than touch upon such of their less familiar aspects as may help to throw further light on their development and on their degree of responsibility for the explosion to which they each contributed.

The main stages by which the present struggle have been reached are (1) the retrocession of the Liao-tung peninsula; (2) the German raid on Kiao-chou, with its counterpoise in the acquisition of Port Arthur and Talienwan by Russia; (3) the Boxer outbreak, and the consequent Russian occupation of Manchuria; and (4) the Anglo-Japanese alliance.

The motives of the Japanese in stipulating for the cession of the Liao-tung peninsula in the treaty of Shimonoseki have been not a little obscured by the proximate causes of the war. During the previous ten years the Russian spectre had paled in the imagination of the Japanese people, preoccupied and exasperated as they were by the elusive problem of the Chinese suzerainty in Korea. The main object to be served in securing the independence of the neighbouring kingdom had been almost forgotten in the excitement of the immediate fray. The statesmen who negotiated the treaty of Shimonoseki, however, had not lost sight of it; and it was with this danger uppermost in their minds, rather than with any wild-cat scheme of holding China in perpetual tutelage, that they demanded the cession of the peninsula. They were impressed by the fact that in the past all effective interference with Korea had come from the north. By taking up a position on the Yalu, Japan would assure to herself equal land access to Korea with China and Russia, besides obtaining a starting-point for continental expansion in the event of a scramble for China. The

chief point, however, was that with Korea independent and the Liao-tung peninsula Japanese, Russian expansion would be blocked, and the naval power of Russia in the Pacific would remain restricted by the more or less ice-bound area to which it was already confined. In this way the traditional peril to the nation on which Okubo had dwelt in 1873 would be not ineffectually guarded against.

The demand for Liao-tung was thus a conscious act of hostility to Russia, however justifiable it may have been from the point of view of the defensive interests of Japan; and it is therefore not surprising that Russia bent all her energies to defeat it. To Russia, however, it was something far more important than an attempted exclusion of her expansive energy from the field of Japanese interests. Of aggression towards Japan she did not dream. Her own threatened interests were exclusively in her mind, especially the large empire she had built up in Eastern Asia, exposed as it was to naval attack in the event of war. She had felt the need of an ice-free port in 1885; and subsequent events had by no means diminished the chance of that need recurring. Since 1885, however, her area of choice had become reduced. By the pledge she had given to China, in exchange for the British evacuation of Port Hamilton, 'not to occupy Korean territory under any circumstances whatsoever,' she had shut herself out from a warm-water harbour in the Sea of Japan. Hence her thoughts had wandered, not unnaturally, to Liao-tung, although the problems to which a settlement in that region was likely to give rise were of obvious gravity. It was, of course, possible that her exclusion from north-eastern Korea might eventually be overcome; but at the time of the signature of the Shimonoseki treaty, there was no prospect of any such solution of her difficulties. In these circumstances it was essential to her that the question of the reversion of the Liao-tung peninsula should at least be kept open; and, to that end, she organised the coalition with Germany and France which compelled Japan to abandon her continental aspirations. The pill was skilfully gilded to represent a service, not to Korean ambitions, but to the independence of China and Korea and to 'the permanent peace of the Far East'; but it was none the less a bitter humiliation and dis-

appointment for Japan, and it once more placed Russia in the forefront of her keenest dreads and antipathies.

To the forces which at this moment were driving Russia, whether she liked it or not, towards the Gulf of Pechili a contribution of no small importance was made by the attitude of Great Britain. The action of Lord Rosebery in declining to join the coalition against Japan has been much praised as a stroke of far-seeing statesmanship which sowed the seed of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. The wisdom of his policy is, however, doubtful; for, had Great Britain not stood aside, she might have insisted on a joint guarantee which would have secured the neutrality of Korea and thwarted Russian designs on the Liao-tung peninsula. What was still more unfortunate, her refusal was preceded and followed by statements of positive policy calculated in an eminent degree to increase the keenness of Russia in regard to those designs.

On two occasions—on July 10, 1894, and on June 13, 1895—Sir Edward Grey formally announced to the House of Commons that the Government held Russia bound by her engagement of 1885 not to occupy Korean territory in any circumstances whatsoever. The first announcement was of course justified, for at that time the position of China's suzerainty in Korea had not been finally decided; and, as the Russian pledge was given to China, it clearly still held good. But on the second occasion Chinese suzerainty was at an end, and China's qualification for holding the pledge had disappeared. Moreover, Russia had already disclosed the direction in which her aspirations were being deflected by her protest against the cession of Liao-tung to Japan. Clearly then it would have been to the interest of both this country and Russia herself had the exclusion from north-eastern Korea—for that was what it came to—been dropped. Russia at Port Lazareff, for example, might, and no doubt would, have been profoundly disagreeable to Japan, although it is questionable whether it would have seriously menaced her in the end. But it certainly would not have been a peril to Peking. Port Lazareff would also have suited Russia better than Port Arthur, for it lies within a convenient distance of her own frontier, and it would have raised no perilous questions like that of the fortification

of the Straits of Korea, which became inevitable as soon as Port Arthur was annexed. As a mere choice of evils Port Lazareff was certainly preferable to Port Arthur. Whatever the value of these considerations, it is at any rate a fact that, by insisting on the pledge of 1885, Lord Rosebery helped to develop and strengthen the whole aggressive tendency of Russia in regard to Manchuria; and hence Great Britain incurred some measure of responsibility for the consequences.

The German raid on Kiao-chou which followed towards the end of 1897 affords another striking illustration of the accidents by which Russian expansion has been favoured if not actually controlled. Although Germany had not profited by her effusive support of the dual alliance in the matter of Liao-tung, nothing seemed more unlikely than that she would take independent action to secure her share of the booty in a form which would be equally distasteful to Russia and Great Britain. Germany, of course, counted on the atmosphere of invincible suspicion which always envelopes the relations of the two dominating European powers in Asia, and she did not count in vain. In St Petersburg her action was regarded as explicable only on the hypothesis of an understanding with Great Britain; while in Downing Street the only plausible theory seemed to be that the *coup* was an outcome of the recent coalition against Japan. German diplomacy, of course, took good care that neither hypothesis should be confuted; and so this 'bolt from the blue' led Russia to demand the virtual cession of Port Arthur and Talienwan as a protection against what seemed to be an Anglo-German understanding in North China.

Here, again, mismanagement in Downing Street was not a little responsible for the dangerous developments of the crisis. From the beginning Great Britain held the solution in her own hands. Had she resolutely set her face against the pretensions of Germany, on the sufficient ground that a foreign political settlement in North China raised questions vitally affecting the independence of China, it is probable that Port Arthur would to-day still fly the Dragon flag, and the Far East would be undisturbed by war. Russia has always protested that she had no desire to take Port Arthur; and, whether we

believe her or not, we must admit that there is a strong body of evidence to support her. The Cassini Convention, for example, clearly shows that, while wishing to keep open the road to Liao-tung, she shrank from opening the Manchurian question; and that, though she required a warm-water naval base, she still preferred to seek it elsewhere than in Liao-tung, and then only when war should render it indispensable.\* Her reasons for this attitude are perfectly intelligible. They are to be seen in the immediate causes of the present war; for, once in Manchuria, it was obvious that the adequate defence of Russian interests would become absolutely irreconcilable with the vital interests of Japan. Hence the opposition of Great Britain to the designs of Germany would have been welcomed and supported by Russia; and in that case Kiao-chou would have remained Chinese.

Unfortunately, it was not only by our inaction that Russian aggression was precipitated. If, after the acquisition of Kiao-chou by Germany, the advisers of the Tsar were in any doubt as to their duty, the ambiguous proceedings of Great Britain speedily determined them. Two years before, when Lord Salisbury had been anxious to solve the Armenian question with the aid of Russia, the friendliest overtures had been made to St Petersburg by Downing Street. Among other things, Mr Balfour had, in a public speech, assured Russia that Great Britain regarded her desire for a warm-water port in the Pacific as perfectly legitimate, and that she would not place any obstacles in her way. What did this mean?† Was it a

\* The Cassini Convention stipulated for the non-alienation of Liao-tung, and for the concession of a lease of Kiao-chou in the event of Russia being involved in war ('North China Daily News,' October 28, 1896). The authenticity of the convention has been denied, but internal and corroborative evidence, not to speak of the rooted custom of the Russian Foreign Office to deny all secret treaties which it is not convenient to acknowledge, are against the Russian *dementi*.

† 'Times,' February 4, 1896. It is true that Mr Balfour spoke of 'a commercial outlet for Russia'; but if this did not imply political control it was meaningless. A commercial outlet which should not be political would have been either a port exclusively reserved for Russian trade or a treaty port. In the one case it would have meant a privileged position for Russia in an otherwise closed Chinese port, which was contrary to all treaties; in the other case it would have been no concession at all. Hence, without the explanation Mr Balfour subsequently gave ('Times,' January 11, 1898), the only possible conclusion was that which the Russian Government adopted.

renunciation of the Port Hamilton pledge? The solution came seventeen days later, when a statement was made in the House of Commons by Lord (then Mr) Curzon, adhering to the policy laid down by Sir Edward Grey in 1894 and 1895.\* Clearly then it was an invitation to Russia to seek a port somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Yellow Sea. Whither should she go? With Kiaochou in German hands, and Wei-hai-wei still occupied by the Japanese, she arrived, by a process of exhaustion, at the Liao-tung peninsula. But here again her choice was limited. From the Yalu to Talienwan there was not a bay or inlet capable of being transformed into a good harbour; and Talienwan itself was dominated by the great Chinese fortress at Port Arthur.† In these circumstances she might well hesitate, especially as there was no convincing evidence that Kiaochou really represented an Anglo-German conspiracy against her. At this moment, however, China was negotiating with the British Government for a loan; and by some unhappy inspiration Sir Claude Macdonald, with the approval of the Foreign Office, demanded, as one of the conditions, that Talienwan should be transformed into a treaty port. Here, then, was Russia's last chance fading away in the wake of Port Lazareff and Kiaochou. Downing Street, of course, had no idea of the unfriendly *portée* of its demand; but to St Petersburg it admitted of only one interpretation. It was a convincing proof of the perfidy of the British Government, and a warning that immediate action was necessary. So the momentous resolution was taken to annex both Port Arthur and Talienwan, which, together with the concession of the Manchurian railway granted in the Cassini Convention, definitely opened the Manchurian question with all its tragical consequences.

We now arrive at the beginning of the end; for the two remaining stages of the prelude to the war—the Boxer outbreak and the Anglo-Japanese alliance—were not so much in the nature of fresh fermenting elements fortuitously introduced into the evolution of the crisis, as direct consequences of the two preceding stages. The

\* 'Times,' February 20, 1896.

† 'The China Sea Directory' (Admiralty, 1894), vol. iii, pp. 573-583.



causes of the Boxer outbreak are less obscure than the origins of any other popular rising in China. They are set forth explicitly in the inflammatory edicts of the Dowager-Empress, in which the people were called upon to resent the aggressive action in which the Powers had indulged since the war with Japan in 1894-95—the predatory leases and other annexations of Chinese territory, among which the British occupation of Wei-hai-wei was now to be reckoned, the extortion of railway and similar concessions with quasi-political privileges, and the humiliating assumptions of the inevitable break-up of the Empire implied in the non-alienation and sphere-of-influence agreements negotiated by the several Powers. The consequent attack upon the Legations at Peking necessarily led to the armed intervention of their Governments; and thus Russia found herself charged with the pacification of Manchuria. When it was found that Russia was not disposed to evacuate the province in spite of her repeated pledges to do so, and that she was inclined to make use of her new position to extend her influence in Korea, the interests of Great Britain and Japan became simultaneously imperilled, and their defensive alliance followed as a matter of common necessity.

In this causal sequence of events there is one weak link, and that the most important. The flagrantly dishonest protraction of the Russian occupation of Manchuria was not an obviously natural consequence of the Boxer outbreak. It is contended that it could and should have been avoided; and, doubtless, if it had been avoided, the peace of the Far East would, for a time at least, have been secured. While there is a great deal of truth in this view, it is to some extent vitiated by its spirit of 'unctuous rectitude,' which invariably ignores the force of temptation and of political exigencies. With Egypt and Chitral in their minds, Englishmen can ill afford to throw stones at the Russians for their broken pledges in Manchuria, although it is true that so long as the evacuation of Egypt was practicable, it was not the fault of Great Britain that it was not carried out. In the case of Russia, too, the practical temptation to remain in Manchuria was more pressing than the similar inducements that beset us in Egypt. With us it was to a greater extent a question of Imperial sentiment than

of strategical necessity. With Russia, isolated at Port Arthur, it was certain that one day or another the linking of Liao-tung with Vladivostok and more besides would be an urgent strategical necessity; and the only question was whether she should postpone the *coup*, or accept the opportunity which chance seemed to have given her. She decided for the latter course, and in doing so did not so much a wicked, as a very stupid thing. Where she went wrong was in adopting a course of which the conventional idea of her supersubtle statecraft has always held her to be incapable. She wholly miscalculated her position. She omitted to weigh adequately the risks against the opportunity; and she failed to perceive that, whereas the risks were serious and imminent—for besides a possible war with Japan, she had 'open accounts' in a very unstable state in the Balkans, in Persia, and in Central Asia—the opportunity was one which, if not seized then, would still not be lost, and, indeed, might be rendered more propitious the longer it was shelved. How gross the miscalculation was, we shall presently show in greater detail.

Nevertheless, whether stupid or wicked, her responsibility for the disastrous consequences of her actions remains. There is an idea, indeed, that her wrong-doing is essentially enhanced by the duplicity of the methods with which she pursued her ends. Here again a mild caveat may well be entered against what is really a further intrusion of the Urquhart superstition. It rests on the assumption that from the beginning there was a fixed and deliberate purpose in the minds of the Tsar and his advisers to retain possession of Manchuria and to tire out the opposition of the Powers by procrastinating excuses. This view is scarcely borne out by the course of the negotiations. It is true that solemn pledges to the Powers alternated with demands made privately upon China in flagrant and indeed extravagant contradiction with the policy publicly announced. But the very extravagance of this contrast—the solemnity and earnestness of the pledges given by the St Petersburg Foreign Office on the one hand, and the naked and unashamed disregard of them shown in the Peking negotiations on the other—must raise a doubt as to whether all is explained when the Urquhart synthesis is invoked. And

this doubt becomes still more embarrassing when we find that, in the end, a treaty of evacuation satisfactory to Great Britain and Japan was actually signed, ratified, and partially executed, when suddenly—and, so far, without adequate explanation—the policy it embodied was ignored, and even reversed.

The truth is that, from the beginning, the action of Russia was hampered by discordant counsels in high places. The circumstances under which Port Arthur was acquired disarmed all opposition; but when it seemed likely that Manchuria would follow suit, there was no unanimous enthusiasm in the Empire for the perilous adventure. At first the military party sought to force the hands of the authorities in St Petersburg just as General Kaufmann had compromised them at Khiva in 1874\*; and, as soon as the troops under General Gribsky crossed the Amur, a proclamation of annexation was issued by that officer. Although this was promptly disavowed by the Imperial Government, the struggle of which it was a symptom proceeded with the varying fortunes reflected in the diplomatic see-saw. The conflict was fiercest in the entourage of the Tsar. On the one side were Count Lamsdorff and M. de Witte, and, it is believed, General Kouropatkin; on the other the reactionary ministers, whose dependence on the military element had grown with the increase in internal disaffection, together with Admiral Alexeieff and M. Bezobrazoff, the latest of the Tsar's private advisers. Outside, the Advance party was represented by Prince Uchtomsky, editor of the St Petersburg 'Viedomosti,' with his semi-mystical Panslavism enlarged to embrace the whole Asiatic continent; while the party of prudence and good faith found its strongest exponent in M. Syromiatnikoff-Sigma, the famous Far Eastern traveller and journalist, who felt strongly all the peril and inconvenience of the projected annexation. It will surprise many persons to learn that M. Lessar himself was a consistent advocate of evacuation. In proportion as one or other of these parties gained the upper hand or seemed to be justified by the course of events, the decision

\* See, on this question, Loftus, 'Diplomatic Reminiscences,' second series, vol. ii, pp. 45-47, 104-106. 'General Kaufmann was the person to blame, and he was so well aware of it that, when he had the courage to face Prince Gortschakoff, his first words were, "Je vous apporte ma tête."'

of the Tsar oscillated between their two policies ; and the oscillation was rendered all the easier by the masquerade of evacuation in which the schemes of annexation were decked out. Similar phenomena have been observed in countries less autocratic than Russia ; but it is precisely because Russia is autocratic that she is so amenable to the distracting influences of conflicting counsels which in other countries are kept separate by party classifications and constitutional safeguards.\*

While all this may help to dethrone Russian bad faith from its Satanic pedestal and to assimilate it to the commonplace frailties of more conventional states, it does not, of course, render it less dishonest or less maleficent. Since other Powers have also their own interests to look after, it is only by the effects of Russian bad faith on those interests, and not by extenuating circumstances in its disagreeable growth, that they can be guided in their defensive measures. Accordingly the Anglo-Japanese alliance was the natural retaliation for the broken pledges of the Tsar ; for whether rightly or wrongly, Great Britain held that the occupation of Manchuria menaced the independence and integrity of China, which she regarded as amongst her important interests ; while Japan maintained that the occupation threatened the independence and integrity of Korea, which to her have always been interests of vital consequence.

In concluding the alliance there can be no question that the statesmen of both countries believed that it would work for peace. As a matter of fact, through no fault of either, its ultimate effect was the exact opposite. In the days of her isolation Japan was wholly at the mercy of Russia, not because she did not feel herself equal to a struggle with the northern colossus, but because she had no guarantee that in the event of war she would not be confronted by a revival of the coalition of 1895. The result was that she had to be content with such largesse as the Tsar in his generosity chose to bestow upon her. He was certainly not a hard taskmaster. Outside the limits of what were held to be Russian interests he was disposed to be equitable and even friendly.

---

\* Mr Drage in his 'Russian Affairs' gives an excellent summary of these conflicting ambitions. See pp. 43-78.

Although the chance of Great Britain emerging from her policy of 'splendid isolation' never probably crossed his mind or the minds of his advisers, he none the less saw all the advantage of humouring Japan and, if possible, of securing her as one of his Asiatic satellites. Even after the humiliation he inflicted on Japan by forcing on her the retrocession of Liao-tung he was not disposed to assume a dictatorial tone in Korea. He took no advantage of the blundering and bloodthirsty intrigue which resulted in the assassination of the queen at Seoul in October 1895 and in the flight of the king to the Russian legation. He even offered, with the other Powers, to give Japan a mandate to restore order, and in the following year agreed, by the Komura-Waeber Memorandum and the Yamagata-Lobanoff Protocol, to the establishment of a Russo-Japanese 'condominium' in the country.\* When Russia acquired the lease of Port Arthur and Talienwan, she readily recognised Japan's right to compensations, and agreed without demur to a fresh protocol in which the 'condominium' was essentially modified to the advantage of Japan.†

The first ominous cloud settled on these harmonious relations in the spring of 1900, when Russia seems to have thought the moment opportune for securing her communications between Vladivostok and Port Arthur. She applied to Korea for certain privileges in Masampho, the important harbour which faces Tsushima, and, together with that island, commands the Broughton Strait. What the privileges were is not precisely known; but owing to the opposition of Japan and Great Britain, she had to satisfy herself with the lease of a coal-store in the port, and a pledge from the Korean Government that the island of Kojedo, opposite Masampho, should not be ceded to any other Power. This prelude to the occupation of Manchuria did not predispose Japan to regard the further proceedings of Russia in China with confidence. The St Petersburg Government could not indeed have taken a step more likely to arouse Japanese apprehensions, seeing that the memory of Sakhalien, by which the

\* Mrs Bishop, 'Korea and her Neighbours,' vol. ii, pp. 74, 75, 260, 290;

† British and Foreign State Papers,' vol. lxxxviii, pp. 471-473.

† The Nishi-Rosen Protocol, April 25, 1898.

northern entrance to the Sea of Japan had been lost still rankled in the national consciousness.

Nevertheless Russia did not despair of conciliating Japan and having her own way in the end. After the failure of her first attempt to secure a sort of protectorate of Manchuria, in consideration of a sham evacuation, by means of the Tseng-Korostovitch protocol and the Draft Treaty of February 1901, she set to work in earnest to arrive at a settlement. The Russian press exhausted itself in amiabilities for the Mikado and his people,\* and at the same time diplomatic *pourparlers* were set on foot at Tokyo. It has been publicly stated† that on that occasion Russia proposed a Treaty of Alliance against Great Britain; but this is quite inaccurate. As a matter of fact, the negotiations never got beyond the preliminary stages of an exchange of views in regard to a basis of settlement. So informal were they, that the Russian minister himself was not concerned in them; and they were exclusively conducted on the Russian side by M. Poklevsky, now First Secretary of the Russian Embassy in London. The suggestion made was that, while Russia adhered to all her pledges, Japan should agree not to oppose Russian action in Manchuria or her acquisition of Masampho, in consideration of a modification of the Nishi-Rosen Convention of 1898, which would leave the government of the Mikado absolutely unfettered in its relations to Korea. This being the proposal, it may readily be imagined that a detailed discussion was never entered upon. How it struck the Japanese may be gathered from the Marquis Ito's own description of it. 'A free hand in Korea, with Masampho in the power of Russia,' he said to one of his colleagues, 'would be like a free hand in a bag of gold, with the mouth of the bag drawn tightly round one's wrist.' The rejection of the proposal did not disconcert Russia. In the friendliest way she expressed her willingness to re-open the negotiations at any moment convenient to Japan; and, when subsequently the Marquis Ito visited Europe, it was his intention, if other projects failed, to sound the St Peters-

\* See, for example, the extracts quoted in the 'St Petersburg Zeitung,' March 7-20, and 11-24, 1901.

† 'National Review,' March 1904, p. 33.



burg Foreign Office with a view to discovering whether they had a more acceptable scheme to propose.

Meanwhile this very proposal convinced Japan that if she was to enjoy a free hand in the Far East an alliance with one of the great Powers was essential to her. Naturally her thoughts first turned to Great Britain. Since the days of Port Hamilton the identity of the interests of the two Powers had become more and more marked. Great Britain had been her only friend—certainly not a very helpful one—in 1895; she had been the first to place Japan on an equal footing with other civilised states; she had assisted her to save Masampho in 1900; the two Powers had acted together during the Boxer crisis; and it was owing to the united stand they had made in February 1901 that the first efforts of Russia to secure a permanent hold on Manchuria had been defeated. Moreover, by a curious circumstance, there was already the germ of an alliance in official existence in no less a document than the Anglo-German agreement of October 1900. Article III of that agreement provided that,

'In case of another Power making use of the complications in China in order to obtain under any form whatever advantages calculated to impair the undiminished territorial condition of the Chinese Empire, the two contracting Powers reserve to themselves to come to a preliminary understanding as to the eventual steps to be taken for the protection of their own interests in China.'

It happened that Lord Salisbury had laid it down at the time that third Powers accepting the principles of the agreement became not merely adherents but contracting parties. All the Powers had adhered to the principles; but only one—Japan—had specifically accepted the position of a signatory. Thus, as a compact providing for action, the agreement only concerned Great Britain, Germany, and Japan; and when Germany refused to recognise its application to Manchuria it became, so far as that incidence of it was concerned, an exclusively Anglo-Japanese agreement. Here then was a ready-made clue to an alliance; and, in pursuance of it, Viscount Hayashi was instructed in April 1901 to open negotiations with Lord Lansdowne.

The overtures were received in a very friendly spirit

by the British Cabinet, but for four months no practical progress was made towards a definite treaty. When, after the signature of the final protocol between the Powers and China, it was found that Russia was still indisposed to observe her pledges in regard to Manchuria, and that she was even tightening her hold on the treaty-port of Niu-chwang, the negotiations were taken in hand in earnest. They were so far advanced in November 1901 that, when the Marquis Ito reached Paris from New York on his way to St Petersburg and Berlin, a special emissary was despatched to warn him not to entertain any proposals that might be made to him by the Russian Government, nor to carry out his design of sounding Germany on the subject of an alliance.\* The warning was superfluous; for, although M. de Witte strongly urged the Marquis to come to an agreement, he had nothing better to offer than the basis of settlement outlined by M. Poklevsky earlier in the year. The fact that an exchange of views—the exact nature of which was then unknown—had taken place in St Petersburg gave a strong impetus to the negotiations in London, for it was obviously not desirable in the interest of Great Britain that a Russo-Japanese alliance should be concluded. The news in the middle of December that Russia had proposed to China a modified revival of the Manchurian agreement of February 1901, and that it had been rejected by Prince Ching, finally decided the two Powers; and in January 1902 the treaty of alliance was signed.

Japan was now free. Henceforth she had no fear of coalitions against her in the Far East, and she could defend her interests against Russia or any other Power on equal terms. The anticipation that the alliance would make for the permanent peace of Eastern Asia seemed at first destined to be fulfilled. In the belief that Japanese isolation was assured, and that the visit of the Marquis Ito to St Petersburg implied that Japan was even disposed to nibble at the Poklevsky scheme of settlement, the party of annexation in Russia had once more secured the ascendancy. Throughout November and December 1901,

\* So far as Germany is concerned the intentions attributed to the Marquis Ito rest on the authority of Mr. Alfred Stead. ('Review of Reviews,' January 1902, p. 27.)

and even down to the conclusion of the alliance, the foreign settlements in Eastern Asia had been full of rumours of fresh exorbitant demands presented to China by the Russian Government.\* As soon as the Alliance was announced these rumours died away. It speedily became evident that the Russian Annexationists had suffered a serious check. The feebleness of the Franco-Russian counterblast, which showed that in the Far East the *nation amie et alliée* could not be prevailed upon to depart from its cautious attitude, gave the measure of the predicament into which Admiral Alexeieff and his clique had dragged the St Petersburg Cabinet. It was suddenly discovered that 'latterly the pacification of China had progressed with notable success,' and hence that 'the problem was solved.' Instructions were accordingly given to negotiate an honest evacuation treaty with China; and this was forthwith done. On April 8, 1902, the treaty was signed; and, together with the publication of the text in the 'Official Messenger' of St Petersburg, came a fresh assurance of the unalterable fidelity of the Imperial Government to 'the principle of the integrity and independence of China.' In the following October the evacuation began. In November a further withdrawal took place. In April, 1903, Mukden was evacuated. Then there came a mysterious pause. This was followed by sinister rumours of the revival of the Tseng-Korostovitch agreement;† and at the same time it was announced by the British Minister at Peking that Russia was demanding further concessions before proceeding with the evacuation. Protests from the Powers followed. There were angry scenes in Peking and a brisk interchange of polite innuendoes at St Petersburg; and then it became clear that the old dead-lock had reappeared, with a firm intention on the part of Russia to stay.

It is not difficult to understand what had happened. when Count Lamsdorff was first interrogated about the new conditions, he indignantly expressed his ignorance of them. We have no reason for doubting the sincerity of the protest, especially as two days later the Russian

---

\* 'Hong-Kong Daily Press,' January 7 and 23, 1903. 'Japan Daily Herald' (Mail Summary), November 15, 1901; January 7 and 9, 1902.

† 'Hong-Kong Daily Press,' May 18, 1903.

*chargé d'affaires* at Peking told Prince Ching 'that the delay in the evacuation was due to the military party in Russia;' and General Kouropatkin, in a conversation with the Chinese Minister at St Petersburg, stated that the whole difficulty had originated with Admiral Alexeieff. A year's reflection had in short revived the drooping spirits of the Annexationists. The Anglo-Japanese alliance had lost its terrors for them. Great Britain, they were convinced, would not fight, and Japan could not. Consequently it was childish to carry out the evacuation. Setting aside stories about private commercial concessions, as to which our recollection of South African slanders should make us careful, the fact remains that after two years and a half of solemn promises to evacuate Manchuria, Russia was as firmly fixed in that Chinese province as she was on the northern bank of the Amur.

The indignation in Japan was, of course, intense, but this did not disturb the equanimity of the Alexeieff party. They knew the 'unpricked bubble' of Japanese resentment—as well as Mr Rhodes had known the Boers. The Anglo-Japanese alliance had been openly defied. The question was not what its members would say, but what they would do. The answer came towards the end of last July. To the utter confusion of the apologists for evacuation, it took the form, not of an ultimatum from the allies, but of a polite enquiry by the Japanese Government alone whether Count Lamsdorff would be disposed to resume negotiations on the Manchurian and Korean questions. One can imagine the elation of the Alexeieff-Bezobrazoff combination. The game of Russia's enemies was evidently up. It was clear on the face of it that, in spite of the alliance with Great Britain, Japan's only course was to make the best terms for herself—probably on the basis of the Poklevsky scheme.

Since the beginning of the war there has been much exultant talk among the Russophobes about the military and naval 'collapse' of Russia. On that point, perhaps, the last word has not yet been spoken; but of the diplomatic collapse of Russia, or rather of the collapse of the legend of Russian diplomacy, there can be no question. It is difficult to conceive a more hideous miscalculation than that which the St Petersburg Foreign Office based on the Japanese overtures of last July. The idea that

Japan was making a last effort to avert war, that she was honestly striving by good temper and moderation to deserve the immense confidence reposed in her by the great Power which had been the first, as Viscount Aoki said, to receive her 'into the fellowship of nations,' and had then so far trusted her as to form an alliance with her, was inconceivable to the cynics of St Petersburg who 'knew their Asiatics' so well. What they thought of the attitude of Japan is shown by their own actions. On August 12—the very day that the first draft treaty was despatched by Japan to St Petersburg—the viceroyalty of the Far East was created, with Admiral Alexeieff as Statthalter; and the control of the Far Eastern Question was transferred to a special Secretaryship of State, to which M. Bezobrazoff was appointed with an advisory committee. Seventeen days later M. de Witte, who had been an uncompromising opponent of the Annexationists, was relieved of his portfolio. On September 9 supplementary conditions of evacuation were presented to Prince Ching; and, when they were rejected, Mukden was reoccupied. This shows what the statesmen on the Neva thought of the peril that was hanging over them.

When the official correspondence between Japan and Russia is disclosed, it will be found that the assertions so frequently made with regard to the moderation and courteous patience of Japan owe nothing to the sympathies of those who make them. Meanwhile, we may be permitted to give an authentic sketch of these momentous negotiations.

After the St Petersburg Government, in reply to the enquiry of July 28, had intimated its readiness to enter upon the *pourparlers* suggested by Japan, the first step of the Tokyo Cabinet was to draft a treaty embodying its proposals. So anxious, however, were they that the scheme of settlement should not offend the susceptibilities of Russia that it was actually drafted by Baron Komura in consultation with Baron de Rosen, the Russian Minister at Tokyo, who approved its scope although he reserved certain points. This draft consisted of six articles, and was to the following effect:—

I. Independence and territorial integrity of China and Korea to be mutually respected, and the principle of the Open Door in both countries to be preserved.

II. Japan's preponderating interests in Korea and the interests accruing to Russia through her railway in Manchuria to be recognised, both Powers being at liberty to take such measures as may be necessary for the protection of their interests subject to Article I.

III. Subject to Article I, both Powers to be at liberty to promote the development of their industrial and commercial activities in their respective spheres of influence without interference from the other. Russia also to bind herself not to oppose the eventual connexion of the Korean and Manchurian railway systems.

IV. In the event of either Power finding it necessary to take military measures for the protection of her interests as set forth in Article II, or for ensuring order in her sphere of interest, only a sufficient force for the purpose to be sent, such force to be recalled as soon as its mission is accomplished.

V. Russia to recognise the exclusive right of Japan to give advice and assistance in Korea, including military assistance, for the promotion of reform and good government.

VI. All previous agreements respecting Korea to be abrogated.

Of the fairness of this scheme there can be no question. It placed Manchuria and Korea on approximately the same basis, and assimilated the position of Russia in the one country and Japan in the other. In one respect (Art. V) it seemed to propose an advantage for Japan, but as a matter of fact it did nothing of the kind. Article V was intended to balance the concession to Russia of the freedom in the development of her commercial and industrial activities in Manchuria granted to her in Article III, since the corresponding concession to Japan in Korea had already been secured to her by the Nishi-Rosen convention of 1898. It should be added that, besides the concessions in this Draft Treaty, Japan expressed her readiness to define the interests accruing to Russia through her railway in Manchuria as comprising the administration, military and civil, of a strip of territory measuring thirty miles on each side of the line and including the town of Harbin. Nevertheless, this scheme did not satisfy Russia. Believing that Japan was bluffing, and that she was perfectly aware she would



ultimately be compelled to acquiesce in the hitherto undisclosed ambitions of her adversary, the Alexeieff-Bezobrazoff negotiators at once threw off the mask. The following is a summary of their counter-proposals, which were presented at Tokyo on October 3:

Art. I. Integrity and independence of Korea to be mutually respected.

Art. II. Russia to recognise the preponderating interests of Japan in Korea as well as the right of Japan to advise and assist Korea in her *civil* administration subject to Article I.

Art. III. Subject to Article I, Japan to be at liberty to promote her commercial and industrial interests in Korea, and to take such measures as may be necessary to protect them without interference from Russia.

Art. IV. Japan to be at liberty to send troops for this purpose to Korea after giving notice to Russia, such troops not to exceed the number actually required, and to be recalled as soon as their mission is accomplished.

Art. V. Both Powers to agree not to use the territory of Korea for strategic purposes, and not to erect any fortifications on the coast calculated to impair the freedom of the Straits of Korea.

Art. VI. That part of Korea to the north of the 39th parallel to be a neutral zone, not to be occupied or invaded by the troops of either Power.

Art. VII. Manchuria and its littoral to be recognised by Japan as outside her sphere of interest.

Art. VIII. All previous agreements respecting Korea to be abrogated.

In this scheme it will be seen that the equitable basis kept in view by the Japanese Government was altogether discarded. By limiting the treaty to Korea, except in one significant particular, restrictions were imposed upon Japan in that country, while Russia was left free to do as she pleased in China. The only concession made to Japan was in the complete dissolution of the 'condominium' in Korea (Art. II); but even this was accompanied by a restriction limiting her to civil control. On the other hand, Russia declined to pledge herself to the Open Door, and to the connexion of the Korean and Manchurian railway systems, while she made three further and uncompensated demands, stipulating for (1)

no fortifications on the Straits; (2) a neutral zone exclusively Korean; and (3) the abandonment by Japan of all political interest in Manchuria. We need not insist on the unfairness and even extravagance of these demands.

In these two documents issue was joined by the two Powers; and neither deviated subsequently in any important point from the positions therein taken up. It is consequently not necessary for us to deal at length with the six further drafts which were exchanged on October 16 and 30, December 11 and 21, and January 6 and 13.

The scheme of October 16 calls for no notice, as it was withdrawn in favour of that of October 30, on the friendly advice of Baron de Rosen. The chief features of the Japanese scheme of October 30 were that it developed Articles VI and VII of the Russian counter-proposals in such a way as completely to turn the tables on the Alexeieff-Bezobrazoff negotiators. The neutral zone was made reciprocal, and limited to fifty kilometres on each side of the Yalu. The demand that Japan should recognise Manchuria as outside her sphere of interest was acceded to on condition that Russia gave a similar undertaking with regard to Korea. Japan also took the opportunity of recognising Russian 'residential rights and immunities in Korea,' and claimed similar rights for herself in Manchuria. The pledge not to fortify the Straits was agreed to; but the reference to 'strategic purposes' in the same article was expunged. For the rest, Japan maintained her original proposals.

Russia saw her mistake in introducing Manchuria at all into the agreement, and in her reply of December 11 rejected all the Japanese counter-proposals relating to it and omitted her own. On the other hand, she accepted the railway clause, but made no further concession. So far, the only approximation was represented by the adoption of the railway clause and of the engagement not to fortify the Straits. On December 21, Japan presented what she called her 'last amendments.' These consisted of a revival of the original draft with the addition of an article guaranteeing the freedom of the Straits. Russia replied on January 6. She agreed to omit the word 'civil' from Article II, thus completing the right of Japan to intervene in Korean affairs subject to the independence and integrity of Korea, but refused

the remaining Japanese amendments. At the same time, not content with declining to pledge herself to the integrity and independence of China (Art. I), she returned to the charge in regard to Manchuria and proposed that Japan should recognise that province as outside her sphere in consideration of Russia recognising her treaty rights, with the exception of the right to settlements, in that province. Imperturbably Japan once more responded on January 13. She refused to modify her draft of December 21, and in regard to Manchuria again intimated that she had no objection to the Russian article provided it was made reciprocal in regard to Korea.

It was now so clear that an agreement was impossible on the one vital question—the independence and integrity of China, or, reduced to its final expression, the position of Russia in Manchuria—that, in presenting the last draft to Count Lamsdorff, M. Kurino, the Japanese minister, was instructed to ask for an ‘early reply.’ The request had become all the more necessary, in view of the discovery that Russia was busily employed in strengthening her military and naval position, and in particular had ordered a strong squadron to start from the Mediterranean for the Far East. Russia had indeed partially awoke to the danger of her position. Believing that the Japanese were bluffing, she had committed the *bêtise* early in the negotiations of declaring publicly that under no circumstances would she consent to make Japan the custodian of her ‘good faith’ in regard to Manchuria. She had consequently burnt her boats on the one issue which involved war. She still, however, had a lingering belief in the braggadocio of the Japanese, for it was almost inconceivable to her that any Asiatic state in its senses would dare to defy her, especially after Blagovestchensk; and she imagined that she might yet buy off the Mikado’s ministers by further concessions on minor points, accompanied by a little wholesome intimidation. The consequence was that she delayed her reply to the last Japanese proposals while she hurried men and ships to Eastern Asia. M. Kurino was, however, not unnaturally pertinacious. On January 26, at his weekly audience of the Tsar, Count Lamsdorff was told that it had been finally resolved by the Far Eastern Committee not to yield on the Manchurian question, but

to make substantial concessions to Japan on other points. The following day M. Kurino met M. Bezobrazoff, and casually learnt from him the decision that had been arrived at. From that moment the die was cast. There was no necessity for Japan to await the arrival of the formal note, more especially as it would probably have been accompanied by Admiral Wirenius and the Russian Mediterranean squadron. Nevertheless she did wait, for it was not until February 5, when Russian troops had already invaded Northern Korea, that M. Kurino was instructed to break off negotiations.

This is the story, set out, we believe, truthfully and without *parti pris*, of the long gathering of the clouds which have now burst in the Far East. Its moral is a trifle *banal*, for it bears a suspicious likeness, in its illustrations of the limitations of human wisdom and of national self-control, to too many of the prolegomena of great wars with which the history of our race is seared. But, if the origins of this struggle are commonplace, its possible results are unconventional enough. This is scarcely the time to speculate upon them, nor, if it were, does it enter into the scope of this paper to deal with them. But this much must be said. The prospect is full of perils for others besides the actual belligerents, and it consequently behoves neutral nations to avoid embittering or enlarging the contest by any thoughtless word or ill-considered act. If we feel drawn towards one belligerent by its real grievances, by its patience, moderation, and manly conduct, and by the political relations which link us with it, we are, perhaps, not less drawn to the other by our own recent experience of the anxieties and sufferings of a great war, and perhaps also by a not inconsiderable community of Imperial ambitions and blundering methods. Whatever hope there may be of a mitigation of the horrors of the war itself and of the wide-reaching dangers with which it is fraught, it must rest finally, not on the prudence of statesmen, but on the spirit of moderation and charity and the high sense of the common good with which the 'unofficial people,' as the late Lord Salisbury called them, are inspired.

# Art. XI.—CHINESE LABOUR FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

1. *Present Position and Future Prospects of British Trade in South Africa.* Report of Henry Birchenough, Commissioner appointed by the Board of Trade. London: Spottiswoode, 1903. (Cd. 1844.)
2. *Report of the Transvaal Labour Commission.* London: Spottiswoode, 1903. (Cd. 1896; Cd. 1897.)
3. *A Descriptive and Statistical Statement of the Gold Mining Industry of the Witwatersrand.* Appendix to the Thirtieth Report of the Transvaal Chamber of Mines, 1902.
4. *Debates in the House of Lords and House of Commons.* 'Times,' February 17 and March 22, 1904.

It was inevitable that much discussion should take place before Chinese could be imported into the Transvaal to work as unskilled labourers in the mines. Considerable time was required to ascertain if it were not possible to procure the labour in South Africa, and for the people of the Transvaal to consider the question thoroughly; after which an ordinance had to be framed acceptable to the people as well as to the British and Chinese Governments. The requisite legislation has now been passed and sanctioned; but before the consent of the Imperial Government was obtained the subject was exhaustively debated in the House of Lords, the House of Commons, and the legislative assemblies of most of the self-governing colonies. Party feeling has generally affected these debates. In Cape Colony the introduction of Chinese into the Transvaal has been opposed by both political parties with a view to securing the native vote. In Australia and New Zealand it has been made use of as a cry to please the working man. In this country Chinese labour has been made the chief pretext for what was practically a motion of censure on the Government.

In these circumstances it is not surprising that people have become bewildered over this much-vexed question, for many statements have been made which obscure the main issue and render it difficult for those who are endeavouring to form dispassionate and unbiassed judgments to ascertain the essential facts. The Archbishop

of Canterbury, in an eloquent speech in the House of Lords on March 22, said:—

'I have been in the last few days the recipient of appeals from many different quarters, including those made to me in this House, that I should, I had almost said, put myself at the head of a movement to resist, in the name of liberty, or rather religion, the enactment for which the Transvaal asks. That would be a very easy course to take, and in one sense might be a very popular course. Nothing is easier than to inflame popular feeling on a matter of this kind. Why? Because you have ready to your hand to use—may we not say to trade upon?—one of the noblest and most sacred instincts which God has implanted in the minds of the English race—the love of liberty, and the hatred of anything like slavery. It is a perilous thing, and may be grossly unfair, to trade upon that feeling unless you take care to tell those to whom you are speaking the whole story. . . . To take something that is very sacred and utilise it for lower purposes for a party end is to debase and degrade it. I am not accusing members of your lordships' House of doing this; but any one, I think, will admit that it is being done up and down the country to-day.'

The Archbishop of Canterbury put his finger here upon a real danger to the Empire. It is unfortunately true that whenever a great national question comes up for discussion it is at once made a political pawn for party purposes. The people of South Africa are satisfied if the subject is discussed honestly, sincerely, and on its merits. But their very existence must not be imperilled in the struggle for party ends. On this account it is to be regretted that so many reckless misstatements have been disseminated both at home and in the colonies. Did these misstatements damage only the Government at home it would matter comparatively little; but they are doing incalculable harm to our fellow-countrymen in South Africa and to the interests of the Empire at large.

The volume and violence of ignorant or interested criticism which has recently obscured this question has already caused the people of the Transvaal to consider very seriously their relations with this country. It is likely to make them clamour for responsible government before it is in the true interests of the Empire that it should be granted. Many people are already inclined



to take the view that it is better to secure responsible government at once than to be left to the tender mercies of a party which has shown so ominous an intention to govern the new colonies, not as they wish to be governed, but as best suits the party in power. In these circumstances responsible government is likely to be demanded; but the premature concession of it, especially if made in answer to an angry demand, would be fatal to Imperial interests, though it would possibly tend towards the immediate prosperity of the country.

It should be remembered that in the Transvaal, where the people have had the opportunity of studying the question on the spot, it has taken twelve months to convince them of the necessity of importing Chinese to do their unskilled labour. A year ago they were as strongly opposed to this measure as any in the Empire are to-day; and it has been necessity only which has gradually changed their views. The evidence disclosed in Lord Milner's despatches and elsewhere, that the vast majority are now in favour of the proposal, is too clear to require recapitulation. Are we seriously to suppose that the resolutions and petitions have all been 'got up,' or that the change has taken place without good reason?

It is clear from the debates that few speakers realise the seriousness of the position in South Africa. Wait, they say; do not be in such a hurry; everything will come right with a little patience! Is this language to use to a starving man? Distress is steadily increasing; and when distress has been gradually creeping on a population for over two years, after a long period of privation and exile caused by the war, there comes a point when something must be done. The situation becomes intolerable. A remedy, distasteful enough in happier circumstances, has to be applied.

As to the present state of things, we may quote the 'South African News'—an unimpeachable witness, for it is violently hostile to the importation of Chinese labour. Its special correspondent writes from Johannesburg, under date February 13, as follows:—

'Johannesburg to-day is practically moneyless. Business is almost at a standstill. Big houses are dismissing their men or reducing their staffs. The smaller stores and warehouses are almost tottering. I have the statements of owners of large

businesses that their trade is declining day by day. I have it on the authority of bank officials that the merchants are practically living on credit. Trade was never worse. . . . The engineering yards are stacked with machinery; the veld is scattered with machinery. Numbers of artisan engineers are out of work, waiting for this machinery to be put up. The streets are overrun with men out of work, mostly unskilled men, but still a sad number of artisans and mechanics. . . . Mines are threatening every day to shut down. Workmen are leaving the Rand nightly in large numbers.'

Shortly before the war the mines of the Rand produced gold at the rate of about 20,000,000*l.* per annum. They employed about 12,000 white men and 100,000 natives. About 6000 stamps were running. The total European population of the Rand was estimated at under 80,000. To-day the mines produce gold at about the rate of 14,000,000*l.* per annum. They employ about 70,000 natives and 13,000 whites. About 4500 stamps are at work. The total European population of the Rand is now estimated at 95,000.

It has been argued that there is no reason for complaint in this state of things, since the mines produce as much gold to-day as they did four years before the war. Earl Spencer said in the House of Lords on March 18:—

'According to Lord Milner the production of gold was greater now than in 1895 and 1896, when the gold production of the Transvaal was the marvel of the world. Why, then, was it necessary to force an extra production by the importation of Chinese labour? Was it because it was desired that great fortunes should be made in a short time? Could not the mine-owners wait until the market had become more settled? He protested against a course of action so fraught with evil being taken merely for the sake of increasing the output of gold so that a few men might make their fortunes rapidly.'

To this argument we reply that conditions have radically changed since 1896. Enterprises have been launched and vast sums of capital expended, not only to extract gold equivalent in amount to what was being produced before the war, but to provide for the natural increase which, but for the war, would have taken place. It seems to escape these critics that it requires four to five years to put a deep level mine into the producing state. The

town of Johannesburg, nay the whole of the Transvaal, has been counting not merely on getting back to the gold output of 1899, but on a great advance beyond 1899. It is difficult to find a good comparison, but perhaps the following may serve as an illustration. London in 1880 was a most prosperous town, the marvel of the age; but what would be the result if the London of to-day were reduced to the conditions of 1880? Thousands of houses would stand empty; all the new trade would be killed; professional men in the new districts would be unemployed; there would be wide-spread suffering. It may be difficult for an inhabitant of this country to imagine the distress that would ensue; but a person who knew Johannesburg in 1899, and who had lately returned from the Transvaal, would find it easy to conceive such a deplorable state of things. It is only necessary to call to mind the many comrades who were happy, prosperous, professional men in 1899, and who are now in deep distress, though striving gallantly to keep up appearances on what little cash or credit they have left. Most of these men fought through the war, and many returned from it maimed by wounds for life. Is it not natural that they should feel the hardships imposed on them, and should bitterly resent the ignorant or prejudiced attempts to minimise their sufferings, and to depreciate their intellectual power or their moral sense?

The increase of production is not wanted for the few rich mine-owners; it is wanted for the whole of South Africa, where at least eighty per cent. of the production is circulated, and whence a large percentage is remitted home in payment for goods purchased. There is not a single producing or developing mining company belonging to a few rich owners. One of the largest groups, the Consolidated Gold Fields, is owned by nineteen thousand shareholders; and, although there are a few very rich people, it is an utter fallacy to suppose that millionaires are abundant in South Africa, and that therefore mine-owners and shareholders, as well as those depending directly or indirectly on the mines, require no consideration. Most of the capital is held in Europe; but the industry is carried on in South Africa, and is the mainstay of the country. It provides, directly or indirectly

the living of the population, and has been mainly responsible for an external trade of over 50,000,000*l.*

Another argument is that insufficient labour-saving appliances have been introduced, and that if more were done in this way the supply of unskilled labour would be sufficient. But, in the first place, labour-saving appliances chiefly affect skilled labour; and, owing to the peculiar nature of the reef, it is difficult to do much in this direction underground. In the second place, as much has been done in this direction as can be expected. There are few industries in which more readiness is shown to adopt improvements than the gold industry; and many Rand mines possess appliances as advanced as any in the world. It must also be remembered that such machinery is very costly, and that the poorer mines, in their present depressed state, are unable to spend capital on it.

People in this country have a very exaggerated idea of the richness of the Rand mines, and of the margin of profit which is available for the raising of wages or purchase of machinery. Gold production is no monopoly. The Transvaal gold fields extend over a very large area, much of it yet untouched. The regularity with which the gold is distributed through the rock enables an accurate forecast of the value of a mine to be made. This being the case, the whole problem resolves itself into the question—a quite simple one—Will the cost of extracting the gold leave a margin of profit over working expenses? The Transvaal mines are all low-grade mines; that is, the amount of gold in each ton of rock is very small; therefore the industry cannot prosper unless the costs are kept down. The average value of the gold extracted from each ton of rock raised from the Witwatersrand mines is under 2*l.* 1*s.* 10*d.*; and the average profit derived, after paying all expenses, is under 10*s.* 8*d.* per ton. A comparison (made in 1902) with gold mines in other parts of the world may be of interest. (See following page.)

It will be seen that it is only the regularity of the supply of gold in the Rand that makes it possible to induce capitalists to invest their money in developing mines with so small a margin of profit; and that, if complications arise from labour or other causes, the advantages derived from the peculiar character of the

## CHINESE LABOUR FOR SOUTH AFRICA 617

Country.	Name of Mine.	Average Value of Gold contained in each ton of rock in shillings.	
		s.	d.
South Africa . . . . .	Witwatersrand . . . . .	41	9·4
Australia—			
Queensland . . . . .	Mount Morgan . . . . .	109	10
" . . . . .	Charters Towers Field . . . . .	103	7
West Australia . . . . .	Kalgoorlie . . . . .	140	0
" . . . . .	Lake View . . . . .	120	0
Tasmania " . . . . .	Tasmanian Gold Mine . . . . .	82	0
India . . . . .	Mysore . . . . .	108	7
United States . . . . .	Cripple Creek (Portland) . . . . .	200	6
" . . . . .	Cornstock (Nevada) . . . . .	205	4
Venezuela . . . . .	El Callao . . . . .	152	2
Mexico . . . . .	El Oro . . . . .	55	9
Canada . . . . .	Le Roi . . . . .	49	6

banket' formation will be counterbalanced, and no profits will accrue. Generally speaking gold-mining on the Rand is not a speculation at all; it is a solid, commonplace, unexciting trade, as stable as cotton-spinning or coal-mining is here. In some respects it is even less speculative, because its product practically never fluctuates in value, never finds an over-stocked market, and never suffers from a change of fashion.

One of the most important contributions to the facts as regards the mining industry and the labour question generally may be found in Mr Henry Birchenough's report to the Board of Trade. He spent considerable time in Johannesburg studying the problem, and his weighty remarks deserve serious consideration. Speaking of the mines first, he says :—

'This great industry was brought to a standstill by the war. For more than two years the mines remained practically idle valuable machinery was perforce allowed to deteriorate; and great undertakings were "eating their heads off" with interest charges. The actual losses have been estimated at nearly £7,000,000, without counting indirect losses through deferred dividends. But the greatest misfortune of all was the dispersal of the vast army of labourers, white and black, which it had taken thirteen years of patient effort to collect.'

But it is not only in regard to the mines that the shortage of labour is alarming. Mr Birchenough says

'There can be no doubt that the provision of an adequate

supply of labour is the dominating factor in the present situation. It would be a great mistake to suppose it is only a mining question. Native labour is equally necessary for railway extension, government and municipal works, building operations, private enterprise, and agriculture. No rapid development is possible in any single direction without it. And the difficulty of the situation is increased by the fact that, if labour is diverted from the mines in order to press forward other branches of industry or public works, the flow of wealth upon which the country depends for its development is *pro tanto* checked. The mines must be supplied first of all, since they are the pivot upon which general prosperity turns. It can hardly be wondered at if men from all classes, believing that this one need stands between the present moderate progress and the most amazing expansion, should wish to make a short cut and seek labour wherever it can be found.

'The real danger of the situation lies in the prolongation of the present financial strain. . . . It is really a race against time; and that is why experiments, however well-meaning, which take years to show their results, are impracticable. Troublesome as the problem is, its difficulties are mainly concentrated upon one factor. . . . It remains, therefore, to find an acceptable solution of this one question. The interests at stake, which are not merely those of the financial groups, but, as I have indicated, the whole of the industrial and commercial interests of the Transvaal, are too important for it to be allowed to stand indefinitely in the way.'

The position could not be put in a clearer or more forcible manner; and, when it is remembered that a year has elapsed since Mr Birchenough visited Johannesburg, and that things have been growing worse instead of better, it is almost unnecessary to add that the gravity of the situation has become still more accentuated.

We need not dwell on the importance of the mining industry to the Transvaal and to South Africa. The facts are too patent to be insisted on. As to the value of the South African trade to the mother-country, the statistics compiled by Mr Birchenough may be quoted as the best authority on the subject. For the purpose of comparison we reproduce the figures for the years 1893 and 1902, showing exports of British produce from the United Kingdom to South Africa and five other countries,



	1893.	1902.	Increase.
To South Africa . . . . .	9 millions	25½ millions	16½ millions
„ India . . . . .	27 „	30 „	3 „
„ United States . . . . .	24 „	23½ „	—
„ Germany . . . . .	17½ „	22½ „	5 „
„ Australia . . . . .	11½ „	19½ „	7½ „
„ France . . . . .	13½ „	15½ „	2½ „

In 1902 the total value of all merchandise imported into South African ports (exclusive of imports by the Imperial Government) was:—

From the United Kingdom . . . . .	29½ millions.
„ British possessions . . . . .	5½ „
„ foreign countries . . . . .	10½ „
Or a total of about . . . . .	45½ millions

Mr Birchenough also makes the following noteworthy observations:—

‘It is interesting to point out that, whereas in 1893 South Africa took only about 4 per cent. of our total exports, last year she took 9 per cent. of our exports to the whole world, and 23·6 per cent. of our exports to British possessions. Her purchases from us in the same year were three times as great as those of Russia, Holland, Belgium, or China, and almost five times as great as those of Brazil, Argentina, or Japan. Passing from figures to actual manufactures, South Africa is already our best customer for mining machinery, cutlery, hardware, cast and wrought iron and steel manufactures, ready-made clothing of all kinds for men and women, haberdashery and millinery, boots and shoes, saddlery and spirits; our second best customer for paper, cement, locomotives, iron and steel wire; and third on the list for angle, bar and galvanised iron. She takes two thirds of the boots and shoes, two fifths of the mining machinery, and one third of the apparel and slops exported from the United Kingdom.’

But this great trade, capable as it is of indefinite expansion, is dependent on the stimulating and fertilising current which flows from the mines, as this in turn is dependent on the supply of labour, at present so lamentably defective. Imports are now falling off, says the chairman of the Bank of Africa, at the rate of 1,000,000*l.* a month. This is why men have come to the conclusion

that labour *must* come in, and yellow labour, since black cannot be obtained. There is not a single mine-owner or manager in the Transvaal who would not prefer to work with native labour or suitable permanent white labour if he could get it or pay for it. The managers have given ample proof of their *bona fides* in this connexion. They have offered increased pay and better food and housing to the blacks without any appreciable success; they have imported natives from Central South Africa with most disappointing results; and they have practically exhausted the labour resources of Portuguese East Africa. It does not seem to be generally known that even if Kaffir labour could be got in sufficient quantity for ordinary work, not above one Kaffir in five will work underground. All enquiries in other directions having proved fruitless, the decision to employ Chinese was come to, however reluctantly, by all concerned.

As regards the employment of whites, it may at once be said that if applied to the Witwatersrand mines it would mean that 50 per cent. of the mines would be working without any profit, and the remainder would reduce their dividend by 44 per cent.; while an immense amount of development and prospecting work would be at once abandoned, as it would be useless to continue such work in face of the fact that none but the richest grades of ore would pay. Not only have these matters been enquired into and dealt with exhaustively both by the Chamber of Mines and the Labour Commission, but one company has actually tried the experiment of working with white miners. It lost by this measure 40,000*l.* in seventeen months. Besides the fact that, with few exceptions, the mines are not rich enough to pay the wages required by white men, it is most undesirable that white men should do black men's work in a country where the status of the white race must be upheld. This is recognised by the men themselves; and none but the poorest type of white will do unskilled miners' work. The only men that could be got to do it would not be Englishmen, but the refuse of Europe. The employment of yellow labour, therefore, does not keep British labour out, any more than does that of Kaffirs. On the contrary, it has been convincingly shown that the demand for skilled labour—the only kind of labour which better-class

whites in South Africa will or can permanently apply themselves to—depends on the supply of unskilled.

The population of the Transvaal cries out for immediate relief. Even 25,000 additional labourers would make an immense difference; and, though a greater number of Chinese may in time be employed, it will be many years—if ever—before the numbers referred to in the debate which took place in the Legislative Council can be required. Meanwhile, owing to the abolition of tribal wars and native customs which kept the population down, the Kaffirs will increase rapidly and will furnish a larger number of labourers. The area for recruiting in Africa will also gradually be extended, and men of a suitable type, from regions where climatic conditions do not render the inhabitants unfit to bear the somewhat rigorous climate of the Rand, will be induced to go thither to work. The mere cost of conveying men to and from China is a guarantee that, the moment African natives are obtainable in sufficient numbers, the importation of Chinamen will decrease and probably in time cease entirely. Australia and other countries have employed foreign labour so long as it suited them; when they were ready to do the work themselves they passed restrictive laws. In the Transvaal nobody thinks of a permanent employment for Chinese; the law provides for their repatriation; and the men will come with that understanding. Some opponents of the scheme object to the regulations as likely to prevent South Africa from becoming a white man's country; and this seems to be the chief ground of Australasian opposition. Others object to compulsory repatriation as cruel to the Chinese. Our opponents cannot have it both ways. The fact is that South Africa, with its vast black population, can never become, in the true sense of the phrase, a white man's country.

With the final objection—that raised on so-called moral grounds—it is somewhat difficult to deal patiently. The statement that Chinese labourers, freely making contracts, and subsequently living in compounds, will be slaves or serfs, indicates a confusion of ideas and a perversion of facts which, if not wilful, is marvellously unintelligent. They are less slaves than the soldier who, having taken the King's shilling, lives in barracks, and,

if he deserts, is liable to be shot; for the coolie can withdraw, by making a small pecuniary sacrifice, when he pleases. In this country many classes of persons—employés in gasworks for instance—are unable to leave their work at pleasure. Indentured labour has gone on for years, with no objection raised, in other colonies. But it is needless to refute at length statements which have been repeatedly shown, in Parliament and elsewhere, to be utterly unfounded. It is difficult to see how they can continue to be made in the face of the denials of leading ecclesiastics, Episcopalian, Free Church, and other, in South Africa. We will only quote what the Archbishop of Canterbury said in the House of Lords.

‘There is one man now in this country who knows this subject from end to end, and has spent many years in working in the compounds among the natives in South Africa, the Bishop of Mashonaland, who is not, on the whole, in favour of the policy of the Government. But with regard to that particular point I am allowed to quote his words. He says: “It is absurd and almost a prostitution of language to talk of compounded labour under government supervision as slavery, or even servility.”’

To sum up, whether we consider this matter from a moral, a colonial, a British, or an Imperial point of view, the answer will be the same. Morally, we have shown that no fair objections can be urged. From the colonial point of view, the people of the Transvaal have made up their minds, and are unlikely to take an adverse decision lying down. As to the opposing colonies, what would Mr Deakin and Mr Seddon say if South Africa tried to meddle in *their* affairs? From the merely British point of view, it is not wise to injure or even to check the prosperity of one of your best customers. From the Imperial point of view, it is not politic to set up a new precedent by interfering in the local affairs of a British colony, to alienate the loyalty and affection of the men who, for three years, fought to keep the British flag flying, and, by so doing, to run the risk of reviving the old trouble and strife in place of laying the foundation for a united, prosperous, and therefore peaceful South Africa.

## Art. XII.—THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE 15th of May, 1903, will long be remembered as an epoch in English domestic politics. The political situation before that day had presented few features which were striking or abnormal, none which were seriously alarming. The Unionist party had held power for an unusual period. There were some signs of that unrest among the rank and file which is produced by a long suspension of exciting party conflict; and it seemed to many observers that the fatigue of eight years of office was telling upon some members of the Government. The education controversy had roused the Nonconformist opponents of the ministry to a vigorous and even a furious activity; while the accumulated result of those small occasions for unpopularity, which are inseparable from the tenure of office, weighed upon the Government.

The feeling prevailed that the Unionist party must strengthen itself before it faced a general election; but calmer judges, at any rate, thought that it would find little difficulty in doing so. For, if its long spell of power had weakened it to a degree corresponding with that unusual length of ascendancy, it had some advantages less ordinary still. The Opposition that faced it were discouraged by the great majority against them in Parliament, and by their own internal divisions. Their leaders, though men of ability, were certainly over-matched both in the House of Commons and in the country by Mr Balfour and Mr Chamberlain. It seemed likely that the transient dissensions among the Unionists would easily be allowed to pass and be forgotten, and that the party, united and confident in its leaders, would, in the summer of 1904 or 1905, encounter a general election without danger of more than a slight reverse. The next Parliament might be a repetition of that of 1892. After a few years of helpless and inglorious administration, the Liberal party would be driven from power; and the country would turn again with renewed confidence to those who alone could offer it that unity and capacity which are necessary for its government.

Yet, while reasonable people felt no pessimism about the prospects of the Unionists, there was, in some quarters

a note of panic. The feeling was that something must be done to save the party; and both friends and foes were inclined to look to Mr Chamberlain to do that something. He had returned from Africa with his high reputation further enhanced. The chief misfortunes of the Government had happened in his absence. Things, people had said, would be better when he came back. His return was thought of as that of a deliverer. The brilliant caricaturist of the 'Westminster Gazette' well expressed the general sentiment. Mr Chamberlain was the sleek and well-favoured cock returning to his native farmyard to find the other fowls cheived and dishevelled. He was the gardener who lamented that those withered plants, his colleagues, had not had a drop of water since he went away. Every one looked to him to display his characteristic vigour and resource in aid of his party. It is now easy to see that what was wanted was quiet and unexciting leadership with conciliation of reasonable criticism. The sick man suffering from a passing indisposition needed nothing but bed and wholesome food. But the cry was for Mr Chamberlain. The great physician came. Instead of the expectant treatment that was wanted, he prescribed a potent drug. Its effect has been so violent that the party now lies shivering and exhausted, grievously sick, it is feared, of an organic disease.

It is not unfair to Mr Chamberlain thus to view his action. Certainly it was not merely a desire to aid his party that made him adopt the new policy. That he has become convinced of its necessity, quite independently of party considerations, is clear. But no one who reads the first Birmingham speech can doubt that he chose that moment for its proclamation because he wished to save the Government and the party from their embarrassments. In the course of that speech he referred to those embarrassments. He had come back from Africa, he said, to find that the political meteorologist had been at work; that disaster to the Unionists was predicted; that the Opposition were apportioning the spoils of victory; that the younger members of the party had become troglodytes dwelling in 'caves.' *old world of civilisation* 'I was told' (he continued) 'that the by-elections were going against the Government. I was told that the constituencies were prepared to forgive the pro-Boers their want of patriot-



ism, and the Little Englanders their want of courage, and that they were now ready to give to Home Rule and the Newcastle programme a new chance. Well, it may be that I am less sensible to sudden emotion since I returned from my travels in South Africa. The calm which is induced by the solitude of the illimitable veldt may have affected my constitution. At any rate I was not moved by those depressing statements.'

Then followed the memorable advocacy of a policy of colonial preference. But at the end of the speech Mr Chamberlain again touched the party theme.

'I do not think myself' (he said) 'that a general election is very near; but whether it is near or distant, I think our opponents may perhaps find that the issues which they propose to raise are not the issues on which we shall take the opinion of the country.'

There is nothing wrong in this regard for party advantage. It is the business of a politician to strengthen his party so far as he can do it honestly and patriotically. Mr Chamberlain's attempt to combine a benefit to his party with one to his country was perfectly legitimate. But even his admirers must admit that no party leader since 1886 has blundered worse. We have discussed in these columns on more than one occasion the question how far the new policy is good for the Empire. So far as its subordinate purpose as a party move is concerned, no failure could be more complete.

After May 15—that hegira of the prophet from imperialism to protectionism—there follow two periods nearly equal in length. Each extended for four months or a little more. The first, called the period of enquiry, ended with the meeting of the Cabinet in September and the consequent resignations; the second, or period of agitation, comprising the mission of Empire, or 'raging, tearing propaganda,' lasted till the meeting of Parliament. In these periods the political situation changed with astonishing rapidity. Dissension in the Cabinet was followed by resignations; the party became divided into three sections, each angry and perplexed, each contemplating the other with growing distrust; and the whole body became more and more unpopular.

The responsibility for this result does not wholly lie

with Mr Chamberlain. It is in a large measure due to the policy pursued by Mr Balfour in his efforts to meet the difficulties of the position. How far he was aware beforehand of what Mr Chamberlain was going to say at Birmingham has never been made quite clear. It seems probable that he knew in outline the new policy, but not the particular method of its presentment in the speech as delivered. Certainly we may take it he did not foresee the storm that would be raised. Even down to the present time he has not appeared able to sympathise with, scarcely to realise, the warmth of feeling that the controversy between free trade and protection excites. Apparently underrating the gravity of the question, he first aimed at the avoidance of a split in the Cabinet. As this grew inevitable, he laboured, not in vain, to postpone the resignations till Parliament was no longer in session, and, with less entire success, to prevent them, when they came, from involving a break-up of the party. The merits of the different fiscal policies seem to have been to him throughout a matter of subordinate concern. He has his opinions on those merits; but it may reasonably be doubted whether he thinks the worst fiscal policy likely to inflict so great an injury on the country as the ruin of the Unionist party. Comparatively indifferent as to the economic result of the contest, he has devoted inexhaustible dexterity and unflinching courage to averting its incidental political evils. Of any personal craving for office no one will accuse the present Prime Minister; but, considering the critical state of foreign affairs, the labour question in South Africa, the settlement of education at home, the threatened revival of Irish demands, he may well have placed the maintenance of party unity above every other consideration. It is this dominant thought which, we believe, explains all his subsequent action. With Mr Balfour's aims—if we are right in our diagnosis—we have no quarrel; it is only his methods which seem to us mistaken. If he has failed—as we fear he has—it is a striking illustration of how little, in politics as in war, skill in execution can redeem a plan essentially unsuited to the occasion.

Mr Balfour's first effort was to minimise the effect of the Birmingham speech. This he attempted in the debate on the adjournment for Whitsuntide; but, before that

sitting was at an end, Mr Chamberlain had shown that he would not allow matters to be smoothed over. Next, by proclaiming an enquiry and imposing silence on his colleagues, Mr Balfour strove to prevent the dispute among them from becoming scandalous. But meantime the fire had spread. Protectionist members of Parliament held a meeting attended by nearly a hundred. Unionist free traders rejoined, though in a smaller gathering. The Tariff Reform League and the Free Food League came into existence; and Mr Chamberlain, while himself remaining silent, set Mr Vince to flood the country with leaflets. Every day feeling grew higher, and the contending forces made ready for battle. All through, Mr Balfour struggled hard to quiet things down. So far as he could, he avoided debate in the House of Commons. Straining the great control over parliamentary business which the orders of the House give to ministers, he refused time for discussing any motion on fiscal policy which was not a vote of censure on the Government. Thus he avoided a debate expressly devoted to the subject. Some discussion took place half illicitly upon the Budget; and his speech in that debate implied that of all the dangers of the situation the greatest, in his judgment, was a rupture with Mr Chamberlain. The speech, while committing the speaker to nothing, was carefully worded to please and encourage the Colonial Secretary. This note has been audible in all Mr Balfour's utterances. It may in part be explained by personal friendship and sympathy. But such an explanation would not do full justice to the reality of Mr Balfour's zeal for his party. If his phraseology has been systematically more pleasing to the ears of protectionists than those of free traders, it is, we may be sure, because he thinks that the most serious menace to the party is to be found in a protectionist secession.

This fear of a Chamberlainite secession is probably the key to much that has perplexed critics in the events of September. Being mainly solicitous to preserve the unity of the party, Mr Balfour must have seen two individuals to be of the highest importance. These were Mr Chamberlain and the Duke of Devonshire. No secession of protectionists without Mr Chamberlain, no secession of free traders without the Duke of Devonshire,

could be formidable. If both could be retained, that would be best. Doubtless, for some time Mr Balfour tried for this ideal. At the very outset, searching in the recesses of his mind as a housewife overtaken by a domestic emergency searches in her lumber-room, Mr Balfour remembered that he had always been in favour of fiscal retaliation. Here was something which might keep the Cabinet and the party together. Retaliation is not contrary to the theory of free trade, yet it is acceptable to protectionists. From Mr Balfour's point of view, what a jewel of a policy! From an early period, possibly immediately after the Birmingham speech, Mr Balfour had recourse to this aid to unity. And if Mr Chamberlain had been willing to limit the new policy to retaliation, Mr Balfour would have succeeded. The Duke of Devonshire on his side seems to have been ready to assent. But Mr Chamberlain cared too much for the colonial side of his plan to give it up or even defer it.

Failing the retention of both his chief colleagues, Mr Balfour sought for the next best; and what he attempted had at least the merit of ingenuity. Was it not possible, he seems to have asked himself, to let Mr Chamberlain resign without his resignation resulting in a general protectionist secession? If so, the Duke, being satisfied that protection was really abandoned, would be willing to remain, and a serious split in the party on either side would be avoided. The manoeuvre was one of extraordinary delicacy; for it was necessary that the rupture with Mr Chamberlain should be sufficiently definite to satisfy the Duke that free trade was really safe, but should not be so decided as to be offensive to Mr Chamberlain or to those protectionist supporters whom, like every other leader, Mr Chamberlain was bound to regard. It would appear that Mr Balfour felt far from sure that he would retain the Duke, and that he had in his mind some alternative scheme by which Mr Chamberlain might be kept if the Duke went. This is suggested by the remarkable statement of the Duke of Devonshire in the House of Lords. The Duke declared that at first Mr Balfour treated Mr Chamberlain's resignation as probable, and that it was not spoken of as definite until the last interview. This surely indicates that Mr Balfour had not decided to part with Mr Chamberlain until he had, as

he thought, made sure of the Duke of Devonshire. Then Mr Chamberlain's resignation was announced, and its unique circumstances were disclosed to the world.

No resignation on grounds of policy has, we suppose, ever been surrounded by so surprising an atmosphere. The Colonial Secretary parted with his chief not merely without a rupture of friendly relations, not merely with many expressions of mutual esteem, but exchanging assurances of a measure of agreement more naturally associated with the formation than the severance of official ties. To prove that this was not on either side mere lip-service, Mr Chamberlain left behind him his son, to be at once a testimony of the Prime Minister's sympathy and a security for his own continued loyalty. And that his official obsequies might lack no pomp, his three principal opponents were sacrificed to the repose of his ghost.

These three gentlemen must be reckoned among Mr Balfour's lesser but still considerable difficulties. If they had not resigned, Mr Chamberlain's resignation would have placed a dangerous strain on the allegiance of the protectionists. That Mr Ritchie, at any rate, should go was indispensable to the success of Mr Balfour's plan. And this circumstance gave an unpleasant appearance to the fact that neither Mr Ritchie nor Lord George Hamilton knew that Mr Chamberlain's resignation had actually been offered when they resigned. It looked as though they had been purposely allowed to misunderstand the situation in order that Mr Chamberlain's resignation might be adequately balanced. But discussion and recent disclosures, especially that of Mr Ritchie in the 'Times,' of March 15, seem to have made it clear that this was not so. The misunderstanding was *not* engineered. What did take place was that, when it became clear that there was a misunderstanding, Mr Balfour gave his colleagues no opportunity of reconsidering their resignations. There was no treachery or trickery. But it is impossible to deny that the course taken was harsh and unkind towards colleagues and old friends.

That Mr Balfour should be guilty of personal unkindness is perplexing, for it is not generally to be reckoned among his faults. Some phrases that he let fall in his speech on Mr Ellis's motion for adjournment may perhaps

furnish the explanation. From that speech it would seem that he had suspected the resigning ministers of an intrigue against him, which, if not positively treacherous, was at least such as to give him reasonable ground for offence. The suspicion is a strange one. It is true that there was, during July and August of last year, much talk of a possible coalition between the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Rosebery. But it is hardly credible that Mr Ritchie and Lord George Hamilton could have wished to break up Mr Balfour's Government if, consistently with principle, they could remain in it. In what conceivable government could they have occupied more important or distinguished offices than those that they held? Every motive of self-interest was in favour of their remaining where they were. Nor, if they were at heart wreckers, is it easy to understand why they did not force a crisis in July, when Parliament was sitting, and when a reconstruction of the Government would have been well-nigh impossible. Then was the moment to smash the ministry. But they allowed Mr Balfour to choose his own time for reconstruction, and he wisely chose the recess.

This is not the course of those whose purpose is by all methods to upset their chief. They may, indeed, have naturally desired that, if the Prime Minister adopted the Birmingham policy, so many ministers would resign that the Government could not go on. Strong convictions and a sense of public duty could desire no less. Nor would it be unreasonable or unfair to look forward and consider what combination could be made to avoid the appointment of a purely radical ministry. A proper anxiety for the fate of Conservatism would suggest such forethought. But that there was any spite or personal antagonism against Mr Balfour is not to be believed. Yet suspicion of some such hostility seems to have inspired him with an unusual spirit of harshness.

By whatever means and under whatever passions the different actors had pursued their various ends, the event is clear. Whether they were old friends or recent enemies, Mr Balfour was rid of his three colleagues. He had, as it seemed, surmounted all his difficulties. Mr Chamberlain had indeed gone, but with the most sympathetic of farewells, and remaining still linked to the fortunes of the Government by the tender tie of parental



affection. On the other hand, the Duke of Devonshire was still safe in the Cabinet, and, except under his leadership, no free trade attack was likely to be dangerous. The unity of the party—that pearl of great price—seemed preserved.

But there remained one danger to pass. Mr Balfour had to address the Sheffield conference. The conference was in a highly protectionist mood. Before Mr Balfour spoke, it was only prevented with difficulty from adopting a Chamberlainite resolution. The wish to carry the conference with him in the exclusion of the taxation of food from the official party programme perhaps led him to spice his speech highly to suit the taste of protectionists. Unquestionably he believed that the Duke of Devonshire had irrevocably decided to remain in the Cabinet. If it is true that Mr Balfour is a negligent student of the daily press, such neglect may help to explain the error which he made. For no one could have read the newspapers for the last fortnight in September without realising that the Duke must be uneasy in his mind, that the derision of free traders and the triumph of protectionists must jar upon him, and that these public comments were likely to be enforced by private remonstrances from friends. Whatever the cause, it is certain that Mr Balfour overdid the protectionist flavouring of his speech. It was too much for the Duke. He resigned. The most exquisite piece of political legerdemain ever attempted failed just when its success seemed secure; and Mr Balfour was left amid the litter of his cups and balls to curse his colleagues and his stars.

‘Philip, pity me,’ says Louis XI in ‘*Quentin Durward*’; ‘you, at least, should know that, to men of judgment and foresight, the destruction of the scheme on which they have long dwelt, and for which they have long toiled, is more inexpressibly bitter than the transient grief of ordinary men, whose pursuits are but the gratification of some temporary passion—you who know how to sympathise with the deeper, the more genuine distress of baffled prudence and disappointed sagacity—will you not feel for me?’

Some such cry as this, we may fancy, rose to Mr Balfour’s lips when he received the Duke of Devonshire’s resignation.

But, instead of lamenting, it would have been better if he had laid the lesson to heart. For why had he failed? Because the Duke of Devonshire and Mr Chamberlain differed fundamentally on the fiscal question, and it was therefore impossible, by any device, however ingenious, to induce them to work together as political allies. Mr Balfour's great personal influence and unequalled tact in the management of individuals enabled him to come near success. But even with his colleagues, even where he could spend hours in dexterous conversation, he could not quite succeed in arranging a working alliance between convinced opponents. Surely he might have learnt from this the futility of his whole scheme of tactics. If, with all his great powers as a diplomatist, he could not, in spite of infinite pains, keep two individuals, both his personal friends, from an open rupture, how could he hope that the thousands of people in the country who could never come under his influence at all were to be held together? There was and is, in truth, only one way of maintaining party unity, and that is to withdraw the fiscal question again into the background of politics. So long as it is the most prominent political issue, Unionists will inevitably be divided. They disagree; and by no manipulation can they be hypnotised into thinking they agree.

As Mr Chamberlain's agitation proceeded, the inadequacy of Mr Balfour's methods to the needs of the situation became more and more manifest. It was soon clear that Mr Chamberlain was frankly protectionist. The vigour and the crudeness with which he developed his views greatly aggravated the maladies of the party. The gap between him and the Duke of Devonshire widened and widened; and even Mr Balfour's sympathy gradually became somewhat strained. It may be doubted whether Mr Balfour would refuse to support a McKinley tariff for this country if he thought it would keep the Unionist party in power, and save the nation from the disastrous consequences of a Home Rule and Little England combination; but he would certainly regard such a tariff as a painful necessity. Plainly he does not like protection. And, what is of more weight, he could not but be aware that of those who accept retaliation, not all will support colonial preference; and of those who

support preference, many would be opposed to a protective tariff on foreign or 'scientific' lines. The further Mr Chamberlain waded into protection, the fewer of the party could be got to follow him, and the less chance there was of averting a break-up.

Nevertheless, Mr Balfour stuck to his post and to his plan of action with a tenacity and courage which deserved success. He patched the holes in his ministry, and did his best to make his policy comprehensive. At Bristol he emphasised the phrase 'fiscal reform' as the authorised title of that policy. Under this banner he thought he might unite, at any rate, the great majority of his party. Who is there who could not, with some straining, declare himself in favour of what is so pleasing in sound and so vague in meaning?

But in spite of all he could do, the health of the party became worse and worse. Two complications set in which he ought to have foreseen, but perhaps did not. The first was the speeches of his colleagues; the second was the action of the local party organisations. The truth is that, in his anxiety to propitiate the Chamberlainites and avert a protectionist secession, he had overdone his sympathy for their views. The Press, with hardly an exception, treated him as Mr Chamberlain's artful associate—the 'accomplished whist-player' who played into his partner's hand—or as the dummy whose cards were played by that partner. After what has preceded, we need hardly say that we agree with neither of these estimates; but the local caucuses accepted one or other of them, and gave free rein to their enthusiasm for Mr Chamberlain and protection. Even his colleagues (which is stranger) seem not fully to have appreciated the limitations of the Sheffield programme. They went about the country speaking with an admiration and a sympathy for Mr Chamberlain's policy which sometimes seemed to make their advocacy of retaliation cold in comparison.

The result was that, though Mr Balfour had carefully limited the official policy so as to make it acceptable to every one except the most rigid free traders, the Unionist party as an organised body seemed to be working wholeheartedly for Mr Chamberlain. The Unionist free traders, led by the Duke of Devonshire, naturally became more and more hostile. Harassed and in some cases cen

sured by the local caucuses, the Unionist free trade members of the House of Commons viewed Mr Balfour's attitude with growing bitterness. If he were, they felt, at heart a protectionist, what trickery not to declare himself! If he were a free trader, why were his colleagues for ever heating the fiery furnace into which all who would not bow down to the Birmingham idol were presently to be cast? Why was nothing done to restrain or rebuke the party organisations who were dictating adhesion to Mr Chamberlain to their reluctant representatives? Why did Mr Balfour accord the full measure of his support to the most extreme Chamberlainite candidates who stood at by-elections, and yet not stir a finger to ease the difficulties even of so loyal a supporter of the Sheffield policy as Mr Lucas of Portsmouth? The feeling spread that the Unionist party was given over to protectionism; an utter distrust of Mr Balfour and a resolve to shrink from nothing which would save free trade, though it might involve the ruin of Unionism and the triumph of Radicalism, became the dominant feeling, at any rate among the more active Unionist free traders. Party unity was in a bad way.

One consolation came to Mr Balfour in the course of the winter, and that a strange one. Sir Michael Hicks Beach had been the first to raise the standard of revolt in June. He had attacked the Government in a speech of great ability on the Budget; he had been the founder and the leader of the Free Food League. But when Mr Balfour visited Bristol in November, Sir Michael, being one of the members of the city, attended the Dolphin banquet and delivered a speech warmly supporting the Sheffield policy. This utterance caused much surprise. Sir Michael had, it is true, never declared against retaliation. But Mr Balfour then seemed to be nearly in agreement with Mr Chamberlain, whose policy Sir Michael had always denounced. Was it not strange then that, without Mr Balfour making any public declaration which modified or explained his position, Sir Michael should give him an unequivocal support? The two statesmen stayed at Bristol with the same host, and, doubtless, had many opportunities for private conversation. What passed it is, of course, impossible to know. Some have regarded the episode as only another illustration

of the power of Mr Balfour's siren-like gifts. But this victim of his arts has not slipped away from him when the fascination was withdrawn. On the contrary, while maintaining his uncompromising resistance to the Birmingham policy, Sir Michael Hicks Beach has given to the Government help of the highest value—help which has, it may be, saved them from a parliamentary reverse. By what assurances, one wonders, was this help obtained? Whatever they were, it cannot be denied that the adhesion to the Government of so acute and skilful a politician is strong evidence that Mr Balfour will not in the end become an advocate of protection.

But down to the meeting of Parliament there was little except the attitude of Sir Michael Hicks Beach which could serve to mitigate the mingled fear and indignation with which free traders regarded Mr Balfour and his Government. His speech in Manchester seemed, indeed, to show that he was anxious to mark the difference between his views and those of Mr Chamberlain. But the active support of the Government continued to be given to the champions of protection; and a culminating point was reached when Mr Walter Long, in Wiltshire, made a speech in support of a Unionist candidate standing in opposition to the sitting member, a Unionist free trader. It would be difficult to imagine a step more likely to embitter feeling.

Meantime, the division in the party produced its natural result. Combined with other causes, it brought victory, moral or actual, to the Opposition in the by-elections. When Parliament met, the Unionists came to their places in no cheerful mood. If the free traders were angry and embittered, the tariff reformers were depressed. Mr Chamberlain's great mission had failed. He had put forth all his powers; but the country was more hostile to him when he finished than when he began. His exertions had been great though ineffectual, and his health had suffered. Rest had become necessary; and his supporters, who depend wholly on his abilities and personality, would have to do the bad best they could without him. For a time he designed to be present at the first fiscal debate; but the shock of Mr Powell Williams's death rendered even that impossible, and he went abroad. With the depression of the tariff reformers there mingled no

little discontent with Mr Balfour. All that Deborah felt for Meroz, they felt for the Government; nay, more than all; for Deborah was victorious and they were not.

Mr Balfour was overtaken by the fate that so often waits on those who refuse to take a whole-hearted part in a conflict. He was blamed by both sides. The free traders were indignant that he had given so much help and countenance to Mr Chamberlain. The tariff reformers were disposed to complain that he had not done much more. Both sides expressed the contempt always felt by those who have chosen to play a decided part, for one who, as they conceive, halts between two opinions. The main body of ministerialists, more faithful to their leader, yet felt sad and fearful at the dissensions in the ranks and the disaster that appeared imminent. All hearts were failing; and the finishing stroke seemed given by the announcement of Mr Balfour's illness.

It was against so dispirited a party that Mr Morley made his attack. The debate that followed was marked by the strangest alternations in the language of the Government. The effect was almost antiphonal. Mr Gerald Balfour declared for free trade. The arguments of Mr Bonar Law and Mr Lyttelton were protectionist. Mr Akers-Douglas, somewhat harassed by an excited and turbulent House, pronounced in clear terms against the Birmingham policy. Mr Wyndham alone danced on the tight rope with something of his absent leader's grace. Each speech was followed by excited comment in the lobby, where tariff reformers and free traders in turn anathematised the Government. The result of the whole was to leave the Government with a great loss of credit. Worst of all in the debate, they incurred a more damaging reproach than want of skill. The ambiguity of their position was scandalously manifest; and a sickening sense that it was not defensible before the country sank deep into the hearts even of faithful partisans.

It was, however, remembered that Mr Balfour was not present. Had he been in his place the Government would certainly have played their part with more dignity. The debate would have been skilfully wound up; and not impossibly two or three votes would have been gained. But the essential weakness and humiliation of the Government's attitude could not have been hidden; and soon



after Mr Balfour returned to the House it was made clearer than ever. Mr Pirie, a Scotch Radical of extreme views, obtained priority in the ballot for one of the evening sittings which are assigned to private members. He brought forward a motion which declared that, owing to the language of 'certain ministers,' and the consequent disturbance of the public mind, it was necessary for the House to declare its condemnation of all proposals for 'preferential and protective tariffs.' The day before this motion was to come on, an amendment was put down by Mr Wharton, which dexterously changed the censure into praise, and asked the House to approve the 'explicit declaration' of the Government 'that their policy of fiscal reform does not include either a general system of protection or preference based on the taxation of food.'

This amendment caused much searching of heart on the Unionist side. It was evidently a ministerial move. Mr Wharton is one of those members, like Colonel Kenyon Slaney, who are very willing to propose, with a decent appearance of independence, amendments that the Government have framed. And it is not denied that Mr Balfour approved Mr Wharton's words. The Free Food League met at four o'clock in the afternoon on the day of the debate. Had they known what was taking place inside and outside the Cabinet they would undoubtedly have given Mr Wharton's amendment all the support in their power. But, believing that the Government and the tariff reformers had a perfect mutual understanding, they suspected a trick. The majority, therefore, determined only to abstain on the question of omitting Mr Pirie's words. The subsequent insertion of Mr Wharton's words they decided to support.

But the meeting was scarcely over when it became known that formidable protests had been made by the protectionists. Mr Lyttelton and Mr Austen Chamberlain had, it was whispered, strongly remonstrated; some even said they had threatened to resign. The tariff reformers were unquestionably breathing fire and fury, and were to hold a meeting immediately. Already the white flag was hoisted. Mr Wharton's amendment had been greatly modified. But this surrender was not judged to be sufficiently complete. The tariff reformers met, to the number of one hundred and twelve. Mr Austen

Chamberlain could not, of course, be present; but his private secretary, Mr Matthew Ridley, attended, and, it is rumoured, made a speech. The meeting unanimously decided to vote against the Government if Mr Wharton's amendment were not dropped. Their mandate was announced; and, with a prompt obedience, the notice was removed from the paper. It was a little more than five months since Mr Balfour had proclaimed at Sheffield that while he was leader he would lead, and a prophet in the audience had cried out, 'What about Joe?'

The Wharton episode was not, perhaps, so unseemly as the antiphonal chanting on the Morley amendment; but it was more humiliating and more significant. It showed that the Government depend for their official existence on the protectionists. It showed also that protectionist loyalty to the Government is purely conditional. They will support it as long as suits the interest of protectionism and no longer. Mr Balfour they regard, not as their leader, but rather as a useful and capable servant. If he will do their work, it is well; if he becomes insubordinate, they give him warning. He, as it seems, is not disturbed at his dependent position. His serene nerve appeared quite unshaken in the debate; his personal ascendancy over the House scarcely, if at all, diminished. He made a charming speech, adorned by much clever chaff of the Opposition; and his one hundred and twelve masters rewarded him with a substantial majority.

The position in which the Unionist party is left is lamentably worse than when Mr Chamberlain brought his new policy to comfort it. The groups into which it is now divided have been made fairly clear by the recent divisions. Some thirty-three Unionist members are prepared to press their free trade convictions on all occasions, whatever the consequences to the Government. Led by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, there are, perhaps, twenty-five others who are strongly free trade in opinion but whose reluctance to turn out the Government prevents them voting with the Opposition. In the other wing there are about one hundred and twenty tariff reformers who will do whatever Mr Chamberlain directs. There remain some two hundred pure ministerialists whose allegiance to Mr Balfour is unshaken. Of

these, probably a majority are now inclined against the Birmingham policy. It may, indeed, be doubted if so many as two hundred members altogether would vote for that policy if it were proposed in the present Parliament. Nor, while the policy remains so unpopular, is it likely that Mr Chamberlain will make many converts. Before he captures even the Unionist party he has still much to do. All that he has so far achieved is to break it into three bodies who are growing to hate one another with the bitterness that proverbially marks conflicts between friends.

Meantime, the Opposition are united and confident. Reversing the conditions of a short time ago, their concord, in contrast with the chaos among their opponents, gives them, apart from political issues, a claim on the public support. They can press every point with the whole of their strength. The attack on the Education Act or on Chinese labour is urged with the energy and cheerfulness of those who know they are the stronger; and the defence is made by those who are dispirited and discontented, who feel no enthusiasm for their leaders, and of whom some enjoy a bitter satisfaction in defeat. No wonder that by-elections are lost. How could they be won? What is the poor ministerialist to say? Is he a Chamberlainite? He incurs the whole unpopularity of protection and the small loaf, and is confronted by the condemnation of the Duke of Devonshire and the Unionist free traders. Is he a Balfourian? He does not escape the odium of protection, and is reviled besides as a poor-spirited shuffler who does not know his own mind or dares not speak it. In either case he starts on the contest without the help of some who in former times were the party's best supporters, but who are now hostile or coldly neutral; while, of those who take the field, many—if the sides are fairly even—do not expect, and some scarcely desire, to win. How can a man so backed hope to contend with the perfervid vigour of Nonconformists fresh from martyrdom by auction, or trade-unionists declaiming about 'yellow slavery'?

The general opinion is that a dissolution cannot be far off. Yet it is not clear that the Government majority will be exposed to any greater strains during the rest of the session than those which it has successfully withstood.

Plainly no attack from the free trade side can be fatal; for none can be more formidable than those that have been repelled. The survival of the Government really depends on Mr Chamberlain and his one hundred and twelve. If they wish to make an end, it is easy. They need not vote against the Government. A little slackness of attendance on some well-chosen occasion would be enough. But if their leader still deems it better tactics to keep the Government in office and postpone a general election, there is no reason why Ministers should not, if they choose, still hold office when the session comes to its usual close. It is not certain that they will choose. Their position cannot be enjoyable; and they may well think that, though the prospects of the party are not good, they are not likely to grow any better. It is hard to make a sound guess; but, on the whole, the tenacity with which Mr Balfour has held his post suggests that he intends, if he can, to keep off the elections for another year.

Whenever Parliament is dissolved it seems probable that the Unionists will suffer defeat. By-elections are often delusive; parliamentary forecasts are proverbially liable to error; but the signs of the times are certainly ominous. On all questions save the fiscal, Ministers still control an overwhelming majority; and a battle is not lost till it is won. Still, without a popular decision, the fiscal difficulty cannot now be eliminated; and, combined with religious bigotry and the anti-slavery cry, is only too likely to wreck the Government. Whether the turnover will be so great as to give Liberals a majority over Unionists and Irish combined is doubtful. No such turnover has, we believe, taken place since 1832. Had it not been for Mr Chamberlain's wild-goose chase, such a result would have been out of the question. But now one cannot be sure. When such a seat as Mid-Herts has been lost, it is impossible to set limits to the possibilities of Unionist rout. The point is important; for, if the Liberal Government are not independent of the Irish, they will have difficulty in dealing with the education question. A measure involving peculiar favour to Roman Catholics will not be acceptable to British opinion, and will justify the House of Lords in offering a stout resistance. But, except by conciliating Roman Catholic

Irishmen, how is the future Education Bill to be passed through the House of Commons? The dilemma is a formidable one; and the only hope of escape for the Liberals seems to lie in the chance of breaking all records and gaining a clear majority.

Nor is this the only difficulty in store for the Radicals. Their own divisions, though temporarily obliterated, are still there. It is hard to imagine Lord Rosebery acting with Mr Morley on foreign and colonial questions. Yet a Liberal ministry which should not contain both those distinguished men would lack support, of one sort or another, indispensable to its long continuance in office. The prospect would not be so terrifying to Unionists if a way out of the fiscal bog could be found for them. We cling to the hope that, when 'fiscal reform' has been emphatically rejected by the electorate, Mr Balfour will accept the verdict and will withdraw that futile ambiguity from the party programme. Mr Chamberlain might resent it, but he would have no choice save to submit; and protection would retire to its former resting-place in the sympathetic bosom of Sir Howard Vincent. But, unless and until the fiscal question becomes again a settled issue which no one but an eccentric would dream of re-opening, it is hard to see how all those classes and interests and opinions which, after a hard struggle, defeated Mr Gladstone, can be again combined into a united and self-confident party such as has long dominated British politics. If Unionists do not drop protection at the first opportunity it will do them all the mischief that Home Rule has wrought upon their opponents. Long years of helpless opposition, short terms of impotent office, will be the penance they will have to do for having desecrated the tombs of Cobden and Peel.

The nucleus of a regenerated party is to be found in the Unionist free traders. We regret that a few of these—excusably, indeed, in the hard circumstances in which they have been placed—appear to have resolved to leave the Unionist party and join its opponents. While we do not presume to blame them, we are sorry; for, the more free traders who remain in the Unionist ranks, the more hope there is of re-establishing the old party upon the old lines. Most of the small band who have stood firm seem themselves to take this view. They

hold tight to their party, and by so holding still link it to free trade.

It may be that in the concussion of the two main bodies the free trade Unionists will be ground to powder. Tory caucuses may have too little toleration, and Radical caucuses too little magnanimity, to suffer them to remain in Parliament. But the object is worth the risk. It is no light matter that all the good causes of which the Unionist party is the guardian should be identified with the bad cause of tariff reform, and should fall under the condemnation that is its due. So long as their voices can be heard, the Unionist free traders do well to protest that free trade is not the monopoly of Radicalism, and that the working classes of this country might still enjoy all the good gifts of the 'demon of cheapness' without disintegrating the Empire, or confiscating property, or disestablishing the Church. It may be that, after the chastening experience of a general election, if there are any Unionist free traders left to admonish, their comrades may be more patient of admonition, and may consent to be led back into the old paths where they were wont to walk securely and harmoniously before Mr Chamberlain discovered that the Empire was dying and Mr Balfour invented 'fiscal reform.' But, whatever the future may have in store, irretrievable damage, for the present, has been done. If Mr Chamberlain had only deferred his 'mission' till the next Parliament! Assuredly, the 15th of May deserves a black mark in every Conservative calendar.

---



## INDEX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINTH VOLUME OF  
THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[Titles of Articles are printed in heavier type. The names of authors of articles are printed in italics.]

## A.

**Æsthetics, Recent**, 420—two sets of investigators, 421—constituent departments of the science, 421—definition of 'æsthetic,' 422—the 'play' theory, 423—deficiencies of the theory, 425—the necessity of beauty, 426—'beauty' defined, *ib.*—comparative study of art, 427—the æsthetic imperative, 428—the æsthetics of music, 429—difference between form and subject, 430—the thorough seeing of form, 431—the faculty of *Einfühlung*, 432 *et seq.*—analogous to moral sympathy, 434—dynamic experience projected into visible form, 435—'Inner Mimicry,' 436—the 'Lange-James Hypothesis,' 438-440—'the beautiful,' 441—a cause of æsthetic decay, *ib.*—the contemplation of beauty a moral need, 443.

**Agnosticism**, the form of modern, 172—its ethical standpoint, 176.

**Army, the British, History of**, 32—works on, 32-35—Mr Fortescue's history, 32—breakdown of the feudal system, 35—under the Tudors, 36—training of the militia, 37—formation of the New Model army, *ib.*—under Cromwell, 38—growth of the standing army, 39—influence and authority of the Secretary at War, 40—Paymaster-General, 41—purchase of commissions, 42—Board of Ordnance, *ib.*—number of soldiers under William

III, 43—disbandment of regiments, 44—neglect in garrisons abroad, 45—landing of the young Pretender, *ib.*—Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, 46—loss of Minorca, *ib.*—under the Duke of Cumberland, 47—Pitt's direction of the forces during the Seven Years' War, 48—war with America, 49-54—with the French Republic, 54—the 'dual system' of the Horse Guards and the War Office, 55—Commander-in-Chief, the military adviser, *ib.*

**Art of the French Renaissance, The**, 355—destruction of houses by French revolutionists, *ib.*—and by aristocrats, 356—Alexandre Lenoir, 357—nineteenth century writings on the subject, 358-360—M. Palustre's work, 359—M. Viollet le Duc, 360—meaning of the French Renaissance, *ib.*—Italian and French Gothic, 361—the earlier Renaissance, 362—Gaillon, *ib.*—the Renaissance in England, 363—effect of the Italian expeditions of Francis I, 363-364—Primaticcio, 365-366—the school of Fontainebleau, 366—dismissal of de l'Orme, *ib.*—relations of architecture to the other arts, 367—M. Dimier's conclusions, 367-369—Italian influence on French art, 370—the first use in building of scale-drawings, 371—improvement in architecture and sculpture, 372—Jean Goujon, 373-380—emancipation of French art, 381—brilliance of French architecture, 382.

**Art, The, of the Nineteenth Century**, 80—Mr MacColl's book on, 80-91, 95 *et seq.*—result of the liberation of art, 92—growth of landscape, 93—influence of science, *ib.*—anatomy, 94—French artists, 94-97—English, 97-99. *See also* MacColl, D. S.

## B.

Balfour, Rt Hon. A. J., M.P., his policy of retaliation, 445 *et seq.* *See* Retaliation. *Also* 626 *et seq.* *See* Political Situation. His views on a Russian warm-water port in the Pacific, 593.

**Baylen and Corunna.** *See* Peninsular War.

Becquerel, Henri, his observations on the property of radio-activity, 101.

Belgium, result of the new socialism in, 13, 29.

Betting, evils of, 147.

Biles, Professor, on subsidised vessels, 343.

**Binyon, Laurence**, 'The Art of the Nineteenth Century,' 80.

Birchenough, Mr Henry, his report on the Transvaal mining industry, 617.

Bland, Humphrey, his 'Treatise of Military Discipline,' 40.

**Blomfield, Reginald**, 'The Art of the French Renaissance,' 355.

**Bon, Gustave Le**, 'Psychologie du Socialisme,' 31.

Bonnefon, 'Montaigne, l'homme et l'œuvre,' 154.

Booth, Charles, 'Life and Labour of the People in London,' 17.

Bosanquet, Helen, 'The Strength of the People,' 19.

Bowley, Mr A. L., excellence of his analysis of statistics, 452.

**British Mercantile Marine, The**, 323—Cromwell's measures against the Dutch, 324—comparisons between English and American shipping, 324, 333—Marine Department of the Board of Trade established

325—the navigation laws, 326—opinion of Adam Smith, 327—of Ricardo and Huskisson, *ib.*—views of the shipowners, 328—treaties of reciprocity, *ib.*—retaliation by the United States, 329—amendment of the shipping laws, 330—the Philippine islands, *ib.*—foreign sailors in British ships, 331—Board of Trade inquiry, 332—our naval reserve, 333—German and American ship-building, 334—the shipping trade of Canada, 335—the question of subsidies, 336—statistics of British and foreign shipping, 336-338, 341—foreign reservations, 338—England's one reservation, 339—the American Ship Subsidy Bill, 340—a plea for universal reciprocity, 341—report of the committee on subsidies, 342, 345—table of costs and subsidies, 343—Professor Biles on the speed of subsidised steamers, *ib.*—disadvantages borne by British vessels, 344—table of tonnage, 346—Russian bounties, 346—French, Austrian, Italian, and Japanese systems of subsidising, 347—tables showing the decline of British shipping, 347-349—what is a 'British ship'? 349—evasion of the navigation laws, 350—composite ownership, 351—Atlantic competition, 352—the Government and the Cunard Company, 353, 354.

Brooks, John Graham, 'The Social Unrest,' 10.

Bullant, Jean, his services to French architecture, 372—death of, 380.

## C.

Caird, 'Christianity and the Historical Christ,' 287, *note*.

Canterbury, the Archbishop of, on the Chinese labour question, 612, 622.

Cassini Convention, the, 593.

Cecil, Lord Robert, 299. *See* Salisbury.

**Central Asia, Marco Polo and his followers in**, 553—geographical circumstances, *ib.*—and history, 554—nomad tribes, 556—effects of Alexander's invasion, *ib.*—Buddhism and Mohammedanism, 557—Tibet, 558—medieval Asia, 559

—Marco Polo, 560 *et seq.*—Timur, 562—Afghanistan, 563, 572—modern developments in Central Asia, 563—Lhasa no longer unrevealed, 564—Manning's visit, 565—Chinese authority in Tibet, 566—relations with Russia, 567—Mongolia, 568—slackening of Russian influence, 569—Russo-Tibetan intercourse, 570—the British expedition, *ib.*—Russia as an Asiatic Power, 571—Persia, 572—England and Afghanistan, *ib.*—Habibullah 574—Russian influence in Afghanistan, *ib.*—the danger of a 'holy war,' 575.

Chamberlain, Rt Hon. J., M.P., his article on 'The Liberal Party and its Leaders,' 314—his protectionist policy, 451. *See* Retaliation. *Also* 624 *et seq.* *See* Political Situation.

'Chemical valency,' meaning of the term, 117, *note*.

**Chinese Labour for South Africa,** 611—confusion of the point at issue, *ib.*—indirect dangers of the clamour, 612—the position in South Africa, 613—causes of the present distress, 614—increase of production needed, 615—character of the Transvaal mines, 616—and the mining industry, 618—facts of South African trade, 619—Kaffir labour, 620—the employment of whites, 620—employment of Chinese probably temporary, 621—the question of slavery, *ib.*—a business necessity, 622.

Chirol, Mr Valentine, 'The Middle-Eastern Question' reviewed, 568 *et seq.*

Cockle, M. J. D., 'Bibliography of Military Books,' 34.

Cordier, M. Henri, his edition of 'Marco Polo' reviewed, 560 *et seq.*

**Corunna.** *See* Peninsular War.

Cotton, Charles, 'The Essays of Montaigne,' 154.

Cramp, Mr C. H., on the Ship Subsidy Bill, 340.

Cranborne, Lord, 308. *See* Salisbury.

**Creevey, Mr, and his Contemporaries,** 216—sketch of his life, 216-219—incidents, 219—ministerial crisis on the death of Per-

ceval, *ib.*—at Brussels, 220—on the trial of the Queen, 221-227—his indignation with Lord Brougham, 226—wrath with the Whigs, 227—on Canning's succession to the Foreign Office, 228—the crisis of 1827; 229-233—on the Roman Catholic Relief Bill of 1829; 233, 235-237—on Lord Brougham's motive in getting Lord Grey out of office, 238—popularity in society, 240.

Cricket, the modern method of playing, 132-137.

Cunningham, Dr W., 'The Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times' reviewed, 456 *et seq.*

Curie, M. and Mme, their discovery of radium, 108.

## D.

Daudet, Ernest, 'Une Vie d'Ambasadrice,' 230.

**D'Annunzio, Gabriele,** 383—his insight of the æsthetic consciousness, 385—and extraordinary earnestness, *ib.*—birth, 386—his small group of works, *ib.*—as dramatist, 387 *et seq.*—'Il Piacere,' 389-393, 413—'L'Innocente,' 394-399—'Il Trionfo della Morte' and 'Il Fuoco,' 399 *et seq.*—comparison with Zola, 405—'The Virgins of the Rocks,' 405-410, 417—an element of vulgarity, 411—the sexual relation in his works, 412-416—his treatment of 'love,' 417—where his 'æsthetic plenitude' and vulgarity meet, 418—uncertain result of the investigation, 419.

Decimal Associations, 65.

De l'Orme, Philibert, his work at Fontainebleau, 366, 369—influence on building in France, 372—death of, 380.

Dimier, M., his essay on Primaticcio, 359, 363, 365-371.

Disraeli, Mr, criticism of his policy, 303.

Du Cerceau, Jacques Androuet, the engraver, 380.

## E.

Egerton, Mr H. E., on the advantages of free trade to the colonies, 464.

Electricity and Matter, 100. *See* Matter.

## F.

Fencing, the sport of, 151.

Firth, C. H., 'Cromwell's Army,' 34

Flint, Professor Robert, his treatise on modern agnosticism, 172.

Football, the modern method of playing, 137-142.

Forbes, Mr James D., as a writer on the Alps, 469.

Fortescue, Hon. J. W., 'A History of the British Army,' 32, 35 *et seq.*—his estimate of Marlborough, 44—of Pitt, 48.

France, result of the new socialism in, 12, 31—adoption of the metric system, 62—the centre of art, 95. *See also* Loisy.

Francis I and the French Renaissance, 363-364—probably his own architect, 371.

## G.

George, Mr, his scheme for nationalisation of the land, 20.

Germany, adoption of the metric system, 64.

Gladstone, Rt Hon. W. E., tribute to his genius, 302—downfall, 305—the American coasting trade, 329.

Goujon, Jean, 373-380—portrait of Diane de Poitiers, 373—probable retirement to Bologna, 374—death, 380.

Grey, Sir Edward, M.P., formally announces that the Rosebery Government held Russia bound not to occupy Korean territory, 591.

Groos, Professor, and the 'play' theory of aesthetics, 424—on 'Inner Mimicry,' 436.

Grote on the composition of the 'Iliad,' 247, 248.

## H.

Hall, Mr, 'The Oldest Civilisation of Greece,' 266.

Hammond, J. L. Le B., 'Charles James Fox,' 218.

Hardy, Thomas, *The Novels of*, 499—excellence in construction as well as in style, 500—reveals the romance of country life, 501—Mr Hardy's heroes, 503—his characterisation of women, 505—fatalism of his rural folk, 506—Wessex, 507—'The Return of the Native,' 508-510—'Under the Greenwood Tree,' 511—'The Woodlanders,' 512-514—his educated women, 514—the peasantry and the Education Act, 515—'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' 516-520—compared with 'Adam Bede,' 516—its deficiencies, 518—powers of description, 519—'The Well-beloved,' 520—'Jude the Obscure,' 520-522—where Mr Hardy stands, 522—his philosophic creed, 523.

Hardy, W. B., his experiments on radium, 117.

Harnack, Professor, 'Wesen des Christentums,' 285, 292, *note*.

'Heart of the Empire, The,' 17.

Hedin, Dr Sven, discoveries in Central Asia, 557, 562, 564.

Hicks Beach, Sir Michael, his attitude on the retaliation question, 634.

Hirsch, Max, 'Democracy *versus* Socialism,' 15.

**Homeric Question, Latest Lights on**, 245—Wolf's theory of the 'Iliad,' 246—Grote's view, 247—the 'Iliad' an expanded 'Achilleis,' 249, 256—Dr Leaf's theory, 249-252—the 'Odyssey,' 253—recognition of its unity, *ib.*—the 'Telemachy,' 254—interpolations, 255—Pisistratus legend, *ib.*—conditions when first told, 258—when committed to writing, 259—creation of an age of decadence, 260—discoveries of Schliemann, *ib.*—the Achæans or Mycenæans, 261—dialect, 262—Æolian element, *ib.*—theory of a European origin, 263—geographical argument, *ib.*—the legends, 264—Homer 'the father of the rest,' 265.

Hooker, E. R., on the influence of Montaigne's Essays on Shakespeare, 169.

Horse-racing, style of modern, 142-147.

Houtin, Abbé, 'La Question Biblique,' 270.

Huskisson, Mr. and the Navigation Act, 327—his reciprocity policy, 462, 463.

I.

'Iliad, The,' 245. *See* Homeric Question.

Industrial Combinations in the United States, 183. *See* United States.

J.

James, Henry, 'Gabriele D'Annunzio,' 383.

Japan. *See* 'Russia and Japan,' 576.

Jenks, J. W., 'The Trust Problem,' 211.

Jowett, Professor, 'Dialogues of Plato,' 288.

K.

Kaufmann, Rev. M., 'Que sçais-je?' 153.

Kebbel, T. E., 'Mr Creevey and his Contemporaries,' 216.

L.

Leaf, Dr Walter, 'The Iliad,' 245.

Lee, Vernon, 'Recent Aesthetics,' 420.

'Lennox, Life and Letters of Lady Sarah,' extract from, 42.

Lewis, Sir G. Cornewall, 'Administrations of Great Britain,' 220, *note*.

Lipps, Theodor, his 'Spatial Aesthetics' quoted, 433.

Lister, Mr Reginald, his book on Jean Goujon criticised, 373-380.

Lloyd, Colonel E. M., 'The History of the British Army,' 32.

Loisy, The Abbé, and Liberal Catholicism, 268—the new theology, 269—Abbé Houtin's 'La Question Biblique,' 270—confusion of history with dogma, 271—Renan's view of Liberal Catholicism, 272—reign of terror, 273—publication of the encyclical 'Providentissimus Deus,' 274—submission of the Liberals, 276—authority the distinctive mark of Rome, 277—claim to infallibility, 279—Abbé Loisy's theory of religion, 279, 285—Harnack's philosophy of religious history, 280—the 'essence' of Christianity, 281-283—impersonality, 283—'Autour d'un Petit Livre,' 283, 294—'L'Évangile et l'Église,' 285—Jowett's criticism of Hegelianism, 288—condemnation of Abbé Loisy's works, 289—Mr Ward's 'Problems and Persons,' 290—union of the divine and human in Christ, 292—primitive Christianity, 293.

Lotze, his 'Mikrokosmos' quoted, 432.

Lowndes, M. E., 'Michel de Montaigne,' 154.

M.

MacColl, D. S., 'Nineteenth Century Art,' 80—his style of writing, 81-83—chapter on 'Vision,' 83—Impressionism, 84—on Monet, 84, 86—the phrase 'innocence of the eye,' 85—'The Imagination of the Century,' 87—the terms 'classic' and 'romantic,' *ib.*—his meaning of the terms Olympian, Titan and Mystic, 88-91—on French artists, 95-97—English, 97-99. *See also* Art.

McCulloch, Mr, on restriction of foreign shipping, 339.

McLean, Professor S. J., 'Pools, Trusts, and Industrial Combinations in the United States,' 183.

Mallock, W. H., 'Social Equality,' 26—'Aristocracy and Evolution,' 27.

Marco Polo and his Followers in Central Asia, 553. *See* Central Asia.

Marx, Karl, his treatise on capital, 2.

Matter and Electricity, 100—works on, 100-103—air a non-conductor,

- 103—electrified particles or 'ions,' 104—the source of Röntgen rays, *ib.*—hydrogen, 105—ultra-atomic particles or corpuscles, *ib.*—absorption of cathode rays, 106—the 'electron' theory of matter, 107—Bequerel's discovery of the active properties of uranium, 108—radium obtained from pitch-blende, 109—cost of its extraction, *ib.*—sensitiveness of the property of radio-activity, *ib.*—electroscopic method, 110—detection of three types of radiation, 110–112—Professor Rutherford's discovery of emanations, 112—his series of experiments, 114—traces of radio-activity widely disseminated, 115—the use of radium in the treatment of diseases, 116—influence of charged ions on colloidal solutions, 117—products of uranium X and thorium X, 118—rate at which radio-active power is gained or lost, 119–121—restatement of results, 121—helium, 122—the energy available for radiation in radium, 124—delicacy of measurements 125.
- Maurice, Sir J. F., 'The Diary of Sir John Moore' reviewed, 534
- Maxwell, Rt Hon. Sir H., 'The Creevey Papers,' 234.
- Mercantile Marine, The British, 323. *See* British.
- Metric System of Weights and Measures, 57—derivation of the units of measure, 58—establishment by natural selection or statutory enactment, 60—search for a universal standard, *ib.*—Watt's proposal for a decimal system, 61—adoption of the metric system in France, 62—in Germany, 64—proposals for its adoption in England, 65—resolution of the colonial premiers, *ib.*—disadvantages of the existing system for trade, 66—consular reports, 68—cost of the transition, 70, 76—test of population, 71—import and export trade of the United Kingdom, 72—effect on inter-imperial trade, 73—foreign competition, 74—comparative merits of the metric and imperial systems, 77—abolition of the 'tables,' 79.
- Monro, D. B., 'Homer's Odyssey,' 245.
- Montaigne, his *Essays*, 153—popularity of his works, 154, 169—translation of his 'Journal,' 154—impressions of his travels, 155—characteristics, 156, 161—inventor of the 'essay,' 157—the father of modern agnosticism, 158, 179—self-revelations, *ib.*—imperturbability, 159—pagan views, 160—pursuit of truth, 161—easy-going indifference, 162—his distrust of human judgments, 163—view of nature, 164—love of truth, 165, 169—of stoicism, 166—keen sagacity, 167—filial piety, *ib.*—domestic and public life, 167, 180—influence on Shakespeare, 169—on other writers, 170–172—his opinion on the controversy between the agnostic scientist and his opponent, 174–176—his ethical system viewed from the modern standpoint, 177—estimate of his influence on modern thought, 179.
- Moore, Mr Bramley, his views on the future of British trade, 452.
- Moore, Sir John, his diary reviewed, 534 *et seq.*
- N.
- Navigation laws, the, 326 *et seq.*—their relaxation, 462.
- New Zealand, result of the new socialism in, 12, 30.
- Nineteenth Century, The Art of the, 80. *See* Art.
- O.
- 'Odyssey, The,' 245, 253. *See* Homeric Question.
- Oman, Mr C., 'A History of the Peninsular War' reviewed, 525 *et seq.*
- P.
- Palustre, M. Léon, his work on the French Renaissance, 359.
- Peninsular War, The: Baylen and Corunna, 524—much new information on the war, *ib.*—pre-



judices of Napier, 525—Godoy, 526—unpreparedness of the French armies, *ib.*—their extortion, 527—the Bourbons depart, *ib.*—the 'Dos de Mayo,' 528—attempt to seize the Spanish fleet, 529—rising of the Andalusians, 530—Dupont capitulates, 532—spread of the insurrection, 533—Sir John Moore, 534—final interview with Castlereagh, 536—deficiencies in the English army, 537, 538—Convention of Cintra, 539—services of the Spaniards, 540—Napoleon's contempt for their military capacity, 541—Moore in chief command, *ib.*—an error of judgment, 542—544—concentration at Salamanca, 545—influence of Napoleon, 546—Moore's tactics, 547—Napoleon foiled, 549—returns to France, 550—death of Moore, 551—success of his strategy, *ib.*

Phipson, C. B., 'The Science of Civilisation,' 15.

**Political Situation, The,** 623—the state of things in May 1903, *ib.*—Mr Chamberlain's return from Africa, 624—the first Birmingham speech, *ib.*—Mr Balfour's opportunism, 626—Tariff Reform and Free Food Leagues formed, 627—Mr Balfour's fear of a Chamberlainite secession, 627—resignation of Mr Chamberlain, Lord George Hamilton, and Mr Ritchie, 629—the Sheffield speech, 631—resignation of the Duke of Devonshire, *ib.*—Mr Chamberlain's agitation, 632—effects on the Unionist party, 634—Sir Michael Hicks Beach's attitude, *ib.*—and Mr Long's, 635—failure of Mr Chamberlain's mission, *ib.*—debate on Mr Morley's amendment, 636—Mr Wharton's amendment and its withdrawal, 637—splits among the Unionists, 639—the Opposition inspired, 639—possibility of a dissolution, 640—the Irish party, *ib.*—the Unionist free traders, 641.

Polo, the game of, 147.

**Pools, Trusts, and Industrial Combinations in the United States,** 183. *See* United States.

Primaticcio, 365—work at Fontainebleau, 366—probable retirement to Bologna, 374.

## Q.

'Quarterly Review, The,' and Lord Salisbury, 296. *See* Salisbury.

'Que sçais-je?' 153. *See* Montaigne.

## R.

Radio-activity, the study of, 100. *See* Matter.

Radium, discovery of, 109—cost of its extraction, *ib.*

**Recent Aesthetics,** 420. *See* Aesthetics.

Recruiting, Report of the Inspector-General for, on the deterioration of the physique of the working classes, 130.

**Retaliation and Scientific Taxation,** 444—position of the Prime Minister, 445—expansion of his Sheffield 'lead,' 446—an aggressive policy, 447—retaliation involves a tariff war, 448—effects of the tariff war between Italy and France, 449—and between Germany and Russia, 450—Mr Chamberlain's policy, 451—inquiries and comments on the condition of British trade, 452 *et seq.*—pre-Victorian decline in exports, 454—Mr Cobden's testimony, 455—protection and free trade in the Middle Ages, 456—growth of English shipping, 457—fiscal measures in Cromwell's time, 458—establishment of a permanent Committee of Trade, 459—Walpole's policy, 460—opposition of London merchants, *ib.*—new conditions of production, 461—the Navigation Laws and the Reciprocity Act, 462—repeal of the Corn Laws, 463—success of free trade, *ib.*—free trade and the colonies, 464—467—Canada and preference, 465—Mr Chamberlain's present proposals the outcome of past failure, 466—Independent position of the colonies, 467.

Ricardo, J. L., on the Navigation Act, 327.

Röntgen rays, the source of, 104.

Rosebery, Earl of, declines to join coalition against Japan, 591.

Rowing, the sport of, 150.

**Russia and Japan**, 576—the expansive energy of Russia, 577—also of Japan, *ib.*—causes of Russian expansion, 578—timorous Russian policy, 579—indirect effects of the Crimean War, *ib.*—pledge not to occupy Korean territory, 580—early Japanese apprehensions, 581—Russianising of the Amur, 582—the new Japan, *ib.*—Japanese suspicion of Russia, 583—preparations for the conquest of Korea, *ib.*—Russia secures possession of Sakhalien, 584—Korean outrage on Japan, *ib.*—the Chinese suzerainty, 585—587—Japanese attacked in Seoul, 586—rebellion in Korea, 588—treaty of Shimonoseki, *ib.*—stages of the development of the present crisis, 589—Japanese demand for Liao-tung, 590—attitude of Great Britain, 591—German occupation of Kiao-chou, 592—mismanagement in Downing Street, *ib.*—the Cassini Convention, 593—annexation of Port Arthur and Tallenwan, 594—the Boxer outbreak, 595—Russian breach of faith, 596—the Anglo-Japanese alliance, 598—602—Russian desire to acquire Masampho, 600—partial evacuation of Manchuria, 603—Russian mistakes, 604—conciliatory efforts of Japan, 605—proposed scheme of settlement, *ib.*—counter proposals by Russia, 607—negotiations, 608—610—outbreak of the war, 610.

Rutherford, E., 'Radioactivity and Radioactive Change,' 101.

### S.

**Salisbury, Lord**, and 'The Quarterly Review,' 296—his contributions to literature, 297—number of articles, 298, 317—'The Church in her Relations to Political Parties,' 298—'The Elections,' 298, 307—'Photography,' 299—'The Budget and the Reform Bill,' 299, 301—his paper on 'Theories of Parliamentary Reform,' *ib.*—political views, 300—tribute to the genius of Mr Gladstone, 302—on Mr Disraeli's policy, 303, 314—'The Conserva-

tive Reaction,' 305—on the fall of Mr Gladstone, *ib.*—'The Coming Session,' 308—'The Conservative Surrender,' 311—314—'Disintegration,' 316—his articles on America, 318—on France, 319—'Poland,' 'The Danish Duchies,' and 'The Terms of Peace,' 320—admiration for Pitt and Castlereagh, 321—his patriotism, *ib.*

Sandonini, M., his discovery about Goujon, 373 *et seq.*

Sarat Chandra Das, his visit to Tibet, 565.

St Augustine, 'De Vera Religione,' 295, *note.*

Schliemann, his discoveries, 260.

Schuster, Mr Felix, on the excess of imports over exports, 463.

Smith, Adam, his opinion of the Navigation Act, 327

Smith, Mr J. B., statistics of a decline in exports, 454.

Snyder, Carl, 'New Conceptions in Science,' 102.

**Socialism, The New**, 1—Karl Marx's treatise on capital, 2—4—failure of his prophecies of the future, 5—exchange value of commodities, *ib.*—industrial effort, 6, 11—invention, 7—complication of the productive process, 8—works on, 9, 15, 17, 26, 28, 31—Mr Webb's 'Problems of Modern Industry,' *ib.*—Mr Brooks's 'The Social Unrest,' 10—examples of the practical application, 12—14—socialisation of the soil, 15—various classes of reformers, 16—conclusions of Mr Charles Booth, 17—'The Heart of the Empire,' 18—Mrs Bosanquet's 'Strength of the People,' 19—Mr George's scheme for nationalisation of the land, 20—the socialistic theory, 20—22—equality of opportunity, 23—evil of economic subjection, *ib.*—result of a socialistic State, 24—Mr Mallock's works, 26—equality of reward, 26—28—examples of false socialism, 28—experiments in Belgium, 29—New Zealand, 30.

Soddy, F., 'Radioactivity and Radioactive Change,' 114.

**South Africa, Chinese Labour for.** *See* Chinese.

Spencer, Herbert, and the 'play' theory of aesthetics, 423.

**Sport, Modern, Some Tendencies of,** 127—universal passion for sport, 128—support of the old traditions, 129—deterioration of the physique of the working classes, 130—strain of the first-class cricket season, 131—increase of professionalism, 132—the 'amateur,' *ib.*—remuneration, 133—alterations of the rules, 135—137—widening of the wicket, 135—the Football Association, 137—number of spectators at matches, 138—evil of over-elaboration in the rules, 139—admission of professionals, 140—the Rugby Union, *ib.*—methods of American players, 141—condition of horse-racing, 142—146—evil of betting, 147—the Jockey Club, *ib.*—game of polo, *ib.*—craze for sheer speed, 148—motor-car racing, *ib.*—yachting, 149—rowing, 150—fencing, 151—walking, *ib.*

Spring-Rice, Mr, on the effects of the German-Russian tariff war, 450, 451.

Steel Corporation, 190—capital, 193, 196—finances, *ib.*—dividends paid, 200—depression in its securities, *ib.*—inflated capitalisation, 203—export trade, 214.

Stein, Dr, M. A., his discoveries in Turkestan, 555, 562.

Stephen, Sir Leslie, 'An Agnostic's Apology,' 163, 177, 181—his essays on 'Social Rights and Duties,' 168, 177.

**Stephen, Leslie, and his Works,** 468—parentage and education, *ib.*—mountaineering, 469—theological views, 470—works on the 'Saturday Review,' *ib.*—political views, 471—'Essays on Reform,' *ib.*—edits the 'Cornhill Magazine' and the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' 472—marriages, *ib.*—intellectual qualities, 472—474—personal characteristics, 474—'Science of Ethics,' 475—477—'History of English Thought in the Eighteenth Century,' 477—view of Butler, 478—of Gibbon, 479—of Hume, *ib.*—religious views, 481—as biographer, 482—his lighter vein, *ib.*—'Hours in a Library,' 484—486—opinion of Wordsworth, 486—of Sterne, 487—lecture on Coleridge, *ib.*—'Studies

of a Biographer,' 490—essay on Tennyson, 491—on Froude, 492—'Shakespeare as a Man,' 493—literary methods, 494—his position as a critic, 496—affinity with Lowell, 498.

Strong, Mr S. A., on Jean Goujon, 374—on Henry II of France, 375

Swinburne, Mr, his essay on Chapman, 87, *note.*

Symons, Mr Arthur, his translations of 'La Gioconda' and 'Francesca,' 388.

T.

Thomson, J. J., 'Conduction of Electricity through Gases,' 101.

Trenchard, John, 'Short History of Standing Armies,' 39 (*note*), 43.

U.

**United States, Pools, Trusts, and Industrial Combinations in the,** 183—'pooling' agreements, 184—186—'trust' organisation, 186—the 'holding company,' 188—enumeration of integrated industries, 189—capitalisation of industrial combinations and methods of financing, *ib.*—Steel Corporation, 190, 193, 196, 200—204, 214—stability of the system, 191—economies of consolidation, *ib.*—the term 'good-will,' *ib.*—total stock issue to be determined by amount paid, 192—capital of the Steel Corporation, 193—preferred and common stock, 193, 194—formation of the Ship-building Company, 194—underwriting syndicates, 195—failures of combinations, 196—table of stock quotations, 198—of dividends paid, 199—economies effected by industrial combinations, 204, 214—power to fix and raise prices, 205—208—potential competition, 207—regulations, 209—tariff revision, 211—enforcement of the anti-trust law, 212.

W.

Ward, Robert, his 'Animadversions of War,' 37.

Ward, Wilfrid, 'Problems and Persons,' 290, 291.

Waters, W. G., his translation of the 'Journal of Montaigne's Travels,' 154.

Watt, James, his proposal for a decimal system of weights and measures, 61.

Webb, Sidney and Beatrice, 'Problems of Modern Industry,' 9—  
'History of Trade Unionism,' *ib.*

Weights and Measures, The Metric System of, 57. *See* Metric.

Weights and Measures Act of 1897; 65.

Whetham, W. C. D., 'Matter and Electricity,' 100.

Willoughby, Professor, 'Social Justice,' 28.

Wright, Edward, 'The Novels of Thomas Hardy,' 490.

## Y.

Yule, Col. Sir Henry, appreciation of his 'Marco Polo,' 559.

END OF THE HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINTH VOLUME.

✓

et

o

et

pr

s

t

al

sl

ca